THE POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



RYDAL MOUNT.





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EDITED BY

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VOLUME SIXTH

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM PATERSON

MDCCCLXXXIV.



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PREFACE.

In issuing the Sixth Volume of this Edition I again acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs Wordsworth and Mr Gordon Wordsworth, for access to the MSS. of the Poet's works, and the two Journals of the "Tour on the Continent" in 1820, written by Mrs and by Miss Wordsworth.

I have also to thank Mr Heard, Fettes College, Edinburgh, for his notes to *Laodamia* and *Dion*, and other poems; and Mr Herbert Rix for his minute and careful study of the Duddon Valley, in the light of the Sonnets relating to it. My obligations to many others will be apparent in the notes.

Much of what is placed in the Appendix Notes would have found a more appropriate place amongst the poems to which they refer, had the information contained in them reached me before the earlier sheets were sent to press.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

October, 1884.

CONTENTS.

APPENDIX.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

1814.

The Excursion—to which Volume V. of this edition is devoted—has been assigned to the year 1814; since it was finished, and first published, in that year,—although commenced as far back as 1795. During the earlier stages of its composition, this poem was known, in the Wordsworth household, as *The Pedlar;* and in one of her letters, in the Coleorton MSS., Dorothy Wordsworth tells us that *The Pedlar* was finished at Christmas 1804. See also the *Memoirs* of the Poet, by his nephew (Vol. I. p. 304, &c.), and Miss Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal. But *The Excursion*, as we have it now, was finished in 1814. The Poems more immediately belonging to that year are *Laodamia and Dion*, the *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*, and two Sonnets.—Ed.

LAODAMIA.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1815.

[Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it. It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written.]

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:[1]
Celestial pity I again implore:—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

[1] 1827.

. . . . morn
Performed, my slaughtered Lord have I required;
And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Him of the infernal Gods have I desired: 1815.

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space:
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp:
Again that consummation she essayed:
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice;
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon: and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:[1]
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then,[2] when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:[3]
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

No Spectre greets me—no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!

[1] 1820.
. . . . . . did not withhold: 1815.

[2] 1820.
That then, ... 1815.

[3] 1845.
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave; 1815.

Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys[1]
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.[2]
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?[3]
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,

[1] 1836.
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys 1815.

[2] 1820.
The fervor—not the impotence of love. 1815.

[3] 1827.
. . . . in beauty's bloom? 1815.

Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled:
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;[1]

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

[1] 1827.

Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth: 1815.

And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;[1]
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.

[1] 1820.
Our future course, upon the silent sea; 1815.

The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking[1] a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;[2]
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."——

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.[3]

[1] 1836.
Towards . . . . 1815.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . for this end: 1815.

[3] 1845.
Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time,
And these frail elements—to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers. 1815.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved;
She who thus perished, not without the crime

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!*

Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers. 1827.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of Lovers that in Reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts—that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers. 1832.

She—who, though warned, exhorted, and reproved,
Thus died, from passion desperate to a crime—
By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers. 1843.

She perished thus, admonished and reproved
In vain; and even as for a wilful crime
By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved. C.

Thus, though forewarned, exhorted, and reproved,
She perished; and even as by a wilful crime, &c. C.

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 44; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers:—

His Laodamia,
It comes

—W. W.

After meeting the Wordsworths at Charles Lamb's, on the 9th May 1815, Henry Crabbe Robinson wrote in his Diary,: "It is the mere power which he is conscious of exerting in which he delights, not the production of a work in which men rejoice on account of the sympathies and sensibilities it excites in them. Hence, he does not much esteem his 'Laodomia,' as it belongs to the inferior class of poems founded on the affections." (See *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence*, Vol. I. p. 482.)

Wordsworth wrote thus to Walter Savage Landor, from Rydal Mount, on the 21st of January 1824:— . . . .

"You have condescended to minute criticism upon the *Laodamia*.* I concur with you in the first stanza, and had several times attempted to alter it upon your grounds. I cannot, however, accede to your objection to the 'second birth,' merely because the expression has been degraded by Conventiclers.† I certainly meant nothing more by it than the *eadem cura*, and the *largior æther*, etc., of Virgil's Sixth Æneid. All religions owe their origin or acceptation to the wish of the human heart to supply in another state of existence the deficiencies of this, and to carry still nearer to perfection what we admire in our present condition, so that there must be many modes of expression arising out of this coincidence, or rather identity of feeling common to all Mythologies; and under this observation I should shelter the phrase from your censure—but I may be wrong in the particular case, though certainly not in the general principle. This leads to a remark in your last—'that you are disgusted with all books that treat of religion.' I am afraid it is a bad sign in me, that I have little relish for any other. Even in poetry it is the imaginative only, viz., that which is conversant or turns upon Infinity, that powerfully affects me. Perhaps I ought to explain: I mean to say that only in those passages, where things are lost in each other, and limits vanish, and aspirations are raised, I read with something too like indifference; but all great Poets are in this view powerful Religionists."

Mr Hazlitt wrote of *Laodamia*:—"It breathes the pure spirit of the finest fragments of antiquity—the sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty, and the languor of Death. Its glossy brilliancy arises from the perfection of the finishing, like that of careful sculpture, not from gaudy colouring—the texture of the thoughts has the smoothness and solidity of marble. It is a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it."

I am indebted to Mr Heard, of Fettes College, Edinburgh, for the following illustrative notes on *Laodamia*:—

"This poem illustrates more completely than any other the sympathy

* Compare *Imaginary Conversations*, third series; "Southey and Porson."—Ed.

† He practically admitted its force, however, in the edition of 1827. See p. 5.—Ed.

of the poet with the spirit of antiquity in its purest and most exalted forms. The idea that underlies the poem is the same conception of 'pietas' which Vergil has embodied in the Æneid, and with which he has associated, especially in the sixth book, which Wordsworth in many passages recalls, great ethical and religious conceptions, derived in the main from the philosophy of Plato. 'Pietas' embraces all the duties of life that are based upon the affections—love of home and parents and children, love of the Gods of our Fathers, and a reverence for that great order of things in which man finds himself a part. The pious man believes in a destiny, or order transcending his own will: to exalt any passion, however innocent, above this, is a rebellion; to intensify any passion, so as to disturb the appropriate calm of resignation, is to act irreverently against the gods. Lesser duties must give way to greater: love of wife must give way to love of country, and the sorrow of bereavement must not obscure the larger issues of life. Thus, not only did Laodamia's yearning for the restoration of her husband to life show a failure to recognise the fixity of eternal laws, but her death was 'ὑπὲρ μόρον' aud in reason's spite; it was, after all, self-will, and could not win the favour of heaven.

Blending with this notion of 'pietas,' we find the Platonic repudiation of sensuous and material life. This life is only a discipline under imperfect conditions, and to be set free from the passion and fretfulness of existence is the choice and longing of the wise.

The poem is thus notable, not so much for the assimilation of mere details, but as showing a natural affinity to the spirituality of antiquity, of which Vergil is the purest exponent. Vergil's seriousness, his tenderness, his conception of the inevitable, and yet moral, order of the world, his desire for purification, his sadness, and yet complete freedom from unmanliness, his love of nature and belief in the sympathy of nature with man—all these are points of contact between the ancient and modern poet.

'With sacrifice before the rising morn.'

Offerings were made to the infernal deities in the interval between midnight and sunrise. See Verg., Æneid, vi. 242-258. Sil. Ital., xiii. 405.

'mactare repostis
Mos umbris, inquit, consueta piacula nigras
Sub lucem pecudes.'

'It is men's wont to offer to the buried shades the proper expiations of black sheep on the verge of dawn.'

'Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows.'

'Non voltus, non color unus,
Non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonaus.'—Verg., Æn., vi. 46.

'Neither face nor hue remained unchanged, nor braided the locks

of her hair: but the bosom heaves and the heart swells wild with frenzy, and she is more majestic to behold, and her voice has no mortal sound.'

' . . . *winged Mercury.*'

'Ἑρμῆς ψυχαγωγὸς or ψυχοπομπὸς, the conductor of souls.

' . . . . *with his wand.*'

'Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco,
Pallentes, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque.'—Verg., Æn., iv. 242.

'Then he takes the wand: with this he summons pale ghosts from Orcus, others he sends to gloomy Tartarus below: with this he gives and takes away sleep.'

'*But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp.*'

'Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.'
—Verg., Æn., vi. 699.

'Thrice thereon he tried to cast his arms around his neck: thrice was the phantom grasped in vain and escaped the embrace, unsubstantial as the fleeting winds and shadowy like as winged sleep.'

'*But in reward of thy fidelity.*
And something also did my worth obtain.'

'Vicit iter durum pietas,' is realised by these lines. 'Fidelity has prevailed to traverse the awful path.'

'*Thou know'st the oracle foretold.*'

'Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,
Qui primus Danaum Troada tangat humum.'
—Ovid, Heroides, xiii. 93.

'An oracle, moreover, destines some one or other for a cruel doom, who first of the Greeks sets foot on Trojan soil.'

'*A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.*'

See Laodamia's words, Ovid, Heroides, xiii. 95.

'Infelix quae prima virum lugebit ademptum;
Di faciant ne tu strenuus esse velis.
Hoc quoque praemoneo: de nave novissimus exi,
Non est quo properes terra paterna tibi.'

'Unhappy wife who shall be the first to lament a husband slain: God grant *you* may not choose the forward part: this warning too I give, be last to disembark: 'tis no fatherland for you to hasten thither.'

'*Give, on this well-known couch, a nuptial kiss.*'

This is probably an adaptation of Ovid, Heroides, xiii. 117.

'Quando erit ut lecto mecum bene junctus in uno
Militiae referas splendida facta tuae.'

'When will the time be that you will share the couch, and lovingly at my side recount the glorious deeds of your warfare.'

'Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul,' etc.

Cf. Euripides, 'Iphigeneia in Aulide, 547 :

'γαλανείᾳ χρησάμενοι
μαινομένων οἴστρων.'

'Stilling to calmness the frensied passions of love.'

And again :—

'εἴη δέ μοι μετρία μὲν
χάρις πόθοι δ' ὅσιοι.'

'Mine be "moderate transports" and holy yearnings.'

' . . . *Did not Hercules by force.'*

This refers to the struggle between Hercules and Θάνατος.

'Medea's spells disperse the weight of years.'

The story is found in Ovid, Metamorphosis, vii. 159-293.

'Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.'

This is a perfect rendering of the *tone* of the Sixth Æneid.

'Spake of heroic acts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;'

'Quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'
—Verg., Æn., vi. 653.

'The charm of chariot and armour that they had in life, the same care to feed their glossy steeds, follows them deep buried under earth.'

'An ampler ether, a diviner air.'

'Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.'

'Here an "ampler ether" spreads around the plains, and clothes them in purple light, and they recognise a sun of their own, their own constellations.'—Verg., Æn., vi. 640.

'Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang.'

Cf. Agamemnon's words, 'Iphigeneia in Aulide,' 451-468.

'My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.'

Cf. Homer, Iliad, ii. 700.

'τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφὴς ἄλοχος Φυλάκῃ ἐλέλειπτο
καὶ δόμος ἡμιτελής.'

'But his wife too had been left at Phylace, her cheeks all marred with grief, and his palace half-finished.'

'In soul I swept the indignity away.'

'καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲ τοί τι λίαν ἐμὲ φιλοψυχεῖν χρεών.'

'For neither of a surety ought I to cling to life too fondly.'—Iphigeneia in Aulide, 1385.

It is from the character of Iphigeneia that Wordsworth derives these traits.

'By no weak pity might the gods be moved.'

We think of Vergil's tender line in the similar passage about Orpheus and Eurydice. Georg., iv. 488.

'Quum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.'

'To be pardoned indeed, if the fates knew how to pardon.'

'Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime.'

Verg., Æn., vi. 445—

'His Phaedram Procrimque locis maestamque Eriphylen
Crudelis nati monstrantem volnera cernit,
Evadnenque et Pasiphaën ; his Laodamia
It comes.'

Those who died of love dwelt in the 'Lagentes Campi,' in the outer regions of Orcus.

'A knot of spiry trees . . .'

The passage in Pliny is—

'Sunt hodie ex adverso Iliensium urbis juxta Hellespontum in Protesilai sepulcro arbores, quae omnibus aevis cum in tantum accrevere ut Ilium aspiciant, inarescunt rursusque adolescunt.'—Hist. Nat., 16, 44 (88).

'Opposite to Ilium and close to the Hellespont there are to this day trees growing on Protesilaus' tomb, which, in every generation, when they have grown high enough to see Ilium, wither and bloom again.'

Cf. Anthologia Graeca Pal. vii. 141.

'σᾶμα δέ τοι πτελέῃσι συνηρεφὲς ἀμφικομεῦσι
Νύμφαι ἀπεχθομένης Ἰλίου ἀντιπέρας,
δένδρεα δυσμήνιτα, καὶ ἤν ποτε τεῖχος ἴδωσι
Τρώϊον αὐαλέην φυλλοχοεῦντι κόμην.'

'But right opposite hated Ilium the nymphs shroud thy tomb with a roof of elms ; trees they are that know not to forgive, and if ever they see the walls of Troy, they shed their withering leaves.'

And again, vii. 385—

'Καρφοῦται πετάλων κόσμον αναινόμενα.

'They wither, disowning the glory of leaves.'

For legend somewhat similar, as showing a connection between nature and man, see Vergil, Æn., iii. 22."

For two suppressed stanzas of *Laodamia*, see Appendix, Note A.—Ed.

DION.*

(SEE PLUTARCH).

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1820.

[This poem was first introduced by a stanza that I have since transferred to the Notes, for reasons there given, and I cannot comply with the request expressed by some of my friends that the rejected stanza should be restored. I hope they will be content if it be, hereafter, immediately attached to the poem, instead of its being degraded to a place in the Notes.]

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* To the edition of 1836, and subsequent ones, Wordsworth appended the following note:—

"This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato.

" Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!"

In the Fenwick note to *The Evening Walk*, after describing the two pairs of swans that frequented the lake of Esthwaite, Wordsworth says: "It was from the remembrance of these noble creatures I took, thirty years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of 'Dion.'" After quoting the note, which explains the discarding of the above stanza, Professor Henry Reed remarks, "It is a remarkable instance of the comparative sacrifice of a passage of great beauty to the poet's dutiful regard for the principles of his Art" (American edition of 1851, p. 415). Wordsworth's reasons for withdrawing the stanza are obvious.—ED.

I.

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace [1]
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage *then* did wait
On Dion's virtues! while the lunar beam [2]
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
  That he, not too elate
  With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
  Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!

[1] 1837.

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a natural grace 1820.

[2] 1837.

Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam 1820.

Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown [1]
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth [2] the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)

[1] 1827.

And, wheresoe'er the great Deliverer passed,
Fruits were strewn before his eye,
And flowers upon his person cast . 1820.

[2] 1827.

Nor did the general voice . . . 1820.

Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight;—[1]
But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;[2]
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round.
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,

1 1837.
. . . . with delight; 1820.

2 1820.
Now hath he overleaped the eternal bars: 1837.
Ed. 1843 returns to text of 1820.

Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"
Exclaimed the Chieftain[1]—"let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

V.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VI.

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!

[1] 1827.
Intrusive Presence!— . . . . 1820.

O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shuddered [1] the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his Fate;
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

[1] 1832.
Shudder . . . . 1820.

I now transfer this poem from the year 1816, where it is placed in the Chronological Table in Vol. I.—and to which year it was assigned by Wordsworth himself in the edition of 1837, and in all subsequent editions—for the following reasons. As has been frequently seen, the dates appended to the poems cannot always be trusted; and in the version of the Fenwick note to *Laodamia*, given in the *Memoirs* by the Poet's nephew (Vol. II. p. 75), Wordsworth says, "This was written at the same time as 'Dion' and 'Artegal and Elidure.'" Probably this sentence was suppressed by Mr Carter, when he published the Fenwick notes in the edition of 1856, because of its inconsistency with the date (1816), which had been given to the poem by Wordsworth himself in so many editions; and because its adoption would have necessitated a change in the date of *Artegal and Elidure*, which Wordsworth had set down—in every edition since that of 1836—as written in 1815. But the determination of the exact year of composition is in this case immaterial. Both poems—along with the *Ode to Lycoris* and

the translation of part of Virgil's *Æneid*—belong to a time when Wordsworth had reverted to the subjects of ancient classical literature while preparing his eldest son for the University.

From 1820 to 1843 *Dion* was classed among the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection." In the edition of 1845 it was placed next to *Laodamia* amongst the "Poems of the Imagination."

Charles Lamb wrote thus to Dorothy Wordsworth in 1820:—"The story of Dion is divine—the genius of Plato falling on him like moonlight, the finest thing ever expressed."

I am indebted to Mr Heard of Fettes College for the following notes on the poem, with special reference to Plutarch. They reveal, as Mr Heard remarks, "Wordsworth's method of work upon the authors he had read and studied, and show upon what a solid structure of fact he always wrote." It will be observed that he invariably appended to the title of this poem "(See Plutarch)."

"When Dion, the pupil of Plato, became the autocrat of Syracuse, it seemed as if the moment had come for the rule of a philosopher. But the gardens of the Academy knew nothing of the methods by which alone intrigue could be met and unscrupulousness baffled. The murder of Heracleides became a political necessity; but when this was conceded, the charm was once and for ever broken—the career was done. Plutarch's biography deals mainly with the external conditions, and is overlaid with so much historical detail that the personality of Dion stands out in insufficient relief. Wordsworth gives us a study of the internal struggle, showing us the failure of an ideal, not in its external aspect, but as closing the aspirations, and desolating the conscience, of a truly noble mind. He accepts Plutarch's general conception of the life, incorporating much of the details and adopting some of the language, but over and above the fresh emphasis he gives to critical moments, the imaginative insight with which all the detail is treated makes the poem an original presentation."

' . . . *A swan-like grace*
Of haughtiness without pretence.'

'*ὑψηλὸς τῷ ἤθει καὶ μεγαλόφρων.*—'He was lofty in his disposition and large-minded.' Again, Plutarch speaks of the '*σεμνότης*'—'the still magnificence' of his nature, coupled with '*τὸ γενναῖον καὶ ἁπλότης,*' nobility and simplicity.

'*Softening their inbred dignity austere.*'

'*βουλομένου τοῦ Πλάτωνος ὁμιλίᾳ χάριν ἐχούσῃ καὶ παιδιᾶς ἐμμελοῦς κατὰ καιρὸν ἁπτομένῃ κεραννύμενον ἀφηδύνεσθαι τοῦ Δίωνος τὸ ἦθος.*—'Plato being anxious that Dion's disposition should be sweetened by mingling with society of a pleasant kind, and not aloof on proper occasions from well-bred raillery."

'That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude.'

This refers to a warning of Plato, 'ἡ αὐθάδεια ἐρημίᾳ σύνοικος'—'Arrogance is the house-mate of solitude.'

'Each crowned with flowers . . .'

'καὶ θεασάμενοι τὸν Δίωνα διὰ τὴν θυσίαν ἐστεφανωμένον οἱ παρόντες ἀπὸ μιᾶς ὁρμῆς ἐστεφανοῦντο πάντες.'—'And seeing Dion wearing a garland on account of the sacrifice, those that were present with one impulse put on garlands one and all.'

'Or ruder weapon which their course might yield.'

'ὡπλισμένοι δὲ φαύλως ἐκ τοῦ προστυχόντος.'—'Poorly armed, as chance enabled them.'

'Who leads them on? . . .'

'Δίων προσερχόμενος ἤδη καταφανὴς ἦν πρῶτος αὐτὸς ὡπλισμένος λαμπρῶς—ἐστεφανωμένος.'—'Now they could discern Dion himself advancing at their head, clad in gleaming armour and wearing a garland.'

'Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.'

'τῶν Συρακουσίων δεχομένων ὥσπερ ἱεράν τινα καὶ θεοπρεπῆ πομπὴν ἐλευθερίας καὶ δημοκρατίας δι' ἐτῶν ὀκτὼ καὶ τεσσαράκοντα κατιούσης εἰς τὴν πόλιν.'—'The Syracusans receiving them as a holy procession beseeming the Gods ("to the Immortals dear"), escorting freedom and democracy back to the city after an exile of forty-seven years.'

'Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seemly order stand.'

'ἑκατέρωθεν παρὰ τὴν ὁδὸν τῶν Συρακουσίων ἱερεῖά τινα καὶ τραπέζας καὶ κρατῆρας ἱστάντων καὶ καθ' οὓς γένοιτο προχύταις τε βαλλόντων καὶ προστρεπομένων ὥσπερ θεὸν κατευχαῖς.'—'The people setting, on either side the way, victims and tables and bowls of wine, and as he came opposite, casting flowers upon him, and supplicating him with prayers as though he were a God.'

'Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!'

Cf. Milton, 'Paradise Regained,' iv. 244:—

'See there the olive groves of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long.'

Perhaps the idea of Ilissus bending over the urn is taken from the

western pediment of the Parthenon. At one angle there is a recumbent figure of the Kepissus, at the other of the Ilissus; originally there seems to have been a ὑδρία attached to one of them. See 'Guide to Sculptures of the Parthenon,' published at the British Museum.*

'And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.'

Dion was anxious to give Syracuse a constitution, but he found Heracleides an incessant opponent in spite of the long forbearance he had shown him. Feeling that the one obstacle to a settlement must be removed, he yielded to the advice of those whom for a long time he had been repressing, and allowed them to put Heracleides to death. He gave him, however, a public funeral, and persuaded the people that it was impossible for the State to have peace on any other conditions.

'But whence that sudden check? . . .'

'ἐτύγχανε μὲν γὰρ ὀψὲ τῆς ἡμέρας καθεζόμενος ἐν παστάδι τῆς οἰκίας μόνος ὢν πρὸς ἑαυτῷ τὴν διάνοιαν· ἐξαίφνης δὲ ψόφου γενομένου πρὸς θατέρῳ πέρατι τῆς στοᾶς, ἀποβλέψας ἔτι φωτὸς ὄντος εἶδε γυναῖκα μεγάλην στολῇ μὲν καὶ προσώπῳ μηδὲν ἐριννύος τραγικῆς παραλλάττουσαν, σαίρουσαν δὲ καλλύντρῳ τινὶ τὴν οἰκίαν.'—'He happened to be sitting late in the evening in a corridor of the house in solitary meditation: suddenly a sound was heard in the further end of the portico, and looking up, he saw in the lingering light the form of a majestic woman, in dress and face like the Fury as she appears in tragedy—sweeping the house with a brush.'

In Plutarch, the apparition is simply ominous of coming evil, his son, a few days afterwards, throwing himself in a fit of petulance from the roof of the palace, and his own death shortly following: the moral significance assigned to it in the poem is Wordsworth's own interpretation.

'And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!'

In Plutarch, Dion calls his attendants, dreading to be left alone for

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* That Wordsworth knew the Elgin marbles—where the half-recumbent Ilissus, a torso, is one of the finest pieces of the pediment—is certain. There is a reproduction of it in his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln's, book on *Greece*. In Henry Crabbe Robinson's Diary (Vol. II. p. 195) there is an interesting account of the poet's visit to the British Museum, to see the Elgin marbles, etc. See also the *Autobiography of H. B. Haydon*, where, in a letter to the artist, Wordsworth says, "I am not surprised to hear that Canova expressed himself highly pleased with the Elgin marbles: a man must be senseless as a clod, or as perverse as a fiend, not to be enraptured with them" (Vol. I. p. 325).—Ed.

fear the spectre should return (πανταπασιν ἐκστατικῶς ἔχων καὶ δεδοικὼς μὴ πάλιν εἰς ὄψιν αὐτῷ μονωθέντι τέρας ἀφικῆται). Wordsworth seems to have taken a hint from this passage, and to have added a tragic intensity by representing the horror as one which he could share with no one, a supernatural doom in which he must be absolutely solitary.

'Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name.'

Callippus, an early friend of Dion's in Athens, by whom he had been in that city initiated into the mysteries, was now in Syracuse, and for selfish ends was plotting his friend's ruin, ἐλπίσας Σικελίαν ἆθλον ἕξειν τῆς ξενοκτονίας, 'hoping to get Sicily as the prize of his treachery.'

'O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime! . . .'

Not only was this Callippus his friend, not only had he initiated Dion into the mysteries at Athens, which was in itself a bond of peculiar sanctity, but to allay the suspicions of Dion's household he had taken "*the awful oath.*" Descending into the sacred enclosure of Demeter, he had put on the purple robe of the goddess, and taking a burning torch in his hand, had disowned upon oath any thought of treachery. Yet in spite of this awful oath, he chose the very festival of the goddess as the moment for perpetrating the crime.

'. . . —the marble city wept.'

Syracuse was one of the most magnificent cities of the ancient world, and contained a large number of splendid buildings built from the quarries adjacent to the city. Perhaps the most famous was the great theatre, the seats of which were formed with slabs of white marble.

'. . . . . . too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.'

'ὁ μὲν Δίων, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐπὶ τοῖς κατὰ τὸν Ἡρακλείδην ἀχθόμενος καὶ τὸν φόνον ἐκεῖνον ὥς τινα τοῦ βίου καὶ τῶν πράξεων αὐτῷ κηλῖδα περικειμένην, δυσχεραίνων ἀεὶ καὶ βαρυνόμενος εἶπεν ὅτι πολλάκις ἤδη θνήσκειν ἕτοιμός ἐστι καὶ παρέχειν τῷ βουλομένῳ σφάττειν αὐτόν, εἰ ζῆν δεήσει μὴ μόνον τοὺς ἐχθρούς, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοὺς φίλους φυλαττόμενον.' His relations had been cautioning him against Callippus; but 'Dion, grieved at heart, it would seem, at the fate of Heracleides and ever chafing at and brooding over the murder as a stain upon his life and conduct, said he was willing to die a thousand deaths and yield his neck to any who would strike the blow, if life was only to be had by guarding against friends as well as foes.' "—Ed.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

On the 18th July 1814, Wordsworth left Rydal, on a second visit to Scotland, accompanied by his wife, and her sister, Sarah Hutchinson.—Ed.

[In this tour, my wife and her sister Sara were my companions. The account of the "Brownie's Cell" and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock, by the side of which, we were told, preachings were often held in the open air. The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking. How much is it to be regretted that, instead of writing such Poems as the "Holy Fair" and others, in which the religious observances of his country are treated with so much levity and too often with indecency, Burns had not employed his genius in describing religion under the serious and affecting aspects it must so frequently take.]

Compare Wordsworth's *Letter to a Friend of Burns* (*passim*).—Ed.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

Comp. 1814.——Pub. 1820.

I.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,[1]
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found,

[1] 1837.
To barren heath, and quaking fen. 1820.

Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised.

II.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III.

Upon those servants of another world
When madding power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied;
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;

And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change; who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan!

VII.

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
And stars that in their courses fought;

Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible;—
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII.

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad,
Inheritors of his abode;
The otter crouching undisturbed,
In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,
O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
Of aspect winning and serene;
For those offensive creatures shun
The inquisition of the sun!
And in this region flowers delight,
And all is lovely to the sight.

IX.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
When she applies her annual test
To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
His soul into the briar-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

X.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;*
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

The text of this poem was unaltered in the successive editions. It was suggested by, and was a reminiscence of the Scottish Tour of 1814; but in 1803, Wordsworth visited the same spot alluded to in the Fenwick Note, accompanied by his sister, who thus describes it: "The most remarkable object we saw was a huge single stone, I believe three or four times the size of the Bowder Stone. The top of it, which on one side was sloping like the roof of a house, was covered with heather. . . . The ferryman told us that a preaching was held there once in three months by a certain minister — I think of Arrochar—who engages, as a part of his office, to perform the service. The interesting feelings we had connected with the Highland Sabbath and Highland worship, returned here with double force. The rock, though on one side a high perpendicular wall, in no place overhung so as to form a shelter, in no place could it be more than a screen from the elements. Why then had it been selected for such a purpose? Was it merely from being a central situation and a conspicuous object? Or did there belong to it some inheritance of superstition from old times? It is impossible to look at the stone without asking, How came it hither? Had then that obscurity and unaccountableness, that mystery of power which is about it, any influence over the first persons who resorted hither for worship? or have they now on those who continue to frequent it? The Lake is in front of the perpendicular wall, and behind it, at some distance and totally detached from it, is the continuation of the ridge of mountain which forms the Vale of Loch Lomond—a magnificent temple, of which this spot is a noble Sanctum

* Diodorus mentions this tradition (iii. 67), that the infant Bacchus was carried by Ammon, the Lybian Jupiter, to a cave on an island near Mount Nysa, from fear of Rhea, and that he was handed over to the care and the tuition of Nysa, the daughter of Aristæus. From this mountain the young Bacchus was supposed to have derived his name, Dionysus.—Ed.

Sanctorum." (*Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*, pp. 225-6.) The Rev. William Macintosh of Buchanan supplies me with the following information in reference to the Brownie's Cell and the Pulpit Rock :—"I have little doubt that the Brownie's Cell is the name given by Wordsworth to a small vault, itself a ruin among the ruins of an old stronghold of the Macfarlanes in Eilan Vhow, an islet about three miles from the Head of the Loch. The name of the islet is spelt in different ways; sometimes as I have given it, sometimes Eilan Vow, or Eilan-a Vhu; no one whom I consulted could tell me the right spelling. In the early part of this century, the vault was the head-quarters of a pedlar of the name of Macfarlane. He may have been the Hermit; and there is an absurd story of his having been frightened by the sudden apparition of a negro (probably the first he had ever seen), who had been ordered by his master, an English officer, to swim across for that purpose: and it is said that he never again visited the cell. I am inclined to think there is some truth in this story. The Pulpit Rock, also called by a Gaelic name meaning the Bull Stone, is a very large boulder, or detached rock, which is likely to 'stand' as long as Benlomond. In the face of it, there is an artificial doorway and recess, which at one time the Parish Minister used to occupy as a Pulpit for occasional services. The audience sat on turf seats ranged round the foot of the Rock. The pulpit was reached by a few steps cut out, I suppose, in the Rock: but it has never been used for the last twenty years. The 'occasional' services are now held in a neighbouring schoolroom."

Mr Malcolm M'Farlane, a very intelligent sheep farmer in Buchanan parish, supplies the following additional information about the Cell, and the Rock :—"The 'Pulpit Rock' is a cell in the face of a large stone, blasted out with gunpowder. The proper appellation is, in Gaelic, 'Clach-nan-Fairbh,' literally translated the 'Stone of the Bulls.' It was formed about 50 or 60 years ago, the then minister of Arrochar, Mr Proudfoot, had promised to preach in that part of his parish, on several occasions during the year, provided they would get up a place for his reception. . . . It was capable of containing three or four persons inside, was done up with wood work, an outer and inner door, with stone steps leading to the recess. They were not formed out of the rock, but other stones got up for the purpose, and turf seats laid out for the hearers, who were all exposed to the weather, except so far as they might be sheltered by the rock. The service has been discontinued at the rock for about twenty-five years, and is now held at a schoolhouse. The doors are gone, and no portion of the wood work remains. The cell is now used only as a nightly retreat for mendicants, tinkers, &c." Wordsworth's reference, in the Fenwick Note, to Burns's *Holy Fair* induces me to quote what follows in Mr M'Farlane's letter :—"Open air preaching was then very general in the Highlands: the people came long distances, travelled over hills, even in inclement weather, to attend them. An individual who kept a small inn, on the

loch side opposite Inversnaid used regularly to attend the meetings with a supply of whisky; but he remained behind the 'rock' till the services were over, when the people partook of his refreshments. Also, on the north side of Loch Kathrine, the minister of Callendar used to conduct services in the open air, on several occasions during the year, in that distant part of his parish. An old man, who lived near the Trossachs, whom I remember very well, regularly attended with a supply of whisky. Dr Robertson, who was then minister, after concluding the sermon, had gone to an adjoining farm house. The people had indulged too freely, so that a fight commenced (the same thing had happened on several occasions before). The Doctor had to leave his dinner in order to get them separated, and to put an end to the battle, but he never allowed any more whisky to be brought to the place afterwards. . . . These may be irrelevant matters, but they might illustrate a chapter in Lecky's *History of Morals*, as there is more decorum now observed. Since writing the above, I have thought that if the pulpit-rock is mentioned in Miss Wordsworth's Tour, Mr M'Nicol, my informant, must have made a mistake in stating the time it was made, as about 50 or 60 years ago; but it cannot have been much more than 80 years, as it is not very long since some of the people who were engaged in the operation died.

"Regarding the island near the head of Loch Lomond which is termed "Eilan (Island) Vow" in Black's *Guide*, and somewhat differently spelt in others, in the original Gaelic it is 'Eilan a Bhûth.' Bûth is a Gaelic name for a ship, so that it is 'the island of the ship.' The English Vow has no connection whatever with the Gaelic, and is perfectly unintelligible. It is part of undoubted traditional history that the chiefs of the Clan M'Farlane, who owned a considerable portion of the adjoining lands, had their residence here. In these turbulent times Islands were considered more secure, as surrounded with water. They kept a 'ship' in the island, from which they supplied the little wants of the surrounding population, so that it is perfectly clear how the Island derived its name. A good portion of the stronghold is still in good preservation. A part of the wall is about thirty feet high. It is a very old building. Mr M'Nicol states that he had learned from his grandfather, by the tradition in the family, that it was erected between the eleventh and the twelfth century. The late Sir James Colquhoun, about twelve years ago, laid out some money for keeping the walls in preservation. At the bottom of the Fort, and below the level of the floor, is the 'Brownie's Cell,' several steps leading down to it, and it is partly underground. It is about twelve feet wide, and sixteen feet long, with an arched roof, the mason work being still in good repair. There is some glimmering light emitted by two small apertures formed in the walls at each end. I have been unable to obtain any specific information what purpose it served in connection with the other Building. Some said that it must have been a Prison, and others a Store for the

Shop. It might have been a Prison at first, and afterwards, in more pacific times, used as a Store.

"About the beginning of this Century, the Island was occupied by a very eccentric Individual, who led a hermetical life, and took up his abode in this recess. He made frequent excursions out of it, but always returned to his Island home before the end of the week. It was not then planted with wood, so that he cultivated a part of the ground, raised some crops, kept some poultry. He trained the poultry to fly on the approach of any stranger, so that they could not be got hold of, or taken away in his absence from the Island. He also kept a curious Diary, in which local events, his own doings and opinions, were recorded in great detail, expressed in very quaint language. It was by the age of the moon, and not by the days of the month, that events were entered in the diary. He also cultivated astrology, and believed in the evil influence of some of the stars. He had a firm belief in ghosts; but he never was so frightened as when the Black Man (that is the Negro), whom he thought belonged to the invisible world, swam to the island. Of that adventure I have not been able to obtain a more detailed account, but his landing there very nearly put him out of his wits. The grandfather of the present Duke of Montrose had, on one occasion, visited the Island; and, when landing the Hermit addressed him, 'James Graham, the Duke of Montrose, you are welcome to come and see my Island.' . . ."

There is no evidence that the ruin was once "a consecrated Pile," as stated in the poem. Wordsworth had evidently heard of the Hermit's writings, as mentioned by Mr M'Farlane. See stanza vi., "guiding a pen unwearied."

In the *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence* of Henry Crabbe Robinson, there is an entry under date Jan. 2, 1820:—"Went to Lamb's, where I found Mr and Mrs Wordsworth. . . . Not much was said about his (W.'s) new volume of Poems. He himself spoke of 'The Brownie's Cell' as his favourite" (Vol. II. p. 162). In the following year Mr Crabbe Robinson himself visited Scotland, and wrote thus on the 16th Sept.:—"Being on the western side of Loch Lomond, opposite the Mill at Inversnaid, some women kindled a fire, the smoke of which was to be a signal for a ferryboat. No ferryman came; and a feeble old man offering himself as a boatman, I intrusted myself to him. I asked the women who he was. They said, 'That's old Andrew.' According to their account he lived a hermit's life in a lone island on the lake; the poor peasantry giving him meal, and what he wanted, and he picking up pence. On my asking him whether he would take me across the lake, he said, 'I wull, if you'll gi'e me saxpence.' So I consented. But before I was half over I repented of my rashness, for I feared the oars would fall out of his hands. A breath of wind would have rendered half the voyage too much for him. There was some cunning mixed up with the fellow's seeming imbecility, for when his strength was failing

he rested, and entered into talk, manifestly to amuse me. He said he could see things before they happened. He saw the Radicals before they came, &c. He had picked up a few words of Spanish and German, which he uttered ridiculously, and laughed. But when I put troublesome questions he affected not to understand me; and was quite astonished, as well as delighted, when I gave him two sixpences instead of the one he had bargained for. The simple minded women, who affected to look down on him, seemed, however, to stand in awe of him, and no wonder. On my telling Wordsworth this history, he exclaimed, 'That's my "Brownie!"' His 'Brownie's Cell' is by no means one of my favourite poems. My sight of old Andrew showed me the stuff out of which a poetical mind can weave such a web" (Vol. II. pp. 212, 213).

Compare the sequel to this poem, *The Brownie*, in the *Yarrow revisited and other Poems*, of the Scottish Tour in the autumn of 1831.—Ed.

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1820.

[I had seen this celebrated Waterfall twice before; but the feelings to which it had given birth were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion.]

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty." *MS.**

* Compare *The Prelude*, Book I. (Vol. III. p. 137), to which may be added the following Wallace Memorials:—"The Barrel, or cave, in Bothwell parish; caves in Lasswade, Torphichen, and Lesmahagow parishes; chair at Bonniton, near Lanark; cradle on hill, two miles south by west of Linlithgow; house at Elderlie, in Renfrewshire; larder at Ardrossan; leap in Roseneath parish; monument on Abbey Craig, near Stirling; oaks at Elderlie and at Torwood; seats in Biggar, Kilbarchan, and Dumbarton parishes; statues at Lanark, and adjacent to the Tweed, near Dryburgh; stone in Polmont parish; towers in Ayr town, Roxburgh parish, Auchterhouse parish, and Kirkmichael parish, Dumfriesshire; trench in Kincardine-in-Monteith parish; and well in Biggar parish."—Wilson's *Gazetteer of Scotland*, 1882, (Art. Wallace Memorials).—Ed.

Lord of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower! *

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried:—

* The "time-cemented tower" of the old castle of Corra still overlooks the waterfall. Compare the address to *Kilchurn Castle* in the Scotch Tour of 1803: and with the lines

The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power,

compare the *Lines written in Early Spring* (Vol. I. p. 232).—Ed.

Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.*

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land, †
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.[1]

[1] 1845.
Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with oar or sail
Beneath the piny wood,
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
Their thirst in Tyrants' blood! 1820.

* Leonidas, king of Sparta, killed in the heroic defence of the pass of Thermopylæ, B.C. 480.—Ed.

† On the western side of the bay of Uri, in the lake of Lucerne, is Tell's Platte, where on a ledge of rock stands the chapel—rebuilt in 1880, but said to have been originally built in 1388—on the spot where the Swiss Patriot leapt out of Gessler's boat, and shot the tyrant.—Ed.

III.

EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1827.

[I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it; but were it to prove otherwise I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.]

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.**

WHAT He—who, mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!
What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;

* Compare *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth, p. 210.—ED.

Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam[1]
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene,[2] fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions[3]
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
They neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;

[1] 1832.
. . . . . and torrents foam 1827.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . rocky wood!
Strange scene, ... 1827.

[3] 1814.
Through all thy numberless transitions C.
Throughout thy infinite transitions C.

Else verily[1] the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened[2] some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

* The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;†
As if with memory of the affray

[1] 1832.
Else surely had . . . . 1827.

[2] 1832.
Awakened . . . . . 1827.

* On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.—W. W., 1814.

† "The cliffs overhanging the Nid have been hollowed out into numerous cavities, some of which serve as dwellings, walled in front, and some having chimneys carried out at the tops; sometimes with windows and doors let into the rock itself. The most remarkable of these is *St Robert's Chapel*, scooped out, and inhabited (it is said) by the same St Robert, whose cave is farther down the river. An altar has been cut out of the rock, and one or two rude figures carved within this so-called chapel. The figure of an armed man with his sword in his hand is sculptured outside, as if guarding the entrance."—Murray's *Yorkshire*, p. 240, edition 1867. —Ed.

Far distant, when, as legends say,*
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the *Living*, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering NID is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less[1] should scorn the abandoned clay;

[1] 1837.
. . . . . . such array
As less . . . . . . 1827.
And so inspired in shape display
That less . . . . C.

* Fountains Abbey, near Studley Royal, in Yorkshire.—ED.

Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All fervour to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;*
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern

* The statue of Amenophis in the vicinity of Thebes—called by the Greeks the statue of Memnon—was fabled to give forth a musical strain, when touched by the first ray of sunrise.—Ed.

The freshness, the everlasting youth,[1]
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1815.[2]

[Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scotch tour with Mrs Wordsworth and my sister, Miss Hutchinson, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicity being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies, the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house.]

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,

[1] 1837.
. . . . the eternal youth, 1827.

[2] 1820.
To —— . . . . . 1815.

Rise, GILLIES, rise:[1] the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon[2] waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell mid Roslin's faded grove:[3]
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

I am indebted to Miss Margaret Gillies—the artist referred to in the Fenwick note—for information in reference to her cousin, the subject of this sonnet. Robert Pearce Gillies was a man of unquestionable talent, but eccentric and extravagant. He inherited a considerable fortune, which he lost. He was editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, was very intimate with De Quincy, and knew Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth well. He translated several German poems and novels, of which Scott thought highly. He was also an accomplished musician. He lived near Hawthornden. The expression "faded" or "fading grove," applied to Roslin, may refer merely to the season of the year—September.—ED.

IV.

YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1820.

[As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair where Hogg had joined us, and also Dr Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets, who was on a visit at the

[1] 1820.
Rise, * * * rise: . . . . 1815.

[2] 1827.
Yet a high guerdon . . . . . 1815.

[3] 1827.
. . . Roslin's fading grove: 1815.

Manse. Dr A. walked with us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and, being advanced in life, he then turned back. The old man was passionately fond of poetry, though with not much of a discriminating judgment, as the Volumes he edited sufficiently shew. But I was much pleased to meet with him, and to acknowledge my obligation to his collection, which had been my brother John's companion in more than one voyage to India, and which he gave me before his departure from Grasmere, never to return. Through these Volumes I became first familiar with Chaucer, and so little money had I then to spare for books, that, in all probability, but for this same work, I should have known little of Drayton, Daniel, and other distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age, and their immediate successors, till a much later period of my life. I am glad to record this, not from any importance of its own, but, as a tribute of gratitude to this simple-hearted old man, whom I never again had the pleasure of meeting. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time, when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem on the occasion.]

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness

Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.*

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.[1]

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood[2] fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

[1] 1827.
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection! 1820.

[2] 1827.
The wild wood's . . . . . 1820.

* Newark Castle, a "large, square, roofless, ancient castle, scene of Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, four miles west by north of Selkirk."—(Wilson's *Gazetteer of Scotland*.)—ED.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish.
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Compare *Yarrow unvisited*, Vol. II. p. 360; also *Yarrow revisited*, composed in 1831 (Vol. VII.); and Principal Shairp's Essay entitled "The Three Yarrows," in his *Aspects of Poetry*.—Ed.

LINES

WRITTEN[1] ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

Comp. 1814. —— Pub. 1815.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;
Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book

[1] 1845.
Written, November 13, 1814, . . . 1815.

Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and read;—
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful heart
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
Unweeting that to him the joy was given
Which good men take with them from earth to heaven.

The Annals of Kendal—an octavo volume containing information on all subjects of historical or antiquarian interest connected with the town—contains no reference to Mr Murfitt, except a copy of the inscription on his monument. He was instituted vicar of Kendal in 1806, and died on the 7th November 1814. The following is a copy of the inscription.

To the Memory of
The Reverend Matthew Murfitt, A.M.
Vicar of Kendal
And formerly Fellow of Trinity College
Cambridge,
Who died Nov. 7, 1814, aged 50 years.
He was a pious, learned, and eloquent Divine,
A sincere Friend, a kind husband,
And in every relation of Life
A most worthy man.

The monument is erected against the north wall of the Parish Church of Kendal.

The phrase in the second line of the sonnet, "this unfinished Song," refers to the *Excursion* being only part of a longer unfinished poem, *The Recluse*. (See the Preface to the Edition of 1814.)—ED.

1815.

In 1815 few poems were written, with the exception of the dedication to *The White Doe*, one or two sonnets, and *Artegal and Elidure;* and, were we entirely to trust the Fenwick note to *Laodamia* (see p. 19), *Artegal and Elidure* would also be transferred to 1814. When Wordsworth, in 1845, separated the *Ode*, beginning

"Imagination—ne'er before content"

from the *Ode for the morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816*, he gave to the former the date 1815; and it is possible that it was composed towards the close of that year. But it was originally published in 1816 as part of the *Thanksgiving Ode;* and, although (in conformity with the plan of adopting the Author's latest view of his own text) it is printed by itself,—as finally approved by him,—it is not placed in the year 1815, but in 1816. The chief reason for this is, that it is kindred in theme, structure, and tendency with the other Odes belonging to that year; and it seems better—when there is a doubt as to the date—to bring together those poems that are kindred in character. It does not follow, however, that part of the *Thanksgiving Ode* itself may not have been written in 1815. Wordsworth, writing to Southey in 1816, said:—"It is a poem composed, *or supposed to be composed*, on the morning of the thanksgiving." Those belonging to the year 1815 are, therefore, few in number.—Ed.

DEDICATION TO THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

"In trellised shed, with clustering roses gay," &c.

This "Dedication," written in April 1815, has, for obvious reasons, been already published, along with the Poem itself, in its chronological place (see Vol. IV., p. 100). But see Note B, in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH AND MILTON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.)

Comp. 1815. —— Pub. 1820.

[This was written at Rydal Mount, as a token of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton. "I have determined," says he, in his preface to his *History of England*, "to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their wit will know how to use them judiciously."]

The extract is not from the preface, but from the first book of Milton's *History of England*.—Ed.

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain's Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised? *
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,†
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous[1] current of forgotten things; ‡
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled,*

[1] 1836.
The wondrous . . . . . 1820.

* Brutus, reputed great grandson of Æneas the Trojan Prince, the legendary founder of the British race—according to the story in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle—after a somewhat checkered career in Greece, consulted Diana where he should go and settle. To whom Diana in a vision replied:—

Brutus, far to the West, in th' Ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fills thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there thou shall find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons, another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee. . . .

"Brutus guided now," says Milton (following Monmouth), "by Divine conduct, speeds him towards the West." . . . After some adventures in the Adriatic and in Gaul, "with an easy course, arriving at Totness, in Devonshire, quickly perceives here to be the promised end of his labours.

"The island, not yet *Britain* but *Albion*, was in a manner desert, and inhospitable; only kept by a remnant of *Giants;* whose excessive Force and Tyrannie had consumed the rest. Them Brutus destroies, and to his people divides the Land, which with som reference to his own name, he henceforth calls Britain."—(Milton's *History*, Book i.)—ED.

† Julius Caesar landed for the first time in Britain, 55 B.C.—ED.

‡ Compare *The Solitary Reaper* (Vol. II. p. 345):—

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things.—ED.

A brood whom no civility could melt,
'Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt.'

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,*
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land imbued
With godly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
    And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,
Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot roam.†

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
But, intermingled with the generous seed,
    Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth
From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance waged
By Guendolen against her faithless lord;‡

* Corineus, according to the old legend, was the chief of a Trojan race who came with Brutus into Aquitania, and afterwards into Britain. Cornwall fell to Corineus by lot, in the portioning out of the new territory, "the rather by him liked," says Milton, "for that the largest Giants in Rocks and Caves were said to lurk still there; which kind of Monsters to deal with was his old exercise."—(Milton's *History*, Book I.)—Ed.

† Compare *The Skylark*, (Vol. VII.):—

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.—Ed.

‡ *Locrine*, Brutus' son, was engaged to marry Corineus' daughter, *Guendolen*. But, after defeating *Humber*, King of the Huns, and finding Estrildis, daughter of a German king, amongst the spoil, he took her captive. He married Guendolen, but loved Estrildis, and on the death of Corineus, he divorced Guendolen, and married Estrildis. The rest may be told in Milton's words: "Guendolen all in rage departs into Cornal; . . . And gathering an army of her Father's Friends and Subjects, gives Battail to her Husband by the River *Sture;* wherein *Locrine*, shot with

Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword:
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
    She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should bear
That name through every age, her hatred to declare.*

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
    Who comes her Sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.†

---

an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of *Guendolen;* for *Estrildis*, and her daughter *Sabra*, she throws into a River: and to have a Monument of Revenge, proclaims that the Stream be henceforth called after the Damsel's name; which by length of time is changed now to *Sabrina* or *Severn*."—(*History*, Book I.)—Ed.

* See note ‡ on previous page.—Ed.

† "*Leir* who next Reigned, had only three Daughters, and no Male Issue: governed laudably, and built *Caer-Leir*, now *Leicester*, on the bank of *Sora*. But at last, failing through Age, he determines to bestow his Daughters, and so among them to divide his Kingdom. Yet first to try which of them loved him best, (a Trial that might have made him, had he known as wisely how to try, as he seemed to know how much the trying behooved him) *he resolves a simple resolution, to ask them solemnly in order; and which of them should profess largest, her to beleev.* *Gonorill* the Eldest, apprehending too well her Father's weakness, makes answer invoking Heaven, *That she loved him above her Soul.* *Therefore*, quoth the old man, overjoyed, *since thou so honourst my declined Age, to thee and the Husband whom thou shall choose, I give the third part of my Realm.* So fair a speeding for a few words soon uttered, was to *Regan* the second, ample instruction what to say. She on the same demand spares no protesting, and the Gods must witness that otherwise to express her thoughts she knew not, but that *she loved him above all Creatures;* and so receavs an equal reward with her Sister. But *Cordelia* the youngest, though hitherto best beloved, and now before her Eyes the rich and present hire of a little easie soothing, the danger also, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and vertuous answer. *Father*, saith she, *my love towards you, is as my duty bids; what should a Father seek, what can a Child promise more? they who pretend beyond this, flatter.* When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;

---

asking, with a loiall sadness at her Father's infirmity, but something on the sudden, harsh, and glancing, rather at her Sisters, then speaking her own mind, *Two waies only*, saith she, *I have to answer what you require mee; the former, Your command is, I should recant; accept then this other which is left me; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you. Then hear thou*, quoth *Leir* now all in passion, *what thy ingratitude hath gained thee; because thou hast not reverenced thy aged Father equall to thy Sisters, part in my Kingdom, or what else is mine reck'n to have none.* And without delay gives in marriage his other Daughters, *Gonorill* to *Maglannus* Duke of Albana, *Regan* to *Henninus* Duke of *Cornwall*; with them in present half his Kingdom; the rest to follow at his Death. In the mean while Fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom, and other Graces of *Cordeilla*, insomuch that *Aganippus a great King in Gaul* (however he came by his Greek name) seeks her to Wife, and nothing alter'd at the loss of her Dowry, receavs her gladly in such manner as she was sent him. After this *King Leir*, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his Daughters and thir Husbands; who now by dayly encroachment had seis'd the whole Kingdom into thir hands: and the old King is put to sojorn with his Eldest Daughter, attended only by three score Knights. But they in a short while grudged at, as too numerous and disorderly for continuall guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old King betakes him to his second Daughter: but there also discord soon arising between the Servants of differing Masters in one Family, five only are suffer'd to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other; hoping that she his Eldest could not but have more pity on his Gray Hairs: but she now refuses to admitt him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of his youngest *Cordeilla* comes to his thoughts; and now acknowledging how true her words had bin, though with little hope from whom he had so injur'd, be it but to pay her the last recompence she can have from him, his confession of her wise forewarning, that so perhaps his misery, the prooff and experiment of her Wisdom, might somthing soft'n her, he takes his Journey into *France*. Now might be seen a difference between the silent, or downright spok'n affection of som Children to thir Parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others; while the hope of Inheritance over-acts them, and on the Tongue's end enlarges thir duty. *Cordeilla* out of meer love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her Father in distress, pours forth true filial tears. And not enduring either that her own, or any other Eye should see him in such forlorn condition as his Messenger declar'd, discreetly appoints one of her trusted Servants, first to convay him privately toward som good Sea Town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such Attendance and State, as beseem'd his Dignity. That then, as from his first Landing, he might send word of his Arrival to her Husband *Aganippus*. Which don

The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;*
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword †
Which yet he brandishes for future war,[1]
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day; ‡

[1] 1836.
Which yet he wields in subterranean war. 1820.

with all mature and requisite contrivance, *Cordeilla* with the King her Husband, and all the Barony of his Realm, who then first had news of his passing the Sea, goe out to meet him; and after all honourable and joyfull entertainment, *Aganippus*, as to his Wives Father, and his Royall Guest, surrenders him, during his abode there, the power, and disposal of his whole Dominion; permitting his Wife *Cordeilla* to go with an Army, and set her Father upon his Throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, as that she vanquished her impious Sisters with those Dukes, and *Leir* again, as saith the story, three years obtained the Crown. To whom dying, *Cordeilla* with all regal Solemnities gave Burial in the Town of *Leicester*. And then as right Heir succeeding, and her Husband dead, rul'd the land five years in peace."—(Milton, *History of England*, Book I.)—ED.

* See Milton's *History*, Book III.—ED.

† The sword Excalibur, given to King Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. Compare Tennyson's *Mort d'Arthur*.—ED.

‡ The following is Milton's account of *Gorbonian*, *Archigallo*, and *Elidure*:—"*Gorbonian* the Eldest of his five Sons, then whom a juster man liv'd not in his Age, was a great builder of Temples, and gave to all what was thir due; to his Gods devout Worship, to men of desert honour and preferment; to the Commons encouragement in thir Labours, and Trades, defence and protection from injuries and oppressions, so that the Land florish'd above her

And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due,
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of that sire[1] was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength

[1] 1836.
. . . of such sire . . . 1820.

Neighbours, Violence and Wrong seldom was heard of; his Death was a general loss; he was buried in *Trinovant*. . . .

"*Archigallo* the second Brother followed not his Example; but depress'd the ancient Nobility, and by peeling the wealthier sort, stuff'd his Treasury, and took the right way to be despis'd. . . .

"*Elidure* the next Brother, surnamed the Pious, was set up in his place; a mind so noble, and so moderat, as almost is incredible to have bin ever found. For having held the Scepter five years, hunting one day in the Forest of *Calater*, he chanc'd to meet his deposed Brother, wandering in mean condition; who had bin long in vain beyond the Seas, importuning Foren aides to his Restorement: and was now in a poor Habit, with only ten followers, privatly return'd to find subsistence among his secret friends. At the unexpected sight of him, *Elidure* himself also then but thinly accompanied, runs to him with open Arms; and after many dear and sincere welcomings, convaies him to the Citty *Alclud;* there hides him in his own Bed-Chamber. Afterwards faining himself sick, summons all his Peers as about greatest affairs; where admitting them one by one, as if his weakness endur'd not the disturbance of more at once, causes them, willing or unwilling, once more to swear Allegiance to *Archigallo*. Whom after reconciliation made on all sides, he leads to *York:* and from his own Head, places the Crown on the Head of his Brother, who thenceforth, Vice itself dissolving in him, and forgetting her firmest hold with the admiration of a deed so Heroic, became a true converted man: rul'd worthily 10 years; dy'd and was Buried in *Caer-leir*. Thus was a Brother saved by a Brother, to whom love of a Crown, the thing that so often dazles, and vitiates mortal man, for which, thousands of neerest blood have destroy'd each other, was in respect of Brotherly dearness, a contemptible thing."—(Milton, *History of England*, Book I.)—Ed.

With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
        Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,
He towards his native country cast a longing look.[1]

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
"Poorly provided, poorly followèd,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to highest place,
        Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side! *

From that wild region where the crownless King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
        A messenger he sends;

[1] 1836.
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook,
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look. 1820.

* The legendary story tells that Brutus, the founder of the British race, having come from Troy (see note to p. 48), "in a chosen place builds *Troia nova*, changed in time to *Trinovantum*, now *London*."—Ed.

And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his desires.[1]

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear;[2]
And, scouring toward him[3] o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

[1] 1836.
. . . ,—the amount of his desires. 1820.

[2] 1845.
. . . tusky boar hath fled in fear; 1820.

[3] 1832.
. . . . tow'rds him, . . . 1820.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:
I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,[1] *
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,
The British sceptre, here would I to thee

[1] 1827.
May spotless Dian, Goddess of the chase, . 1820.

* It may not be too insignificant to note that it was Diana, the "goddess of the chace," whom Brutus, according to the legend, consulted as to where he should settle, and who directed him to the land "to the west, i' the ocean wide" (see note p. 48).—Ed.

The symbol yield; and would undo this clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
Art pitiably blind:
Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st rue,
When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?
But thou—I know not how inspired, how led—
Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate:
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord;

Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm:
I, Brother! only should be king in name,
And govern to my shame;
A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

But, not to overlook what thou may'st know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate,

As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,
Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
        Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!"

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed
Of vice—thenceforth [1] unable to subvert
        Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved; *
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
        A thing of no esteem;
And from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure!" †

[1] 1827.
Of vice,—of vice . . . . . . 1820.

* See Milton's *History*, quoted in foot-note to p. 53.—Ed.
† See Note C. in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

Comp. October 1815. —— Pub. March 1816.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues),
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

This sonnet was first published in the *Examiner* (March 31, 1816); and found a place amongst the *Miscellaneous Sonnets* in the edition of 1820. It was composed in October 1815. The following letter to Haydon is explanatory of it, and of the two sonnets that follow it.

"RYDAL MOUNT, near AMBLESIDE,
December 21*st*, 1815.

. . . .

"Now for the poems, which are sonnets: one composed the evening I received your letter; the other the next day; and the third the day following. I shall not transcribe them in the order in which they were written, but inversely.

"The last you will find was occasioned, I might say inspired, by your last letter, if there be any inspiration in it; the second records a feeling excited in me by the object it describes in the month of October last; and the first by a still earlier sensation, which the revolution of the year impressed me with last autumn."

(Then follow the three sonnets transcribed in the following order—
"While not a leaf seems faded, while the fields,"
"How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright"
"High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art")

. . . .

"With high respect, I am, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,
"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

(See the *Autobiography of R. B. Haydon*, Vol. I., p. 325.)

The letter from Haydon to Wordsworth which inspired the sonnet is not given in the *Autobiography* of the former, nor in the *Memoirs* of the latter. If recoverable it would probably be as interesting as Sir George Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle in a storm, which inspired the *Elegiac Stanzas* in 1805. It will be observed that in this letter Wordsworth mentions the order in which these three sonnets were composed in three consecutive days of December. In his subsequent arrangement of the sonnets he altered this order, assigning "While not a leaf seems faded" to "September," and "How clear, how keen," to "November 1" (another instance of the inaccuracy of his dates.) The detailed statement in this letter to Haydon must be trusted, however, in preference to the 'afterthought' of the editions of 1820 and 1827. In arranging these sonnets, in the present chronological edition, the one addressed to Haydon is printed first, in its proper place; but the others are reversed, in order to make the Fenwick note, prefixed to the last of the three, intelligible. It may not be superfluous to note the dates of the first publication of this trilogy of sonnets, all of which Wordsworth sent to the *Examiner*.

"How clear, how keen," &c.	Jan. 28th.	1816.
"While not a leaf," &c.	Feb. 11th.	
"High is our calling," &c.	March 31st.	

—ED.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

Comp. October 1815. —— Pub. February 1816.

["For me, who under kindlier laws." This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself.]

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest[1] prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."

[1] 1820.
With ripening harvests . . . . . . 1816.

For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green,[1] and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

This sonnet was first published in the *Examiner*, Feb. 11, 1816. See the note to the previous sonnet, addressed to Haydon.—Ed.

NOVEMBER 1.[2]

Comp. October 1815. —— Pub. January 1816.

[Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten if the impression had not been transferred to verse. The same observation applies to the next.]*

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
Which, strown with snow smooth as the sky can shed,[3]
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aërial Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,

[1] 1827.
Through the green leaves, ... 1816.

[2] 1827.
November 1, 1815. . . . . . . 1816.

[3] 1837.
. . . as smooth as Heaven can shed, 1816.
. . . smooth as the heaven can shed, 1832.

* *i.e.*, the sonnet entitled *Composed during a Storm*.—Ed.

Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled [1] the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

This sonnet originally appeared in the *Examiner*, Jan. 28, 1816. It is rare indeed, if ever, that the Langdale Pikes retain the first snows of November till spring; although, as described in another poem, the cove on Helvellyn, in which Red Tarn lies—sheltered from the sun and high up on the mountain—may

"Keep till June December's snow."

See *Fidelity* (Vol. III. p. 37), and note to sonnet addressed to Haydon, p. 60.—Ed.

THE FAIREST, BRIGHTEST, HUES OF ETHER FADE.

Pub. 1815.

[Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales, and looks towards Windermere. The Cottage of Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time when this Sonnet was written, and long after, was occupied by the husband and wife described in the "Excursion," where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the dwelling with a light to guide her husband home at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont," as that from which the female peasant hailed us on our morning journey. The musician mentioned in the sonnet was the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook of Peter-house, Cambridge, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at Rydal after he had purchased it.]

The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture as * the Genius played
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
The visionary Arches are not there,

[1] 1845.
Have filled . . . . 1816.

* See the vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*.—W. W. 1815.

Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted[1] on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

The following reference to Mr Tillbrook, referred to in the Fenwick note, is from the *Diary*, *Correspondence*, &c., of Henry Crabbe Robinson, Sept. 5, 1816:—"An evening was spent at Wordsworth's. Mr Tillbrook, of Cambridge, formerly Thomas Clarkson's tutor, was there. . . . Mr Walter sang some airs to Mr Tillbrook's flute."—Ed.

WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN, HIS JUDGMENT BLIND.

Pub. 1815.

'Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
'Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
'Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind,
'A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!'
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Compare the distinction Wordsworth draws between Fancy and Imagination in his 'Preface' to the poems published in 1815, and his definition of the function of the Imagination in that essay.—Ed.

[1] 1837.
From which I have been lifted . . . 1815.

HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR.

Pub. 1815.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The flood,[1] the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID.

Pub. 1815.

The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.

[1] 1837.
The floods,— . . . . 1815.

Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

EVEN AS A DRAGON'S EYE THAT FEELS THE STRESS.

Pub. 1815.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring[1] through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess[2]
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
The lake below reflects it not; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

[1] 1827.
Sullenly glaring . . . . . . 1815.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . 'mid its black recess 1815.

The light of the "taper" referred to shone from Allan Bank; the "black recess of mountains" described the heights of Silver Howe, and Easdale, round to Helm Crag; the "lake below," which "reflected it not" (because of the distance of Allan Bank from the side of the mere), was, of course, Grasmere. Wordsworth is looking at this "lamp suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp," however, from the eastern side of the lake, perhaps from the neighbourhood of *The Wishing Gate.*

I am indebted to the Rev. W. A. Harrison, Vicar of St Anne's, Lambeth, for the following note to this sonnet:—

"In the Sonnet No. xxiv., *Poems of the Imagination*, these lines occur:—

'Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:'
&c., &c., &c.

"In line 3, all the later editions read '*Suddenly* glaring.' But why 'suddenly'? There is nothing in the imagery of the poem which is at all suggestive of suddenness or unexpectedness in the appearance of the burning taper. The idea is alien from the spirit of the context. The dragon is drowsy and overborne with sleep. The taper is 'dreary' and 'motionless.' Everything is suggestive of 'sluggish stillness,' not of rapid, flashing movement.

"Yet I find the reading '*suddenly*' in the 1 vol. ed. of 1828, which is said to be a reprint of the edition of 1827 in 5 vols.; in that of 1836-7; in that of 1840; and in all the later editions.

"In the edition of 1815, however, the reading given is one that is in strict keeping with the rest of the imagery, namely—

'*Sullenly* glaring.'

"Is it likely that 'sullenly' was deliberately altered by Wordsworth to 'suddenly,' or is 'suddenly' a misprint that has been perpetuated through successive editions?

"The sonnet in question is not dated, but it was probably written after 1807 and before 1815.

"Now, in a well-known and often-quoted passage in Wordsworth's letter in answer to Mathetes (*Friend*, Vol. III., 35, &c.), he speaks of the '*sullen* light' which survives the extinguished flame of the candle that the schoolboy has blown out. 'It continues,' he says, 'to shine with an endurance which in its apparent weakness is a mystery; it protracts its existence so long . . . that the observer who had lain down in his bed so easy-minded, becomes sad and melancholy,' &c., &c., &c.

"In the sonnet the same ideas occur, only the 'melancholy' is here predicated figuratively of the 'light' itself:—

'the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated,' &c., &c.

"This paper in the 'Friend' was written in 1810; and it is possible that the sonnet was written at about the same time.—W. A. HARRISON."
—ED.

MARK THE CONCENTRED HAZELS THAT ENCLOSE.

Pub. 1815.

[Suggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others of like form and character, though much of the wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been felled. This beautiful ground was lately purchased by our friend Mrs Fletcher; the ancient owners, most respected persons, being obliged to part with it in consequence of the imprudence of a son. It is gratifying to mention that, instead of murmuring and repining at this change of fortune, they offered their services to Mrs Fletcher, the husband as an out-door labourer, and the wife as a domestic servant. I have witnessed the pride and pleasure with which the man worked at improvements of the ground round the house. Indeed he expressed those feelings to me himself, and the countenance and manner of his wife always denoted feelings of the same character. I believe a similar disposition to contentment under change of fortune is common among the class to which these good people belong. Yet, in proof that to part with their patrimony is most painful to them, I may refer to those stanzas entitled "Repentance," no inconsiderable part of which was taken verbatim from the language of the speaker herself.]

MARK the concentred hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns:—and even the beams that play
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye trees!
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

This "old grey stone" is a prominent feature in the Lancrigg Terrace-Walk. It is still moss grown, and embowered by the hazel underwood.

Not far from it, the path opens to the spot where the most of *The Prelude* was composed; first hummed aloud—as the poet walked to and fro along the terrace—and then dictated to his wife or sister. See Lady Richardson's account of this, in her article in *Sharpe's London Magazine*, in 1851, and in the *Autobiography of Mrs Fletcher* (her mother), p. 244; also her contributions to the *Memoirs* of the poet, Vol. II., p. 438.—Ed.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.[1]

Pub. 1815.

Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,
With[2] green hills fenced, with[2] ocean's murmur lull'd;'
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

[1] 1827.
To the poet, Dyer. 1815.

[2] 1827.
By . . . . . . by . . . . 1815.

John Dyer, author of *Grongar Hill* (1726), and *The Fleece* (1757), was born at Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire, in 1698, and died in 1758. Both Akenside and Gray, before Wordsworth's time, had signalised his merit, in opposition to the dicta of Johnson and Horace Walpole. The passage which Wordsworth quotes is from *The Fleece*, in which Dyer is referring to his own ancestors, who were weavers, and "fugitives

from superstition's rage," and who brought the art of weaving "from Devon" to

That soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embayed, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenced, by ocean's murmur lulled.

It will be observed that Wordsworth quotes this last line of Dyer differently—

'With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled.'

This sonnet was probably written before 1811, as in a letter to Lady Beaumont, dated Nov. 20, 1811, he speaks of it as written "some time ago." In that letter Wordsworth writes thus of Dyer:—"His poem is in several places dry and heavy, but its beauties are innumerable, and of a high order. In point of *imagination* and purity of style, I am not sure that he is not superior to any writer of verse since the time of Milton." He then transcribes his sonnet, and adds—

"In the above is one whole line from the 'Fleece,' and also other expressions. When you read the 'Fleece,' you will recognise them." —Ed.

BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET SEEKS.

Pub. 1815.

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,[1]
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;[2]
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

[1] 1827.
If I some type of thee did wish to view, 1815.

[2] 1845.
. . . . a better good; 1815.

The brook referred to is doubtless either the Rotha, or the Rydal beck. The Easdale beck, a tributary of the Rotha, runs among "rocky passes" and "flowery creeks," and has numerous "water-breaks;" and as this was the favourite haunt of Wordsworth when he first settled in Grasmere, he may imaginatively go up the Rotha, and then take the Easdale beck up the valley past "Emma's Dell." See the *Poems on the Naming of Places* (Vol. II. p. 155).—ED.

SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS THE WIND.

Pub. 1815.

[This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catharine long after her death.*]

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned[1] to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried[2] in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

[1] 1820.
I wished . . . . 1815.

[2] 1820.
By Thee, long buried . . . . 1815.

Compare the poem entitled *Characteristics of a Child three years old* (Vol. IV. p. 245), written in 1811, and which referred, like this one, to the poet's daughter Catherine, who died the year after. Compare also *The Excursion* (Vol. V. p. 130), and the sonnet beginning, "Desponding Father, mark this altered bough," 1835.—ED.

* Wordsworth's daughter, Catherine, was born on the 6th Sept. 1808, and died, June 4th 1812.—Ed.

1816.

Almost all the poems belonging to 1816 were suggested by the stirring political events of that year on the continent of Europe. Four odes, and a number of sonnets,—referring to the Fall of Napoleon, the French army in Russia, the battle of Waterloo, &c.,—a translation of part of Virgil's Æneid, and one or two smaller fragments, make up the series. Wordsworth had not been so much inspired by the political events of his time since 1809 and 1810, when he wrote the Tyrolese Sonnets, and others "Dedicated to Liberty," &c.; but both before and during 1816, he was occupied a good deal in preparing his eldest son for the University. He read the Latin poets with him; and it was this probably that led him to translate into English verse, the three first books of the Æneid, which he did at this time.—Ed.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

This Ode was originally published—along with the three that follow it, and some sonnets—in 1816, under the title, *Thanksgiving Ode, January 18, 1816, with other short pieces, chiefly referring to recent public events*, and with the prefatory announcement: "This publication may be considered as a sequel to the Author's 'Sonnets dedicated to Liberty.'" To the whole there was prefixed the following Advertisement:—

"It is not to bespeak favour or indulgence, but to guard against misapprehension, that the author presumes to state that the present publication owes its existence to a patriotism, anxious to exert itself in commemorating that course of action, by which Great Britain has, for some time past, distinguished herself above all other countries.

"Wholly unworthy of touching upon so momentous a subject would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours, could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that these sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation, rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of

our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

"Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services for humanity too important and too obvious to allow any one to recommend, that the language of gratitude and admiration be suppressed, or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind), through a scrupulous dread, lest the tribute due to the past, should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man, deserving the name of Briton, adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise. But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities, and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues.* Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources, are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the blessed privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated, that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional

* "Without a cultivation of military virtues" (in the edition of 1845).—Ed.

applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities, which he venerates, will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise; particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition, of which the master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination; by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country, under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired; by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect; by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country; and by especial care to provide and support sufficient institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

Bent upon instant savings, a member of the House of Commons lately recommended that the Military College should be suppressed as an unnecessary expense; for, said he, 'our best officers have been formed in the field.' More unwise advice has rarely been given! Admirable officers, indeed, have been formed in the field, but at how deplorable an expense of the lives of their surrounding brethren in arms, a history of the military operations in Spain, and particularly of the sieges, composed with thorough knowledge, and published without reserve, would irresistibly demonstrate.*

"The author has only to add that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to Persons as well as to Things." W. WORDSWORTH."

RYDAL MOUNT, *March* 18, 1816.

This advertisement was prefixed to the poem, in all the editions from 1816 to 1843. In 1845, when that part of the Ode beginning

Imagination—ne'er before content

was detached from the rest, and turned into a separate *Ode*, with the

* This paragraph was omitted in the edition of 1845.—ED.

date 1815 appended, the "Advertisement" was thrown into a "note" at the end of the volume, and this place it retained in subsequent editions.—Ed.

[The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described. The view taken of Napoleon's character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference, and trust that this series of poems, infinitely below the subject as they are, will survive to counteract, in unsophisticated minds, the pernicious and degrading tendency of those views and doctrines that lead to the idolatry of power, as power, and, in that false splendour, to lose sight of its real nature and constitution as it often acts for the gratification of its possessor without reference to a beneficial end—an infirmity that has characterised men of all ages, classes, and employments, since Nimrod became a mighty hunter before the Lord.]

I.

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night![1]
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual[2] visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace

[1] 1837.
Hail, universal source of pure delight! 1816.

[2] 1837.
Whether thy orient . . . . 1816.

Submitted to the chains [1]
That bind thee to the path which God ordains
That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,*
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights [2] has poured
Meek lustre,[3] nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,

[1] 1837.
. . . . that timid pace,
Framed in subjection to the chains 1816.
. . . . that timid pace
Submitted to the chains 1827.

[2] 1850.
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad heights hast . 1816.

[3] 1837.
Meek splendour, ... 1816.

* The heights of Wansfell and Loughrigg.—Ed.

By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the throats
Of birds, in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,[1]
That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But He who fixed immoveably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III.

Have we not conquered?—by the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curbed the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,
Along a track of most unnatural years;*
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads

[1] 1827.
. . . . but a short-lived flame. 1816.

* The whole period of the Peninsular and Continental wars with Napoleon.—Ed.

Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthly string[1]
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that mid the failing never failed *—
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at mid night[2]
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV.

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart;
And one brief day is rightly set apart
For Him[3] who lifteth up and layeth low;

[1] 1837.
Who to the murmurs of an earthly string 1816.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . bursting in the night 1816.

[3] 1837.
To Him . . . . 1816.

* Wellington.—Ed.

For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

V.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That soul of Evil—which, from hell let loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
As boundless patience only could endure?
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
Who sees,[1] may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a sigh;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind; *
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the fair gardens of civility,
By ignorance defaced,
By violence laid waste,
Perish without reprieve for flower or tree![2]

[1] 1837.
Who sees, and feels, ... 1816.

[2] 1837.
While the old forest of civility
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree. 1816.

While the whole forest of civility
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree! 1827.

* The outcome of Napoleonic ambition.—Ed.

VI.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to [1] celerities of lawless force;
Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
What could they gain but shadows of redress?
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.*
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

VII.

No more—the guilt is banished,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
—No more—these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

[1] 1827.
And the . . . . 1816.

* "Discipline the rule whereof is passion."—Lord Brooke.—W. W. 1820.

VIII.

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,*
If one there be
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never more
Be that [1] ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
As springs the lion from his den,
As from a forest-brake
Upstarts a glistering snake,
The bold Arch-despot reappeared;†—again
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
With all her armèd Powers,
On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand shores.[2]

[1] 1845.

Land of our fathers! precious unto me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed!
O England!—dearer far than life is dear,
If I forget thy prowess, never more
Be thy . . . . 1816.

Land of our fathers! loved by me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
Loved with a passion since I caught thy praise
A Listener, at or on some patient knee,
With an ear fastened to rude ballad lays—
Or of thy gallant chivalry I read,
. . . . 1837.

[2] 1845.

. . . . torrents roar!
But how can *He* be faithless to the past,
Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,

* Compare
"O dearer far than life and light are dear,"
addressed to Mrs Wordsworth in 1824.—Ed.

† Napoleon escaped from Elba in Feb. 1815.—Ed.

The trumpet blew a universal blast! *
But Thou art foremost in the field: †—there stand:
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

IX.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!
Lodge it within us!—as the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!
What offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,[1]

That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!
The nations strove with puissance;—at length
Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,
With *all* her living strength,
With *all* her armed powers,
Upon the offensive shores. 1816.

[1] 1845.
Upon the inward victories of each, 1816.

* The Allied Sovereigns declared against Napoleon, March 1815.—Ed.
† Wellington took the command, April 1815.—Ed.

Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
The outward service of this day;
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend
That He has brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second[1] victory!——*
Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
    For a brief moment, terrible;
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be,
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!
    Let all who do this land inherit
    Be conscious of thy moving spirit!
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;
Bless Thou the hour, or e'er the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rapture,[2] strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
    For thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
    For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

[1] 1820.
. . . . further . . 1816.
[2] 1827.
. . . . spirit . . 1816.

* Napoleon's power was finally broken at Waterloo.—Ed.

X.

But hark—the summons!—down the placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells;*
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake[1]
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
The drops that tip[2] the melting icicles.
O, enter now his temple gate!
Inviting words—perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Forth towards[3] empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim;—[4]
Awake! the majesty of God revere!

[1] 1837.
. . . . might wake 1816.

[2] 1827.
The drops that point . . . . . . 1816.

[3] 1837.
Towards the . . . . 1816.

[4] 1827.
. . . . incline his ear,
Hallowing himself the service which they frame;— 1816.

* From Grasmere Church, over Rydal mere.—Ed.

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
The Holy One will hear!
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right;
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution,—
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high Day of Thanks, before the Throne
Of Grace!

Replying to some criticism on this *Ode* by Southey, Wordsworth wrote to his friend as follows:—"I am much of your mind in respect to my Ode. Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a *multitude*, a *stanza* would have been indispensable. But though I have called it a "Thanksgiving Ode," strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem, composed, or supposed to be composed, on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an *individual* upon that occasion. It is a *dramatised ejaculation;* and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre. In respect to a *stanza* for a grand subject designed to be treated comprehensively, there are great objections. If the stanza be short, it will scarcely allow of fervour and importunity, unless so short, as that the sense is run perpetually from one stanza to another, as in Horace's Alcaics; and if it be long, it will be as apt to generate diffuseness as to check it. Of this we have innumerable instances in Spenser and the Italian poets. The sense required cannot be included in one given stanza, so that another whole stanza is added, not infrequently, for the sake of matter which would naturally include itself in a very few lines.

"If Gray's plan be adopted, there is not time to become acquainted with the arrangement, and to recognise with pleasure the recurrence of the movement.

"Be so good as let me know where you found most difficulty in following me. The passage which I most suspect of being misunderstood is

'And thus is missed the sole true glory;'

and the passage where I doubt most about the reasonableness of expecting that the reader should follow me in the luxuriance of the imagery and the language, is the one that describes, under so many metaphors, the spreading of the news of the Waterloo victory over the globe."

The last reference in this letter is to the lines in that part of the *Ode*, which follows—

"Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North," &c.

—Ed.

ODE.*

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

I.

Imagination—ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,[1]
And with the embrace was satisfied.[2]
—Fly, ministers of Fame,
With every help that ye from earth and heaven may claim![3]

[1] 1845.
From all that man's performance could present,
Stoops to that closing deed magnificent, 1816.

[2] 1845.
. . . . is satisfied, 1816.

[3] 1845.
Whate'er your means, whatever help ye claim, 1816.

* This Ode originally formed part of the *Thanksgiving Ode*.—Ed.

Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
—Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the sight
Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower[1]
That land-ward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour;
But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.[2]
—*The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—*
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—[3]
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North—*
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its bridge—
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West!—*

[1] 1837.
. . . travelling faster than the shower 1816.

[2] 1845.
. . . . to devour
But *this* appearance scattered ecstasy,—
And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power. 1816.

. . . . to devour,
In summer's loveliest hour;
But this assurance travelled fraught with glee,
And heart-sick Europe blessed its healing power. 1837.

. . . . to devour,
But this assurance travelled fraught with glee,
And heart-sick Europe blessed its healing power. 1843.

[3] 1837.
Such glad assurance suddenly went forth— 1816.

* Compare this description of the news of Waterloo spreading over the nations with the effect of the lady's laugh at Helm-crag, in the "Poem on the Naming of Places," entitled *Joanna*. (See Vol. II. p. 156).—Ed.

—Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:[1]
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, humbled[2] France, amid her wild disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!
And well might it beseem that mighty Town *
Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,[3]
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple lift her[4] votive brow

[1] 1837.
How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed! 1816.

[2] 1845.
. . . , conquered . . . . . . 1816.

[3] 1845.
—Yet might it well become that City now,
Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow, 1816.

[4] 1820.
. . . . . . its . . . 1816.

* London.—Ed.

High on[1] the shore of silver Thames—to greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric,[2] as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—there meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.[3]

III.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high souled poets, saint-like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,*
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,

[1] 1837.
Upon . . . . 1816.

[2] 1850.
Bright be the distant fabric, ... 1816.
Bright be the peaceful Fabric, . . 1845.

[3] 1827.
. . . . . , and time can trust. 1816.

* In Westminster Abbey.—Ed.

And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,*
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
Nor these, and mourning for our errors,[1]

[1] 1845.
. . . . . , and for our errors, 1816.

* Compare the Psalter, civ. 32.—Ed.

And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;[1]
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose[2] they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts![*]

V.

Forbear:—to Thee—
Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue
But in a gentler strain[3]
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
To Thee—To Thee
Just God of christianised Humanity

[1] 1845.
But thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter! 1816.
But thy most awful instrument
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . 1837.

[2] 1837.
And by thy just permission . . . 1816.

[3] 1845.
. . . . . . to Thee—
With fervent thoughts, but in a gentler strain 1837.

[*] Compare the Psalter, *passim*, *e.g.*, xlvi., lxvi., cvi.—Ed.

Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,[1]
That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory! *
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will. †

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH. ‡

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

[Composed immediately after the *Thanksgiving Ode*, to which it may be considered as a second part.]

I.

"REST, rest perturbèd Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:
"From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come—thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open [2] thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen
From out thy noisome prison
The penal caverns groan

[1] 1845.
. . . . . . Humanity,
On this appointed day shall thanks ascend, 1837.

[2] 1837.
To open . . . . 1816.

* Compare the *Thanksgiving Ode*, p. 83, l. 7, 8.—ED.

† The first six lines of the fifth stanza were first added in 1836; and the last four in 1845, when the *Thanksgiving Ode* was divided.—ED.

‡ The title which this *Invocation to the Earth* bore when first published in the *Thanksgiving Ode, with other short pieces chiefly relating to recent public events*, in 1816, was "*Elegiac Verses, February 1816.*"

With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,*—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is resented,
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

II.

"False Parent of Mankind!
Obdurate, proud, and blind,
I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,
Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious;—may the like return no more!
May Discord—for a Seraph's care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss
These mortal spheres above,
Be chained for ever to the black abyss!
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"
The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

* "The loss of human life, on the French side alone, in the wars consequent on the Revolution, was estimated (in 1815) to have been 4,556,000."—(Blair's *Chronological Tables*, p. 724.)—Ed.

ODE.*

Comp. January 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

————Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
————————clarius indicant
Laudes, quam——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.——Hor. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

I.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense.[1]
I saw, in wondrous pérspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill[2]
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream,[3] suburban grove,

[1] 1827.

And Fancy in her airy bower kept watch,
Free to exert some kindly influence;
I saw—but little boots it that my verse
A shadowy visitation should rehearse,
For to our Shores such glory hath been brought,
That dreams no brighter are than waking thought— 1816.

Free to exert her kindliest influence; 1820.

[2] 1827.

A landscape richer than the happiest skill 1816.

[3] 1827.

Tower, town, and city—and . . . . . 1816.

* The title of this Ode, when first published, along with the *Thanksgiving Ode*, was *Ode, composed in January 1816.* In subsequent editions the date 1814 was given; but there seems no reason to distrust the earlier one.—Ed.

And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form![1]
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant must be;[2]
And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—
"Though from my celestial home,
Like a Champion, armed I come;
On my helm the dragon crest,
And the red cross on my breast;

1 1832.

. . . . wild deer rove;
And, in a clouded quarter of the sky,
Through such a portal as with cheerful eye
The traveller greets in time of threatened storm,
Issued, to sudden view, a radiant Form! 1816.

Through its wide circuit, hushed in deep repose,
Yea, even to sadness, quiet and serene!
Amid this solitude of earth and sky,
Through portal clear as loop-hole in a storm
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye,
Issued, to sudden view, a radiant form! 1827.

2

. . . . . . this Visitant may be 1816.

I, the Guardian of this Land,[1]
Speak not now of toilsome duty;
Well obeyed was that command—
Whence bright days of festive beauty;[2]
Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which summer gave
Have perished in the field:
But the green thickets plenteously shall yield[3]
Fit garlands for the brave,
That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Matrons grave,
Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
And gather what you find
Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
To deck your stern Defenders' modest brows!
Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier meed;
And in due time shall share
Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

II.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train—

[1] 1827.
My patriotic heart;—aloud it cried,
"I, the Guardian of this Land, 1816.

[2] 1837.
"Days are come of festive beauty; 1816.
Hence bright days of festive beauty; 1827.

[3] 1820.
. . . . will yield 1816.

Maids and Matrons, dight
In robes of dazzling white:[1]
While from the crowd bursts[2] forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;[3]
And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look[4] round, and by their smiling seem to say,[5]
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III.

Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure:
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw[6]

[1] 1827.
. . . . . . of purest white,— 1816.

[2] 1827.
While from the crowd burst . . . 1816.

[3] 1827.
. . . . . . told their joys,— 1816.

[4] 1827.
Looked . . . . 1816.

[5] 1827.
. . . . seemed to say, 1816.

[6] 1837.
Anon, I saw, beneath a dome of state,
The feast dealt forth with bounty unconfined;
And while the vaulted roof did emulate
The starry heavens through splendour of the show,
It rang with music,—and methought the wind
Scattered the tuneful largess far and near,

Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonised affections; *
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV.

But garlands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound—
(Albeit of effect profound)
It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those [1] high achievements; † even as she arrayed

That they who asked not might partake the cheer,
Who listened not could hear,
Where'er the wild winds were allowed to blow!
—That work reposing, on the verge
Of busiest exultation hung a dirge, 1816.
. . . . . and had power to throw 1827.

[1] 1837.
These . . . . 1816.

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* Compare—

"But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections."
(Ode on Immortality, st. ix.)—Ed.

† Haydon painted Wellington on the field of Waterloo. Compare the sonnet which Wordsworth wrote on that picture, in 1840, beginning—

"By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand."—Ed.

With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;*
So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise [1]
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil; †
Expressive signals [2] of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine [3]
With gratulation thoroughly benign! †

V.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, ‡ sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred

[1] 1845.

Graced with such gifts as sculpture can bestow,
When inspiration guides her patient toil;
And let imperishable trophies grow — 1816.

As nobly graced by sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable structures grow — 1827.

[2] 1827.

Expressive records . . . . . — 1816.

[3] 1845.

Trophies on which the morning sun may shine,
As changeful ages flow, — 1816.

Records on which the morning sun may shine,
As changeful ages flow, — 1827.

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* The allusion is to the picture of the battle of Marathon, on the walls of the Stoa Poecile, in Athens. Compare the *Effusion, in presence of Tell's Tower*, in the "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent" (1820), st. i. and note.—Ed.

† In many places throughout Britain this was carried out. Statues to the memory of Wellington were erected in many towns, and buildings were named after him.—Ed.

‡ The nine Muses, called the Pierides, from Pieria, near Olympus, where they were said to have been born, or first worshipped by the Thracians.—Ed.

From your first mansions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,[1]
Dear native regions * where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, *Ye* live and move,†
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love,
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now,[2] on the margin of some spotless fountain,

[1] 1827.
. . . consecrated stream and grove, 1816.

[2] 1845.
. . . . and move,
And exercise unblamed a generous sway,)
Now, ... 1816.
And exercise unblamed a god-like sway) 1837.

* Compare the first line of the *Extract from the conclusion of a poem, composed in anticipation of leaving school* (Vol. I. p. 1)—

"Dear native regions I foretell,"

and see Note D in the Appendix to this volume.—Ed.

† Compare Schiller's *Piccolomini*, in S. T. Coleridge's version (Act ii. Scene 4).

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny fountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend: and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus that brings everything that's fair!" —Ed.

Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul's desires![1]
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

[1] 1837.
. . . . . . my soul's desires! 1816.

ODE.

Comp. —— Pub. 1816.

I.

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an armèd creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced[1] its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

II.

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed

[1] 1845.
That, having wrought . . . . 1816.

Before the ominous aspect of her spear;[1]
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud[2]
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.[3]

III.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.[4]
Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens,
how long?
—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong

[1] 1827.
My soul in many a midnight vision bowed
Before the meanings which her spear expressed; 1816.

[2] 1827.
Seemed to bisect the orbit of her shield,
Like to a long blue bar of solid cloud 1816.

[3] 1845.
At evening stretched across the fiery West. 1816.
Across the setting sun, and through the fiery west. 1827.
Across the setting sun—and through all the fiery
west. 1837.

[4] 1827.
. . . . . . short-lived rest,
Which, when they first received her, she had blest: 1816.

Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV.

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?
If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and lie
Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived him.

V.

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed [1]
The course of things, and change the creed
Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And the power, of wrong.

[1] 1827.
. . . . might'st not speed 1816.

The date of the composition of this Ode is uncertain. Wordsworth himself gives no clue: but it seems to refer to the rise of the French Republic, with its illusive promises of Liberty: the freedom of the many being sacrificed to the despotism of one. The Republic passed "through many a change of form." It became both tyrannous and aggressive. The "Principalities" of Europe "melted" before it. It stood forth "an armèd creature," and "a terror to the Earth." It in turn put down "Justice," "Faith," and "Hope" throughout Europe; and the writer of the Ode says,

"How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens, how long?"

The allusions in stanza iv. suggest that this Ode was written before Waterloo, and the final overthrow of the power of Napoleon, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the point with exactness from internal evidence.

The reference in the last stanza may be to the legend of Amphion moving stones, and building up the walls of Thebes, by the sound of his lyre; the stones advancing to their places, and being fitted together, as he played his instrument. Compare Tennyson's *Amphion*.—Ed.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.[1]

1812-13.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,[2]
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.

[1] 1827.
The original title was *Composed in Recollection of the Expedition of the French into Russia. February 1816.* 1816.

[2] 1820.
Hath painted Winter like a shrunken, old,
And close-wrapt Traveller—through the weary day—
Propped on a staff, and limping o'er the Plain, 1816.

These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

The French "retreat from Moscow was perhaps the most disastrous on record since the days of Xerxes. . . . On the night of November 6th, the temperature suddenly fell to that of the most rigorous winter. In that dreadful night thousands of men perished, and nearly all the horses, which compelled the abandonment of the greater part of the

convoys. From this point the road began to be strewn with corpses, presenting the aspect of one continuous battlefield. . . . At Smolensk the cold was at 20 degrees of Réamur." (Dyer's *History of Modern Europe*, Vol. IV. pp. 518, 519.)—ED.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.[1]

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while Father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumphs sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE.*

Pub. 1832.

BY Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise

[1] 1820.
The title at first was
Sonnet on the same occasion. February 1816. 1816.

* See Note E in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
"Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"

"The night was well advanced, when from the windows of the Kremlin the whole horizon seemed to glow with innumerable fires. Some had been observed the day before, which had been attributed to accident; but now there could be no doubt that the destruction of Moscow had been systematically organised. It had, indeed, been formed and executed by Count Rostoptchin, the governor of the city. Combustible materials had been placed in many houses, which were fired by a troop of paid incendiaries, under the direction of the police. The flames baffled all the exertions of the French to extinguish them. On the third day a strong north-west wind spread the fire over the whole city. During five days nothing was to be seen but an ocean of flame, which at length began to encompass the Kremlin, and compelled Napoleon to fly to the chateau of Petrofskoïe, about three miles from the town. But in a few days he returned to the Kremlin. That palace, the churches, and about a tenth part of the houses had escaped destruction. All Napoleon's plans, however, were completely overthrown. In occupying Moscow, he had fancied that he should conquer the Russian Empire; but he found to his dismay that the Russians regarded their capital only as a heap of stones." (Dyer's *History of Modern Europe*, Vol. IV. pp. 517, 518.)—Ed.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM.[1]

Pub. 1820.

Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,

[1] 1827.
The title at first was *Local Recollection on the Heights near Hochheim.* 1820.

With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstacy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze[1] heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
—Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—[2]
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.*

[1] 1827.
On men who gazed . . . . 1820.

[2] 1837.
. . (themselves delivered from the yoke) 1822.

* The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenburg rode up to know the cause of the sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."—W. W. (1820.)

This sonnet was first published in 1820 in the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820*. It was afterwards transferred to the *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.

The only reference which Miss Wordsworth makes to Hochheim in her Journal of the Tour on the Continent (1820) is as follows:—July 25th.—"We had a magnificent prospect down the Rhine into the Reingaw, stretching towards Bingen. Hochheim is on the right bank, nearly opposite to Mayence. The broad hills are enlivened by hamlets, villas, villages, and churches."

Prince Schwartzenburg, referred to in Wordsworth's own note, was Generalissimo of the allied armies of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Russia, who were victors in the battle of Leipsig in 1813. The retreat of the French towards the Rhine after that battle was almost as disastrous to them as the retreat from Moscow in the previous winter. The incident described in the sonnet doubtless occurred during this retreat, when the French were driven across the Rhine in November 1813.—Ed.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI.[1]

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Comp. February 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these: 'Up, Voice of Song! proclaim
'Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
'For lo! the Imperial City stands released[2]
'From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
'And Christendom respires;[3] from guilt and shame
'Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
'By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
'—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
'The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
'He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,[4]
'He conquering through God, and God by him.' *

[1] 1816.
The title at first was *February 1816.* 1816.

[2] 1837.
. . . . pure flame
Which taught the offering of song to rise
From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,
Great Filicaia!—With celestial aim
It rose,—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,
Then, when the imperial city stood released 1816.

[3] 1836.
And Christendom respired; . . . . 1816.

[4] 1836.
. . —as in Earth and Heaven was sung— 1816.

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* Ond' è ch' Io grido e griderò: giugnesti,
Guerregiasti, è vincesti;
Si, si, vincesti, o Campion forte e pio,
Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio.

See Filicaia's Canzone, addressed to Sir John Sobieski, King of Poland, upon his raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other poems on the

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.[1]

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:

[1] 1820.

The full title in 1816 was *Inscription for a national monument in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo.*

1816.

same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted.—W. W. (1816 and 1820.)

Vienna, besieged in 1683 by Mahomet IV., was relieved by John Sobieski. The following is Dyer's account of it in his *Modern Europe* (Vol. III. p. 109):—"At one time Vienna seemed beyond the reach of human aid. The Turks sat down before it on July 14th, and such were their numbers that their encampment is said to have contained more than 100,000 tents. It was the middle of August before John Sobieski could leave Cracow with 25,000 men, and by the end of that month the situation of Vienna had become extremely critical. Provisions and ammunition began to fail; the garrison had lost 6000 men, and numbers died every day by pestilence, or at the hands of the enemy. It was not till September 9th that Sobieski and his Poles formed a junction on the plain of Tuln with the Austrian forces, under the Duke of Lorraine, and the other German contingents. On September 11th, the allies reached the heights of Kahlenberg, within sight of Vienna, and announced their arrival to the beleagured citizens by means of rockets. On the following day the Turks were attacked, and, after a few hours' resistance, completely routed. . . . . The Turkish camp, with vast treasures in money, jewels, horses, arms, and ammunition, became the spoil of the victors."

The Italian poet Filicaia referred to by Wordsworth (Filicaja, Vincenzo), wrote six odes on the deliverance of Vienna by Sobieski. They were published in Florence in the following year, 1684, and established the writer's fame. Queen Christian of Sweden was much struck by them; and, being a generous patroness and admirer of letters, she enabled Filicaja to devote himself to poetry exclusively as his life-work. He wrote numerous patriotic sonnets and heroic odes, in Italian and in Latin.—ED.

Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

It need hardly be said that the intention of using the six last lines as an "Inscription" was never carried into effect. The infelicity of the second last line is fatal to its use on any "monument."—Ed.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.[1]

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
Fervid, yet conversànt with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose[2] mists have rolled away—
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,*
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout

[1] 1837.
The title in 1816 was *Occasioned by the same battle.* 1816.

[2] 1820.
Like mountain-tops whence . . . 1816.

* 'From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil.'—*Spenser.* W. W., 1816.

Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall[1] worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
Angels might welcome with a choral shout![2]

EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1827.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve![3]
Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

[1] 1836.
And . . . . 1816.

[2] 1837.
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout. 1816.

[3] 1832.
Your thrones, from duty, princes! fear to swerve; 1827.

From the position of this sonnet in the edition of 1827, as well as from manifest internal evidence, it refers, like the two previous ones, to the battle of Waterloo. Illustrations of the first six lines of the sonnet are too numerous in mediæval history to require detailed allusion.—ED.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST,[1]

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1816.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:[2]
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

1 The first line of the title was added in the edition of 1836, and continued afterwards.

2 1837.

Even to this hour; yet at this hour they quake;
And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,
If to the living, truth was ever told
By aught surrendered from the hollow grave: 1816.
To warn the living, truth were ever told
. . . . 1837.

The Duc d'Enghien, grandson of the Prince de Condé, and only son of the Duc de Bourbon, born at Chantilly in 1772, commanded the corps of *Emigrés* gathered on the Rhine by his grandfather. After the peace of Luneville, he retired to Ettenheim, near Strasburg, in German territory. There he married the Princess Charlotte of Rohan, Rochefort, and lived peacefully as a private citizen. He was, though wholly innocent, suspected by Napoleon of complicity in the plot of Pichegrou, Cadoudal (one of the Chouans), Moreau, and others, to overthrow him as first Consul, and to restore the Bourbon dynasty. "The Duke was residing at Ettenheim, in the neutral territory of Baden, when

Bonaparte, in violation of international law and the rights of the German Empire, caused him to be seized on the night of March 15th by a party of French *gens d'armes*, and to be carried to the castle of Vincennes, where, after a sort of mock trial, he was shot in the fosse of the fortress, March 21st" (1804). Dyer's *Modern Europe* (Vol. IV. p. 378). The whole of the proceedings against the Duc d'Enghien were illegal (as was confessed by the presiding judge), and his execution was one of the blackest stains on the character of Napoleon. After the Restoration, in 1814, his remains were disinterred by order of Louis XVIII., and buried in the chapel of the castle at Vincennes, where the restored king erected a monument to his memory. The "pit of vilest mould" mentioned in the sonnet, is, of course, the moat of the castle, and the phrase "to lodge among ancestral kings," refers to Vincennes having been a royal residence, where many princes died and were buried, *e.g.*, Queen Jeanne (wife of Philippe le Bel), Louis le Hutin, and Charles le Bel. Vincennes is close to Paris, the fortress being only about five miles south-east of the Louvre. The chapel, which has a fine Gothic front, was begun in 1248, and was finished in 1552. The monument to the Duc d'Enghien is in the old Sacristy. It consists of four figures in marble, representing the *Duke*, supported by *Religion* and bewailed by *France*, while *Vengeance* waits behind. It was executed by Deseine.—Ed.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1836.

This translation was first published in the *Philological Museum*, edited by Julius Charles Hare, and published at Cambridge in 1832, (Vol. I. p. 382, &c.). Three Books were translated, but the greater portion is still in MS. unpublished. Only what is now reproduced appeared in the *Museum*. It was never included by Wordsworth himself in any edition of his Works—a sign of his own estimate of its literary value. It was published by Professor Henry Reed in his American reprint of 1851. For an estimate of its value, and Coleridge's opinion of it, &c., see the Life of the Poet in the last volume.—Ed.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be printed in the Philological Museum was not very acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment,—for it was nothing more,—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when

I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request. W. W.

But Cytherea, studious to invent
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, chang'd in form and face
To young Ascanius, should assume his place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;
She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour stung;
The calm of night is powerless to remove
These cares, and thus she speaks to wingèd Love:

"O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his course,
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is known;
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.
Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
Of bland entreaty at her court detains;
Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the queen
With passion for Æneas, such strong love
That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.

Hear, and assist;—the father's mandate calls
His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest things
Preserv'd from fire and flood for presents brings.
Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
'Mid groves Idalian, lull'd to gentle sleep,
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
That he may neither know what hope is mine,
Nor by his presence traverse the design.
Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!
And when enraptured Dido shall receive
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,
And goblets crown the proud festivity,
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
At every touch, an unsuspected fire."

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,
Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
The true Ascanius steep'd in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherish'd on her careful breast,
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.
But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
And, as the hall he entered, there, between
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
Reclin'd in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
The Trojans, too (Æneas at their head),
On couches lie, with purple overspread:

Meantime in canisters is heap'd the bread,
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.
Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
And fume the household deities with store
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
Match'd with an equal number of like age,
But each of manly sex, a docile page,
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
To cup or viand its appointed place.
The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.
They look with wonder on the gifts—they gaze
Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
That from his ardent countenance are flung,
And charm'd to hear his simulating tongue;
Nor pass unprais'd the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage
twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns
Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
She fastens on the boy enamour'd eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees
Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,

By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceas'd
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine;
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly—till, at the queen's command,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand:
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer,
Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait
Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the board;
Then sipp'd the bowl whence she the wine had pour'd
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He rais'd the bowl, and took a long deep draught;
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaff'd.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings;
When human kind, and brute; what natural powers

Engender lightning, whence are falling showers.
He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain
The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught with rain;
—Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights
Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights.
The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws
Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the applause.
—But, lengthening out the night with converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam ask'd, of Hector—o'er and o'er—
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore;—
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host.
How look'd Achilles, their dread paramount—
"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends?—your wandering
course;
For now, till this seventh summer have ye rang'd
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estrang'd."

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1820.

[The first and last fourteen lines of this poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such; but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's History of England.]

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that share

With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was the Sea;
Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.[1]
—Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,
Said to his servile Courtiers,—"Poor the reach,
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven, obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew from the influx of the main,
For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (fact[2] more worthy to be known)
From that time forth did for his brows disown
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible as vain.[3]

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

[1] 1843.
Your Master's throne is set!"—Absurd decree!
A mandate uttered to the foaming sea,
Is to its motions less than wanton air. 1820.

[2] 1845.
And Canute (truth . . . . . . 1820.

[3] 1845.
Contemptible and vain. 1820.

"My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's will
Among the mazy streams that backward went,
And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
And now, his[1] task performed, the flood stands still,
At the green base of many an inland hill,*
In placid beauty and sublime content!
Such the repose that sage and hero find;
Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood
Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

[1] 1837.
And now, its . . . . 1820.

The passage from Milton's *History of England* (Book VI.), referred to in the Fenwick note, relates an incident, "which" (as Milton justly says), "unless to Court-Parasites, needed no such laborious demonstration." There is only one expression borrowed by Wordsworth: "The Sea, as before, came rolling on, . . . Whereat the King, quickly rising, wished all about him to behold and consider the weak and frivolous form of a King, and that none indeed deserved the name of a King, but he whose Eternal Laws both Heaven, Earth, and Sea obey."—Ed.

A LITTLE ONWARD LEND THY GUIDING HAND.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1820.

[The complaint in my eyes, which gave occasion to this address to my daughter, first showed itself as a consequence of inflammation, caught at the top of Kirkstone, when I was over-heated by having carried up the ascent my eldest son, a lusty infant. Frequently has the disease recurred since, leaving my eyes in a state which has often

* Compare Tennyson—

"There twice a-day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

In Memoriam, st. 19.—Ed.

prevented my reading for months, and makes me at this day incapable of bearing without injury any strong light by day or night. My acquaintance with books has therefore been far short of my wishes; and on this account, to acknowledge the services daily and hourly done me by my family and friends, this note is written.]

'*A little onward lend thy guiding hand*
To these dark steps, a little further on!' *
—What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought
This mournful iteration? For though Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my own Dora, my belovèd child![1] †
Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;
For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to curb
Thy nymph-like step swift bounding o'er the lawn,‡

[1] 1850.
—O my Antigone, beloved child! 1820.

* The opening lines of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.—Ed.

† Dora Wordsworth died in 1847, a loss which cast a gloom over her father's remaining years; and it is not without interest that in the last revision of the text of his poems, in the year of his own death, he substituted
'O my own Dora, my belovèd child!'
for the earlier reading,
'O my Antigone, beloved child!'—Ed.

‡ Compare the lines on Lucy, *Three years she grew in sun and shower*—
'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs.'
(Vol. II. p. 64.)—Ed.

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents.[1]—From thy orisons
Come forth; and while the morning air is yet
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the 'abrupt abyss,'
Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold
There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze,[2] its high-arched roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recal
To mind the living presences of nuns;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

[1] 1836.
Of foaming torrent, ... 1827.

[2] 1836.
Though waves in every breeze, ... 1820.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.[1]

[1] 1827.

Re-open now thy everlasting gates,
Thou Fane of Holy Writ! ye classic Domes,
To these glad orbs from darksome bondage freed,
Unfold again your portals! Passage lies
Through you to heights more glorious still, and shades
More awful, where this Darling of my care,
Advancing with me hand in hand, may learn,
Without forsaking a too earnest world,
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate her life to truth and love. 1820.

TO ——,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

Comp. 1816. —— Pub. 1820.

[Written at Rydal Mount. The lady was Miss Blackett, then residing with Mr Montagu Burgoyne at Fox-Ghyll. We were tempted to remain too long upon the mountain; and I, imprudently, with the hope of shortening the way led her among the crags and down a steep slope which entangled us in difficulties that were met by her with much spirit and courage.]

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey:
For[1] blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight;—inherit[2]
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their[3] bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault

[1] 1827.
In the moment of dismay,
While . . . . . 1820.

[2] 1845.
—Take thy flight;—possess, inherit 1820.
Now—take flight;—possess, inherit 1836.

[3] 1836.
Or survey the . . . . . 1820.

Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,*
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

With these stanzas to Miss Blackett, compare those addressed by Wordsworth to his sister in 1805, under the title, *To a young lady, who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country;* and the poem entitled *Louisa, after accompanying her on a mountain excursion*, also referring to his sister (Vol. III. pp. 61-63.)—Ed.

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* A mountain in Asia, dividing Armenia from Assyria, whence the river Tigris has its source.

"Satan bowing low
. . . . .
Shewes his steep flight in many an airie wheele,
Nor staid till on *Niphates'* top he lights."
(*Par. Lost*, Book III. c. 74.)—Ed.

1817.

The year 1817 was not specially productive of new poems. They are arranged, chronologically, in a different order from that contained in the Table in Vol. I., viz., thus, *The Vernal Ode*, *The Ode to Lycoris*, its *Sequel*, *The Longest Day*, *The Pass of Kirkstone*, *Hints from the Mountains*, and the *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*.

VERNAL ODE.[1]

Comp. 1817. —— Pub. 1820.

[Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.] *

Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.—
PLIN. NAT. HIST.

I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye[2]
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air[3]
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease

[1] 1827.
Ode.—1817. 1820. 1st Edition.
Ode. 1820. 2nd Edition.

[2] 1836.
. . . . of that spiritual eye 1820.

[3] 1827.
Poised in the middle region of the air 1820.

* Compare George Eliot's "O may I join the choir invisible" (Poems, p. 240).—ED.

(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,[1]
Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noontide breeze.[2]
Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
Where nothing was; and firm as some old Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

II.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—
"No wintry desolations,
Scorching blight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue[3]
Profound of night's ethereal blue;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb:—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb:

[1] 1827.
Until he reached a rock, of summit bare, 1820.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . the summer breeze. 1820.

[3] 1836.
Of man's enquiring gaze, and imaged to his hope
(Alas, how faintly!) in the hue 1820.
. . . . . . , but . . . .
. . . . 1827.

But wandering star[1] and fixed, to mortal eye,
Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,
Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,
To testify of Love and Grace divine.[2]

III.

What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass away
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.[3]
—And though to every draught of vital breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;[4]
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,

[1] 1827.

But wandering orb . . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.

. . . . of decline;—
So wills eternal Love, with power divine. 1820.

[3] 1845.

—That image of endurance and repose. 1836.
The first eight lines of stanza iii. were added in 1836.

[4] 1827.

And what if his presiding breath
Impart a sympathetic motion
Unto the gates of life and death,
Throughout the bounds of earth and ocean; 1820.

Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust:
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky
The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers:—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;[1]
Wherever sportive breezes bend[2]
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice,[3] the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!"

IV.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,*

[1] 1827.
. . . . . joyous waters stray; 1820.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . zephyrs bend . 1820.

[3] 1827.
Rejoice, O men! . . . . . . 1820.

* Urania (the heavenly muse) was usually represented as crowned with stars, and holding a globe in her hand; while Clio was crowned with laurel.—Ed.

Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,
Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews:
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?
And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented Votary
Such melody to hear!
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,
To lie and listen—till o'er-drowsèd sense
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence—
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
—A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
Of all his years:—a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destructions steeping,)
But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She—a statist prudent to confer
Upon the common weal; a warrior bold,[1]
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
And armed with living spear for mortal fight;
A cunning forager
That spreads no waste; a social builder; one
In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight—
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

[1] . . the public weal; a warrior bold 1820.

V.

And is She brought within the power
Of vision?—o'er this tempting flower
Hovering until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away!—
Observe each wing!—a tiny van!
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man;
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles.—Humming Bee!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

ODE TO LYCORIS.

May, 1817.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1820.

[The discerning reader—who is aware that in the poem of Ellen Irwin I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode

of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt—may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the subaqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which—with some readers who think my theology and classical illusion too far fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected—will tend to unrealise the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman poets. Before I read Virgil I was so strongly attached to Ovid, whose Metamorphoses I read at school, that I was quite in a passion whenever I found him, in books of criticism, placed below Virgil. As to Homer, I was never weary of travelling over the scenes through which he led me. Classical literature affected me by its own beauty. But the truths of scripture having beeen entrusted to the dead languages, and these fountains having recently been laid open at the Reformation, an importance and a sanctity were at that period attached to classical literature that extended, as is obvious in Milton's Lycidas for example, both to its spirit and form in a degree that can never be revived. No doubt the hacknied and lifeless use into which mythology fell towards the close of the 17th century, and which continued through the 18th, disgusted the general reader with all illusion to it in modern verse; and though, in deference to this disgust, and also in measure participating in it, I abstained in my earlier writings from all introduction of pagan fable, surely, even in its humble form, it may ally itself with real sentiment, as I can truly affirm it did in the present case.]

I.

An age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.
Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
—Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,

And nurtured in a fickle clime
May haunt this hornèd bay;*
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;†
And smooths her[1] liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain now,‡
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II.

In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owlet's wing;
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn.
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)§

[1] 1827.
And smooth its . . . . . 1820.

* Probably one of the bays in Rydal mere.—Ed.

† The Kingfisher.—Ed.

‡ Probably on Nab Scar reflected in Rydal water.—Ed.

§ Lycoris was the name under which the poet Gallus wrote of his Cytheris, a freed woman of the senator Volumnius, celebrated for her beauty and intrigues. See Virgil's reference to her in Ecl. x. 42, in which he condoles with his friend Gallus for the loss of Lycoris—

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consummerer aevo.

Ovid also refers to her, A. A. iii. 537—"The western and the eastern lands know of Lycoris." From the tone of the Fenwick note, it would seem that Wordsworth was doubtful of the fitness of associating the name of Lycoris with the dominant thought of these stanzas: but there is no unfitness in the use he makes of it. This poem, with its reference to the "one soft vernal day," and its prevailing thought of spring, and

"the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recal the Deity
Of youth into the breast,

appropriately follow the *Vernal Ode*.—Ed.

When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns;[1]
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

III.

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an *art*
To which our souls must bend;
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recal the Deity
Of youth into the breast:[2]
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

[1] 1827.

Pleased with the soil's requited cares;
Pleased with the blue that ether wears; 1820.

[2] 1837.

Frank greeting, then, to that blithe Guest
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea
To aid the vernal Deity
Whose home is in the breast! 1820.

TO THE SAME.

Comp. 1817. —— Pub. 1820.

[This, as well as the preceding and the two that follow,* were composed in front of Rydal Mount, and during my walks in the neighbourhood. Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air: and here let me repeat what I believe has already appeared in print. One day a stranger having walked round the garden and grounds of Rydal Mount asked one of the female servants, who happened to be at the door, permission to see her master's study. "This," said she, leading him forward, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." After a long absence from home it has more than once happened that some one of my cottage neighbours has said—"Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again." Once more in excuse for so much egotism let me say, these notes are written for my familiar friends, and at their earnest request. Another time a gentleman whom James had conducted through the grounds asked him what kind of plants throve best there: after a little consideration he answered—"Laurels." "That is," said the stranger, "as it should be; don't you know that the laurel is the emblem of poetry, and that poets used on public occasions to be crowned with it." James stared when the question was first put, but was doubtless much pleased with the information.]

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
Here, as 'mid[1] busier scenes, ground steep and rough,
Or slippery even to peril![2] and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompence
Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,[3]
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,

[1] 1827.
Here, as in . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.
Oft perilous, always tiresome; . . 1820.

[3] 1827.
As we for most uncertain gain ascend
Towards the clouds, dwarfing the world below, 1820.

* As the Fenwick notes have no regard to chronological order, but refer to the poems as arranged by Wordsworth himself, it may be noted that the "preceding" is the *Ode to Lycoris*; "the two that follow" are *September 1819*, and its sequel entitled *Upon the same Occasion*.—Ed.

With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!
—Oh! 'tis the *heart*, that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far beneath!
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jaggèd brows are fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.*

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time
His minutes, by reiterated drops,

* Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome. "He was renowned," says Niebuhr (*History of Rome*, I., 237), "as the author of the Roman ceremonial law. Instructed by the Camena Egeria, who led him into the assemblies of her sisters in the sacred grove, he regulated the whole hierarchy, the pontiffs, the augurs, the flamens, &c."—Ed.

Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There[1] let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought,[2] protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!*
We too have known such happy hours together
That, were power granted to replace them (fetched
From out the pensive shadows where they lie)
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,
Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory!

[1] 1827.

. . . contending for regard!
Lo! there a dim Egerian grotto fringed
With ivy-twine, profusely from its brows
Dependant,—enter without further aim;
And . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.

Of quiet thought . . . . . . 1820.

The spot described in this sequel to *Lycoris* is, I think, the bower in the rock on Nab Scar, alluded to in Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal (see note to *The Waterfall and the Eglantine*, Vol. II. p. 171). The description in that Journal, taken in connection with the text of this poem, warrants the suggestion that the "Friend" with whom he had "known such happy hours together" was his own sister Dorothy. The extreme probability that it was on Nab Scar that the snow patches lay, which were reflected in Rydal mere, and which his imagination transformed into the swans that carried Venus' car through heaven, adds to the likelihood of this conjecture. The following extracts from the Sister's journal may be compared with passages in the poem:—"We pushed on to the foot of the Scar. It was very grand when we looked up, very stony. . . . Coleridge went in search of something new. We saw him climbing up towards a rock. He called us, and we found him

* Possibly this refers to his sister Dorothy. Amongst the poems on the Tour of 1833, is one *To a Friend*. This friend was the poet's son, pastor at Brigham, Cockermouth. See the note appended to the present poem.—Ed.

in a bower —the sweetest that was ever seen. The rock on one side is very high and all covered with ivy, which hung loosely about, and bore bushes of brown berries." With this compare—

> "Yon wild cave. whose jaggèd brows are fringed,
> With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
> And sultry air, depending motionless."

And with the following, "We looked down on the Ambleside Vale, that seemed to wind away from us, the village lying under the hill," compare—

> "Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
> Each weary step, dwarfing the world below."

With the following, "It is scarce a bower, a little parlour, not enclosed by walls, but shaped out for a resting place by the rocks, and the ground rising about it. It has a sweet moss carpet," compare—

> "Moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades."

Doubtless Wordsworth drew on his imagination, "making a truth and beauty of his own," in this, as in every other description of place, which has a local colouring in it; but to connect "the dim cave" of the Ode to *Lycoris* with these conversations between Coleridge and the Wordsworths—mentioned in the Grasmere Journal of the latter, and hinted at in the closing passage of the Ode—is certainly permissible. —Ed.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER.[1]

Comp. 1817. —— Pub. 1820.

[Suggested by the sight of my daughter (Dora) playing in front of Rydal Mount; and composed in a great measure the same afternoon. I have often wished to pair this poem upon the *longest*, with one upon the *shortest*, day, and regret even now that it has not been done.]

> Let us quit the leafy arbour,
> And the torrent murmuring by;
> For the sun is in his harbour,[2]
> Weary of the open sky.

[1] 1856.
Addressed to ——, On the longest day 1820.
Addressed to my daughter, Dora. 1850.

[2] 1845.
Sol has dropped into his harbour, 1820.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Dora![1] sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

[1] 1850.
Laura! . . . . 1820.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look thou to Eternity![1]

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

[1] 1836.
Look towards Eternity! . . . . . 1820.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled,
Toward[1] the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.[2]

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensure those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS,

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.[3]

Comp. 1817. —— Pub. 1820.

[Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeling about in the wind as here described. The particular bunch that suggested these verses was

[1] 1832.
Tow'rds . . . . 1820.

[2] 1845.
While thy brow youth's roses crown. 1820.

[3] 1827.
. . . . . . political aspirants. 1820.

noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The verses were composed in 1817, but the application is for all times and places.]

"Who but hails the sight with pleasure[1]
When the wings of genius rise
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!"—

ANSWER.

"Stranger,[2] 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage
'Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations[3]
Lift men from their native stations,
Like yon Tuft of fern;

[1] 1827.
Stranger, 'tis a sight of pleasure 1820.

[2] 1827.
Traveller, ... 1820.

[3] 1827.
See, when Commonwealth—vexations 1820.

Such it is; the aspiring creature [1]
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(So you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless thing,[2]
Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!"

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.*

Comp. June 27, 1817. —— Pub. 1820.

[Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved friends.]

I

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man: if stone or rock
Seem not his handy-work to mock
By something cognizably shaped:
Mockery[3]—or model roughly hewn,

[1] 1827.
Such it is, and not a Haggard 1820.

[2] 1827.
'Tis by nature dull and laggard,
A poor helpless Thing, 1820.

[3]
Rockery, or model . . MS. copy, sent to Coleorton

* The title in the edition of 1820 was *Ode, the Pass of Kirkstone.*—ED.

And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—[1]
On which four thousand years have gazed!

II.

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate Prodigal![2]
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;[3]
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,[4]

[1] 1856.
. . . . . . shall be raised; 1820.

[2] To feed the careless Prodigal, MS. (Coleorton).
So bids the careless Prodigal, MS (Do.).

[3] All that the beauteous valley shields. MS. (Do.).

[4] Here in his own . . . . MS. (Do.).

A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III.

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed!*
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and yon, whose church-like frame[1]
Gives to this[2] savage Pass its name.†
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,[3]
When life is at a weary pause,
And they[4] have panted up the hill

[1] That block . . . . MS. (Coleorton).

[2] 1836.
Gives to the . . . . 1820.

[3] 1836.
And I (as often we find cause, 1820.

[4] 1836.
And we . . . . 1820.

* The top of Kirkstone Pass is aptly described as an 'inverted arch.' There are numerous signs of the Roman occupation of Britain still surviving in the district; the old Roman road to Penrith running along the top of High Street, a little to the east of Kirkstone.—Ed.

† The block, which from its shape was called the Kirk-stone, lies to the west of the road, and a little way from the summit of the Pass, on the right as one ascends from Patterdale.—Ed.

Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV.

My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,*
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the pérspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.†
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
Hopè, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy;

* Towards Brother's Water.—Ed.

† "The walk up Kirkstone was very interesting. The becks among the rocks were all alive. William shewed me the little running streamlet, which he had before loved when he saw its bright green track in the snow. The view above Ambleside very beautiful. There we sate, and looked down on the green vale. We watched the crows at a little distance from us become white as silver as they flew in the sunshine, and when they went still farther they looked like shapes of water passing over the green fields." (Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal, 16th April 1802.)—Ed.

And who is she?—Can that be Joy!*
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!"

A copy of this poem, sent in MS. to the Beaumonts at Coleorton, contains the following preface—"Composed chiefly in a walk from the top of Kirkstone to Paterdale, by W. Wordsworth, 1817;" and on the back of this MS. (in which there are numerous variations from the earliest published version, and which ends with stanza iii.), the date is given, "Mr Wordsworth's Verses, June 27, 1817."—Ed.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

Comp. 1817. —— Pub. 1827.

[This arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house. "From her sunk eye a stagnant tear stole forth" is taken, with some loss, from a discarded poem, "The Convict," in which occurred, when he was discovered lying in the cell, these lines:—

"But now he upraises the deep-sunken eye,
The motion unsettles a tear;
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
And asks of me—why I am here."]

I.

Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?

*** Compare**

Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!
***Ode to Immortality*, iii.—Ed.**

Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

II.

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

III.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

IV.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wild realms a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful opening for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

V.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show

Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

VII.

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII.

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

IX.

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!

By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

X.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

Compare the sonnet entitled *Captivity, Mary Queen of Scots*, composed and published in 1819 (p. 172); also the sonnet, composed in 1833, entitled *Mary Queen of Scots (landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington)*, (Vol. VII.).

It is to be hoped, for every reason, that *The Convict*, referred to in the Fenwick note, will never be reprinted. Unless Wordsworth had explicitly owned it, we would have been justified in believing that he never could have written it; and his acknowledgment of the authorship of *The Convict* is perhaps our only warrant for believing that the youthful sonnet *On seeing Miss Maria Williams weeping!* published in the *European Magazine*, and signed Axiologus, is also his—as he acknowledged it to be.—Ed.

1818.

Still fewer than those of 1817 are the poems composed in 1818. They comprise *The Pilgrim's Dream*, The five *Inscriptions, supposed to be found in or near a Hermit's Cell*, and the stanzas *Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty, &c.* They were all written at or near Rydal Mount; and their local allusions are all Rydalian, unless the 'spring of the Hermitage' carries us to St Herbert's Island, Derwentwater.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

Comp. 1818. —— Pub. 1820.

[I distinctly recollect the evening when these verses were suggested in 1818. It was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Glow-worms abound.* A Star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite. I remember a critic, in some review or other, crying out against this piece. "What so monstrous," said he, "as to make a star talk to a glow-worm!" Poor fellow! we know from this sage observation what the "primrose on the river's brim was to him."]

A Pilgrim, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
But him the haughty Warder spurned;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;

* Compare *the Primrose of the Rock* composed in 1831. The rock which the Wordsworth family were in the habit of calling 'Glow-worm Rock' is on the right hand side of the road, as you ascend from Rydal, by the middle path, over White Moss Common to Grasmere.—Ed.

Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream,
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds
He recognised the earth-born Star,
And *That* which glittered from afar;[1]
And (strange to witness!) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light[2]
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,
A very reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalship with One
Who sate a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
Thou shrink'st as momently thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

[1] 1827.
And *That* whose radiance gleamed from far; 1820.

[2] 1845.
. . . . the humbler Light 1820.

But[1] not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glories;—No!
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show[2]
What favours do attend me here,
Till, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged: and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream brought forth:
And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;

[1] 1827.
Yet . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.
But it behoves that thou shouldst know 1820.

And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

HOPES WHAT ARE THEY ?—BEADS OF MORNING.

Comp 1818. —— Pub. 1820.

I.

Hopes what are they ?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass ;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy ?
Whispering harm where harm is not ;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot !

What is glory ?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare !
What is pride ?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship ?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made ;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth ?—a staff rejected ;
Duty ?—an unwelcome clog

Joy ?—a moon by fits reflected[1]
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden[2]
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth ?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)
Age ?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace ?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell!

[1] 1827.
Joy ?—a dazzling moon reflected 1820.

[2] 1837.
Gone, as if for ever hidden, 1820.

Compare Carlyle's *Cui Bono*—

What is Hope? A smiling rainbow
  Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder:
  Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
  On a sea with sunny shore;—
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
  We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets.
—*Miscellaneous Essays*, Vol. I., p. 352 (edition 1857).—Ed.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

[The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere.* It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.]

II.

Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

* And therefore not far from the *Glow-worm Rock*, if not upon it. See the note to *The Pilgrim's Dream*, p. 153.—Ed.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

HAST THOU SEEN, WITH FLASH INCESSANT,

[Where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road on the right hand. I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature.]

III.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,[1]
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—a wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

[1] 1820.
4 vol. edition.
. . . . . with train incessant, 1820.
1 vol. edition.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

IV.

Troubled long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!

Where the 'spring of the Hermitage' was, or was supposed by Wordsworth to be, it is perhaps impossible to say. It may refer to some Rydalian retreat. There is no spring or 'crystal well' on St Herbert's Island, Derwentwater.—Ed.

NOT SELDOM, CLAD IN RADIANT VEST.

V.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding Bark untrue,
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;[1]
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy![2]

[1] 1827.
. . . . with suppliant knee; 1820.

[2] 1827.
But faith, and hope, and extacy! 1820.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.*

Comp. 1818. —— Pub. 1820.

[Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In concluding my notices of this class of poems, it may be as well to observe that among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets"

* The title in the first edition of 1820 was "Ode, composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty," in the four volume edition of that year it was "Evening Ode, composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty."—Ed.

are a few alluding to morning impressions, which might be read with mutual benefit, in connection with these "Evening Voluntaries." See, for example, that one on Westminster Bridge, that composed on May Morning, the one on the Song of the Thrush, and that beginning—"While beams of orient light shoot wide and high."]

I.

Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,[1]
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains, suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.

[1] 1832.
Or, ranged like stars along some sovereign height 1820.

Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that embues
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried; *
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes †
Present a glorious scale,

---

* There used to be fallow deer in the park at Rydal Hall. Compare *The Triad* (where the local allusions all refer to the Rydal district)—

"—Pass onward, (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here),"

and *The Excursion*, Book ix. (Vol. V. p. 384).—Ed.

† The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing poem. —W. W., 1820.

The "hazy ridges" referred to in the text would probably be those to the west, behind Silver Howe.—Ed.

Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
—Wings at my shoulders [1] seem to play;*
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,[2]
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.†
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?

[1] 1837.
—Wings at my shoulder . . . . 1820.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . . before my eye, 1820.

* In the lines "Wings at my shoulders seem to play," &c., I am under obligation to the exquisite picture by Mr Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to men of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W. W.

† Compare the reference to
"the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;"
in the *Ode on Immortality*.—Ed.

Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
—'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
And night approaches with her shades.

1819.

With the exception of *The Haunted Tree*, and the lines entitled *September 1819*, all the poems composed during the year 1819 were sonnets. Four of the latter were published along with *Peter Bell*, in the first edition of that poem; and other twelve, along with *The Waggoner*, which was first published in the same year. One of the twelve refers to the Old Hall of Donnerdale, and belongs to the series of *Sonnets on the River Duddon*, where it will be found (No. xxvii.) It was probably first published along with those referring to Rydal in this volume of 1819,—and detached from the rest of the series—because, originally, it had no particular reference to the old Hall in the Duddon Valley, but was (as Wordsworth indicates in the third of the Fenwick notes to the Duddon) "taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill, on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted, from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead."—Ed.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED[1] BY MR W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES,* ETC., IN YORKSHIRE.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants:
And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,

[1] 1820.

Sonnets, suggested . . . . . . 1819.

* Wordsworth visited these caves in 1821.—Ed.

Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benign;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine.*

MALHAM COVE.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!)
O, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausive smile
Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and WAS,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass[1]
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

Malham Cove is a noble amphitheatre of perpendicular limestone rock, lying in regular strata, the height being 300 feet in the centre. The Aire issues from the rock at the base of the cliff, a considerable stream.—Ed.

[1] 1837.
. . . . o'er truth's mystic glass, 1819.

* Waters (as Mr Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.—W. W., 1819.

GORDALE.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

AT early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve
Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jaggèd urn,
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,[1]
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!

There are many legendary stories connected with the Yorkshire caves, particularly in the Giggleswick district; but I have been unable to trace any legend about the 'local Deity' of Goredale. The chasm is a very remarkable cleft in the limestone rock, near Malham.—ED.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.[2]

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

[Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent.]

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl

[1] 1827.
. . . . . , and there presides, 1819.

[2] 1827.
Composed during one of the most awful of the late storms, Feb. 1819. 1819.
Composed during a severe storm. 1820.

Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear[1]
Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disc[2]—shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodnesss ever nigh!

AERIAL ROCK—WHOSE SOLITARY BROW.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

[A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it, you are struck with the boldness of its aspect; but walking under it, you admire the beauty of its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-scar, probably from the insulated pasture by the waterside below it.]

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my sight;
When I step forth[3] to hail the morning light;
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—how[4]
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?

[1] 1827.
As if the sun were not;—he lifted high
His head—and in a moment did appear 1819.

[2] 1843.
An azure orb . . . . 1819.

[3] 1827.
When I look forth . . . . . . 1819.

[4] 1837.
. . . with lingering farewell—how 1819.

—By planting on thy naked head the crest[1]
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a gleam
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

Compare the sonnet No. xxvii. of the Duddon Series, beginning "Fallen and diffused into a shapeless heap," as it was evidently written with reference to the old (traditional) Hall of Rydal. If an

"embattled House, whose massy Keep
"Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold,"

stood in "the sinuous vale" of Rydal, there was no "neglect of hoar Antiquity."—Ed.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

[I observed this beautiful nest on the largest island of Rydal Water.]

The Imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:

[1] 1827.
Shall I discharge to thee a grateful vow?—
By planting on thy head (in verse, at least,
As I have often done in thought) the crest 1819.

I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride![1]

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his[2] loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,[3]
The cowslip-bank[4] and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his[5] full bosom, gladsome Piety!

[1] 1837.
I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside
Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride! 1819.

[2] 1827.
O nobly versed in simple discipline,
Meek, thankful soul, the vernal day how short
To thy . . . . 1819.
O nobly versed in simple discipline
Who found'st the longest summer day too short,
To thy . . . . 1837.
1843 returns to 1827.

[3] 1820.
. . . . . , in thy sweet Book, 1819.

[4] 1819.
Are cowslip-bank . . . . . . 1837.
1843 returns to 1819.

[5] 1827.
Of thy . . . . 1819.

CAPTIVITY—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.[1]

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in[2] my bosom all too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!"

Compare the *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 152.—Ed.

TO A SNOW-DROP.[3]

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,[4]

[1] 1827.
Captivity. 1819.

[2] 1827.
Burning within . . . . . . 1819.

[3] 1827.
To a snow-drop, appearing very early in the season. 1819.

[4] 1827.
But hardier far, though modestly thou bend
Thy front—as if *such* presence could offend!
Who guards that slender stalk while, day by day, 1819.

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend[1]
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,[2]
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

WHEN HAUGHTY EXPECTATIONS PROSTRATE LIE.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1820.

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,*
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;
Like these frail snow-drops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! † if small to great

[1] 1827.
Accept the greeting that befits a friend 1819.

[2] 1827.
Yet will I not thy gentle grace forget, 1819.

* In the edition of 1820 this sonnet was entitled,
"On seeing a tuft of Snow-drops in a Storm."
And in the edition of 1827 the title was,
"Composed a few days after the foregoing,"
the "foregoing" sonnet being that addressed *To a Snow-drop*.—Ed.

† Compare *The Primrose of the Rock* (Vol. VII.)—
"The flowers still faithful to the stems
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true."—Ed.

May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand
The Emathian phalanx,* nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,†
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!
Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the stream
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath[1] entwined
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

The Derwent has its source in the slopes of Glaramara; and an *Eagle Crag* rises above one of its affluents (the Langstrath Beck), separating the Langstrath from the Greenup Valley. Doubtless there were eagles there in last century when Wordsworth was born, and they would soar over Skiddaw towards Cockermouth, his birth-place.—ED.

[1] 1827.

. . . . . vivid wreaths 1819.

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* Macedonian; the district of Emathia being the original seat of the Macedonian monarchy.—ED.

† An allusion to the so-called Sacred Band, whose successes under Pelopidas had so large a share in sustaining the Theban ascendancy after the Battle of Leuctra (B.C. 371-366).—ED.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn:
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
And she who span it culled the dantiest fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O green dales!
Sad may *I* be who heard your sabbath chime
When Art's abused inventions were unknown;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

The following version of the Easter Sunday sonnet exists in MS.:—

COMPOSED ON EASTER SUNDAY.

**Erewhile to celebrate this glorious morn
That saw the unvanquished Saviour of mankind
Rise from the grave, the Ruler and the Hind
Put on fresh raiment, till that hour unworn,
Fair cloth of homebred wool which he had shorn,
Her hands had spun, culling her daintiest fleece,
Such reverence paid they to the Prince of Peace.
O blest estate, when Piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! Are thy flowers
Banished for aye, from Britain's hills and vales
Extinct, or lingering in a happier clime,
Where our abused inventions are unknown
And benefits are weighed in Reason's scales.**

—ED.

GRIEF, THOU HAST LOST AN EVER READY FRIEND.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

[I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the changes brought about among the cottages of Westmoreland by the silence of the spinning-wheel.* During long winter nights and wet days, the wheel upon which wool was spun gave employment to a great part of a family. The old man, however infirm, was able to card the wool, as he sate in a corner by the fire-side; and often, when a boy, have I admired the cylinders of carded wool which were softly laid upon each other by his side. Two wheels were often at work on the same floor; and others of the family, chiefly little children, were occupied in teasing and cleaning the wool to fit it for the hand of the carder. So that all, except the smallest infants, were contributing to mutual support. Such was the employment that prevailed in the pastoral vales. Where wool was not at hand, in the small rural towns, the wheel for spinning flax was almost in as constant use, if knitting was not preferred; which latter occupation has the advantage (in some cases disadvantage) that, not being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gossiping about from house to house, which good housewives reckoned an idle thing.]

Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

The following version of the last six lines of this sonnet is frcm a MS. copy of it:—

*** Compare similar regrets in *The Excursion*.—Ed.**

. . . .
The panting breast else troubled without end:
And fancy prized murmuring spinning-wheel
In sympathies unexplicably fine,
Instilled a confidence how sweet to feel!
That ever, in the night calm, when sheep
Upon their grassy beds lay couched in sleep,
The quickening spindle drew a trustier line.—ED.

I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED, WITH CALM REGRET.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.*

[Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place.]

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no more.[1]
Angels and gods! We struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, from their height decline,[2]
Depressed; and then extinguished: and our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

[1] 1837.

. . . . . . to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed debt
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more. 1819.

[2] 1837.

. . . . . , glory, pitiably decline, 1819.

* This sonnet was omitted in the edition of 1827.—ED.

I HEARD (ALAS! 'TWAS ONLY IN A DREAM).

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1819.

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been received
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow *
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

Socrates to Simmias.—"Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the God, whose ministers they are. But men, because they are themselves afraid of death, slanderously affirm of the swans, that they sing a lament at the last, not considering that no bird sings when cold, or hungry, or in pain, not even the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor yet the hoopoe, which are said indeed to tune a lay of sorrow, although I do not believe this to be true of them any more than of the swans. But because they are sacred to Apollo, they have the gift of prophecy, and anticipate the good things of another world; wherefore they sing and rejoice in that day more than ever they did before. And I too, believing myself to be the consecrated servant of the same God, and the fellow-servant of the swans, and thinking that I have received from my master gifts of prophecy which are not inferior to theirs, would not go out of life less merrily than the swans."—*Phædo.*, 85.—(See Professor Jowett's translation of Plato, Vol. I. p. 462.)—ED.

* See the Phædon of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.—W. W.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ——.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1820.

[This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I have often listened to its creaking as described.]

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less
To overshade than multiply his beams
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our human sense
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak [1]
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use [2]
Was fashioned; whether by the hand of Art,
That eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the chase.[3]
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,
Approach;—and, thus invited, crown with rest
The noon-tide hour: though truly some there are
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind

[1] 1827.
. . . that time-dismantled Oak 1820.

[2] 1827.
As beautiful a couch as e'er on earth 1820.

[3] 1836.
. . . . . . weary of the chace. 1820.
. . . . . . wearied by the chase. 1827.

Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound
(Above the general roar of woods and crags)
Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note!
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)
The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed
Some bitter wrong.* Nor is it unbelieved,
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost
Haunts the old trunk;[1] lamenting deeds of which
The flowery ground is conscious. But no wind
Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
Not even a zephyr stirs;—the obnoxious Tree
Is mute: and, in his silence, would look down,
O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
On thy[2] reclining form with more delight
Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
Seem to participate, the while they view[3]
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads
Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream!

[1] 1836.
Haunts this old Trunk; . . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . would look down
On thy . . . . 1820.

[3] 1850.
. . . . . . whilst they view 1820.

Where this *Haunted Tree* stood in Rydal Park, or whether it is still standing, cannot be determined. There are several "time-dismantled oaks" in the Park, but none with a heather couch beneath them, so far as I know. I have, however, heard stories of this tree from old residenters. The "Lady," the "lovely wanderer of the trackless hills," may have been the poet's daughter, Dora, to whom (probably) this poem was inscribed.—Ed.

* The Hamadryads were supposed not only to haunt the trees, but to live in them, and to die with them.—Ed.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1870.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.*

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide

* Rydal Mere. Compare the *Ode to Lycoris* (pp. 134-5).—Ed.

For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

See the Fenwick note to the second of the two *Odes to Lycoris*. This poem and the next in order are "the two that follow," referred to in that note as "composed in front of Rydal Mount, and during my walks in the neighbourhood." Note the eulogy of Spring, and (comparative) disparagement of Autumn, in *Lycoris;* and the complimentary truth, in reference to Autumn, brought out in this fragment.—Ed.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

Comp. 1819. —— Pub. 1870.

Departing summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely caroling.

No faint and hesitating trill.
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize

Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.*

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all too daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn! †

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,‡
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song. §

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* The reference may be to some of the poets of the Restoration.—Ed.

† Here the reference may be to Cædmon's *Paraphrase*.—Ed.

‡ Alcæus of Mytilene, in Lesbos, the first of the Æolian lyric poets, flourished in the 42nd Olympiad, about 600 B.C. He wrote odes, songs, and epigrams, and was the inventor of the Alcaic metre, called after his name. "During the civil war Alcæus engaged actively on the side of the nobles, whose spirits he endeavoured to cheer by a number of most animated odes, full of invectives against the tyrant; and after the defeat of his party, he, with his brother Antimenidas, led them again in an attempt to regain their country." (Mr Philip Smith, *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biography*).—Ed.

§ I am indebted to Mr H. T. Rhoades, Rugby, for the following note on Alcæus:—"There is nothing exactly corresponding to 'Woe, woe, to Tyrants' in the fragments of Alcæus which have come down to us—which are chiefly drinking songs—the nearest is an exultation over a dead tyrant, *νῦν χρὴ μεθύσθην . . . ἐπειδὴ κάτθανε* Μύρσιλος—but he wrote verses which Pittacus thought dangerous, and for which he was banished. Horace, Od. IV. ix. 7, has 'Alcæi minaces camœnae,' and Wordsworth has perhaps had this in his mind."—Ed.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid *
With finest touch of passion swayed [1]
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,†
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unrol
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides. ‡

[1] 1827.
With passion's finest finger swayed 1820.

* Sappho. Her ode to Aphrodite—of which Longinus said it was "not one passion, but a congress of passions"—is the most perfect in Greek literature. It is to it that Wordsworth refers; and as there has been much controversy as to the character of this magnificent erotic ode (compare the discussion by Welcher—*Reinisches Museum*, 1857;—by Mure—*Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, Vol. III. chap. v. 11; —by Müller—*Literature of Ancient Greece*, pp. 175, 178;—and by Symonds —*Studies of the Greek Poets*, 1st Series, p. 129—), Wordsworth's verdict—

"Not unhallowed was the page
. . . .
With finest touch of passion swayed,"

is noteworthy.—Ed.

† In 1752, during the excavations at Herculaneum, the villa of an Epicurean philosopher was discovered, in which were 1800 rolls of papyri, containing fragments of Epicurus' work *On Nature*. Only about 350 of these charred MSS. have as yet been unwound. When the discovery was first made that a library of ancient literature had been unearthed, European scholars everywhere anticipated

"a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust."

Hence Wordsworth's allusion to the possible discovery of the long buried fragments of classical antiquity, such as the poems of Simonides, or the lost books of Livy and Tacitus, for which others longed.—Ed.

‡ Simonides, of Ceos, perfected Greek elegy and epigram, a "brilliant representative not only of Greek choral poetry in its prime, but of the whole literary life of Hellas during the period which immediately preceded and followed the Persian war." We find in him "a Dorian solemnity of

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,[1] *
What Maro loved, † shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!

[1] 1820. (4 vol. ed.)
. . . . . boasted to behold. 1820. (1 vol. ed.)

thought and feeling, which qualified him for commemorating in elegy and epigram and funereal ode the achievements of Hellas against Persia. . . . The genius of Simonides is unique in this branch of monumental poetry (epigram). His couplets—calm, simple, terse, strong as the deeds they celebrate, enduring as the brass or stone which they adorned—animated succeeding generations of Greek patriots." (Symonds, *Studies of the Greek Poets*, 1st Series, pp. 146-149). The phrase "pure Simonides" probably refers to his reputation—which was proverbial—for σωφροσύνη, that temperance and restraint, that moderation and self-control which are seen both in his poems, and in his reputed sayings as a philosopher.—ED.

* Horace refers to Simonides, Car. IV., ix. 5-8—

"Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves camœnæ;"

and again, Car. II., i. 38-41—

"Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceæ retractes munera næniæ;
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviore plectro." —ED.

† I have been unable to find any allusion to Simonides in Virgil. But probably Wordsworth merely refers to the numerous lost books of Greek and Latin literature; and wonders if these treasures (of all kinds), which Horace and Virgil knew and prized, would ever be recovered by us. Some of Horace's most significant references to the literature of Greece and of the past occur in Odes III. 3; IV. 2 and 3. Since the above was in type, I have been indebted to Professor Sellar for the following note:—"I do not find any special reference to Simonides in Virgil. Besides the passages you refer to in Horace, there are two or three lines in the Odes, which he has translated from Simonides, *e.g.*,

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces; —(Car. III., ii. 25.)

but I think Wordsworth's reference is quite vague. It is quite appropriate so far, that it was only in the Augustan age that the Romans got back to the great sources of Greek poetry, and one cause of the superiority of Virgil and Horace to all their contemporaries was that they did this

much more thoroughly than the others, and appreciated the purest and oldest of these sources. Horace's special study was of course the whole range of Greek lyric poetry. He no doubt acknowledges his relation to Sappho and Alcæus more than to Simonides, but he recognises him as well as Pindar among the Masters of lyrical poetry. So far as one can judge by the fragments of Simonides' lyrical poetry, I should say that his characteristics were tenderness, piety, and purity; and, in these respects, he has a strong affinity with Virgil, which may explain their association together by Wordsworth. The passage quoted by you is very interesting, as showing how Wordsworth—the most essentially modern and least conventional of poets—regarded Virgil and Horace, who have often been disparaged as types of conventionalism. . . It would be very interesting to bring together the various passages in which Wordsworth draws from the sources of classical poetry. His reminiscences of Latin poetry seem to me to have a peculiar freshness, different from the more direct reproduction of Milton, Gray, &c."—Ed.

1820.

The following poems may be assigned to the year 1820, *The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets*, the Ode *To Enterprise*, some of the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, and a number of *Miscellaneous Sonnets*. Several of the Duddon Sonnets were composed at an earlier date, and one of them was published as early as 1807; but, as the Volume containing the entire series was published in 1820—and the dedication written on Christmas Eve of that year—the whole has been assigned to 1820. In localising the allusions in these sonnets, I have been much helped by Mr Herbert Rix's excellent paper contributed to the Transactions of the Wordsworth Society. Most of the "Memorials" of the Continental Tour were written during the journey; and, although they were not finished till 1822—the year of publication—I think their chronological place should be in the year 1820. In connection with these poems, I have had the advantage of perusing the two singularly interesting *Journals* of the Tour, written by Mrs Wordsworth, and by the poet's sister Dorothy. Both of these were written, in the form of notes or "memoranda," during the journey. Miss Wordsworth's was expanded from these earlier jottings, two months after her return to Rydal Mount; and added to as late as December 1821. In the case of each poem, illustrative extracts are given from these two Journals; and it will be seen that they cast much light on the incidents which gave rise to the Memorial Verses, and the circumstances under which they were composed. The poet's wish that these journals should be published, at least in part, is expressed in the Fenwick note, which precedes the sonnet beginning, "What lovelier

home could gentle Fancy choose?" p. 204; and Mrs Wordsworth, in a letter to Mr John Kenyon—dated December 28th, 1821—after referring to her husband's being "busily engaged upon subjects connected with our continental journey," says, "Miss W. is going on with her Journal, which will be ready to go to press interspersed with her brother's Poems I hope before your return." She adds, however, "I do not say this seriously, but we sometimes jestingly talk of raising a fund by such means, for a second and a farther trip into Italy." The diary and correspondence of Henry Crabbe Robinson is also of use in determining some points connected with this Continental journey, in which he accompanied the Wordsworths.—ED.

THERE IS A LITTLE UNPRETENDING RILL.

Comp. ——. —— Pub. 1820.

[This Rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Lowwood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.]

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught [1]
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought [2]
Oftener than Ganges on the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still! [3]

[1] 1820.

There is a tiny water, neither rill,
Motionless well, nor running brook, nor aught. MS.
There is a noiseless water, neither rill,
Nor spring enclosed in sculptured stone, nor aught. MS.

[2] 1820.

It trickles down the hill,
So feebly, just for love of power and will,
Yet to my mind the nameless thing is brought MS.

[3] 1827.

Oftener than mightiest Floods, whose path is wrought
Through wastes of sand, and forests dark and chill. 1820.

Months perish with their moons; year treads on year;
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they;[1]
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill,[2] in vision clear.[3]

One of the MS. readings of the ninth line of this sonnet gives the date of the incident as "now seven years gone;" but I leave the date of composition undetermined. If we could know accurately the date of the "first visit" to the district with his sister (referred to in the Fenwick note), and if we could implicitly trust this MS. reading, it might be possible to fix it; but we can do neither. Wordsworth visited the Lake District with his sister as early as 1794, and in December 1799 he took up his abode with her at Dove Cottage. But while I have no doubt that the sonnet belongs to a year much earlier than that in which it was published, I must leave it where it stands. As to the locality of this rill, the Rev. R. Perceval Graves, of Dublin, writes:—"It was in 1853, when quitting the parsonage at Bowness, I went to reside at Dovenest, that, calling one day at Rydal Mount, I was told by both Mr and Mrs Wordsworth, as a fact in which I should take a special interest, that the 'little unpretending rill' associated by the poet with 'the immortal spirit of one happy day,' was the rill which, rising near High Skelgill at the back of Wansfell, descends steeply down the hill-side, passes behind the house at Dovenest, and crossing beneath the road, enters the lake near the gate of the drive which leads up to Dovenest.

"The authority on which I give this information is decisive of the question. I have often traced upwards the course of the rill; and the secluded hollow, which by its source is beautified with fresh herbage and wild straggling bushes, was a favourite haunt of mine."—Ed.

[1] 1827.

Do thou, even thou, O faithful Anna! say
Why this small Streamlet is to me so dear;
Thou know'st, that while enjoyments disappear
And sweet remembrances like flowers decay, 1820.

[2] 1827.

Lingers upon its marge, ... 1820.

[3] 1820.

For on that day, now seven years gone, when first
Two glad foot-travellers, through sun and shower
My Love and I came hither, while thanks burst
Out of our hearts . . . . . .
We from that blessed water slaked our thirst.
. . . . MS.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing burr;
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams
That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD).[1]

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

WARD of the LAW!—dread Shadow of a King
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering[2]
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's doom

[1] 1827.
On the death of his late Majesty. 1820.

[2] 1827.
Yet haply cheered with some faint glimmering 1820.

Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,*
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

His Majesty, George III., died on the 29th January 1820, in the 82nd year of his age, and the 60th of his reign. His mental powers had given way completely since 1810. Compare the sonnet, November 1813 (Vol. IV. p. 271) beginning,

"Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright."—Ed.

THE STARS ARE MANSIONS BUILT BY NATURE'S HAND.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;[1]
Huge Ocean shows within his yellow strand,[2]
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.[3]

[1] 1845.

And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Live, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest; 1820.
The sun is peopled; and with spirits blest,
Say, can the gentle moon be unpossest? 1827.
1842 returns to 1820.

[2] 1827.

Huge Ocean frames, ... 1820.

[3] 1837.

Or fort, erected at her sage command. 1820.

* His predecessor, George II., died in 1760.—Ed.

Glad thought for every season! but the Spring[1]
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar character from other Writers; transcribed by a female friend.[2]

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

Lady! I rifled a Parnassian cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were resigned;
And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and clear
From stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musing, it may enter here.

[1] 1832.
Is this a vernal thought? Even so, the Spring 1820.

[2] 1827.
the whole transcribed . . . 1820.

In the "Essay Supplementary" to his Preface to the Second Edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (see Vol. IV. p. 345), Wordsworth wrote, "It is remarkable that excepting *The Nocturnal Reverie*, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of External Nature." *The Nocturnal Reverie* was written by Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton.—Ed.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell;
Not negligent the style;—the matter?—good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well,
Nor heat,[1] at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice,
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

[1] 1820. 1 vol. ed.

. . (who brook these hacknied themes full well,
Nor chafe, ... 1820. 4 vol. ed.

Ed. 1827 returns to text of 1820, 1 vol. ed.

It may be interesting, for the purpose of comparison, to quote Milton's Sonnet in full.

On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises.

A Book was writ of late call "Tetrachordon,"
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new; it walked the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom poored on.
Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us, what a word on
A title page is this!' and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to one like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek!
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taugh'st Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

—Ed.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have you suffered from Time's gnawing tooth:
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

Wordsworth's love for Cambridge (his own university) was strong, and he has commemorated St John's College as well as King's and

Trinity in *The Prelude* (Book III.): but the enthusiasm, expressed in this Sonnet, for "the spires of Oxford," and

"The stream-like windings of that glorious street,"

(High Street), and "the long avenue" (Broad Walk), is both natural and generous.—Ed.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow
Such transport, though but for a moment's space;
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crescent moon clove[1] with its glittering prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough;[2]
But in plain daylight:—She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;
Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,
And to that brow life's morning wreath restore;
Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

The reference (in lines 6-8) is probably to his sister Dorothy. Wordsworth, his wife, and sister were at Oxford on the 30th of May, 1820; and they went on immediately afterwards to London: for H. C. Robinson tells us that, on the 2nd of June, he met the Wordsworths at Charles Lamb's.—Ed.

JUNE, 1820.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

Fame tells of groves—from England far away—
*Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill

[1] 1827.
The crescent moon cleaves . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.
. . . . sings from shady bough; 1820.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.—W. W.

And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay:
For I have heard the quire of Richmond hill
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;[1]
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.*

[1] 1827.
While I bethought me of a distant day; 1820.

* The Wordsworths remained some time in London in 1820, before they started for the Continent, on the 1st of August. They came up to be present at the marriage of Mr Monkhouse: and it is probable that they visited Richmond during this visit, and that the above Sonnet was suggested, both by the nightingale's song at Richmond, and by the prospect of their own Continental Tour. In connection with the six last lines of the Sonnet, it may be remembered that, when sailing between Kew and Richmond, Thomson,

"The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons,"

caught the cold which ended his days. He lies buried in Richmond Church. In the first Book of *The Seasons*, on "Spring," he thus alludes to the nightingales.

"Lend me your song, ye nightingales! Oh pour
The mazy running soul of melody
Into my varied verse."

Again,

"She sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe."

Also in his *Hymn*,

"Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades."

To Richmond, he alludes frequently, *e.g.*,

"Ascend
While radiant Summer opens all its pride
Thy hill, delightful Shene."

Shene was the old name for Richmond.—Ed.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1822.

[I set out in company with my wife and sister, and Mr and Mrs Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with us among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr H. C. Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to Paris, where Mr Monkhouse and H. C. R. left us, and where we spent five weeks, of which there is not a record in these poems.]

See Henry Crabbe Robinson's account of this tour in his *Diary and Correspondence*, Vol. II., pp. 166-192 (and Note G to this volume), and Miss Wordsworth's itinerary, Note E.*—Ed.

DEDICATION.

(Sent with these Poems, in MS., to ——.)[1]

Dear Fellow-travellers! * think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,[2]
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.[3]
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides

1 Omitted in edd. 1822-1832.

2 1837.

Presents to notice these memorial Lays,
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze, 1822.

3 1827.

She felt too deeply what her skill must lose. 1822.

* The Fellow-travellers are mentioned in the Fenwick note—Ed.

In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Nov.* 1821.[1]

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'TIS said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen, *
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening waves[2]
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not:
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel;[3]
Pure undecaying[4] beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

[1] 1837.
Rydal Mount, January 1822. . 1822.

[2] 1837.
How terrible beneath the opening waves 1822.

[3] 1837.
In grace Earth's fairest Daughters they excel, 1822.

[4] 1827.
Pure unmolested . . . . 1822.

* Amphitrite, herself a daughter of Nereus, was married to Posidon, and was therefore Queen of the Sea. The name Amphitrite is probably derived from the noise of waters pouring through the rifts of rocks, and there may be an allusion to this in the concluding lines of the sonnet.—ED.

"If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissardes of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking." —W. W., 1822.

In Mrs Wordsworth's Journal of this Tour on the Continent,—which, in a letter to her daughter Dorothy (dated Feb. 20th, 1821), she calls "hasty notes made by snatches during our journey,"—the following occurs:—"Passing through the gates of the city, we had before us a line of white-capped Fish-women, with thin brown faces. The fish very foul, yet at dinner the same sort proved excellent."

In Miss Wordsworth's Journal of the same Tour, the following occurs:—"Tuesday, July 11th. Calais.—With one consent we stopped to gaze at a group—rather a *line* of women and girls, seated beside dirty fish baskets under the old gate-way and ramparts—their white night caps, brown and puckered faces, bright eyes, &c., &c., very striking. The arrangements—how unlike those of a fish-market in the South of England! . . . . . .

"Every one is struck with the excessive ugliness (if I may apply the word to any *human* creatures) of the fish-women of Calais, and *that* no one can forget."—Ed.

Henry Crabbe Robinson wrote of this sonnet:—"Of the sonnets there is one remarkable and *unique*; the humour and naïvete, and the exquisitely refined sentiment of the Calais fish-women, are a combination of excellencies quite novel."—*Diary, &c.*, Vol. II., p. 224.

BRUGÈS.

Brugès I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
The splendour fled; and now the sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,[1]
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,[2]

[1] 1837.

'Tis passed away;—and now the sunless hour,
That slowly introducing peaceful night, 1822.
'Tis past; and now the grave and sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night, 1832.

[2] 1827.

Offers her beauty, her magnificence, 1822.

And sober graces, left her for defence [1]
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide,
O gentle Power of darkness! these mild hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide!

"This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr Southey in the 'Poet's Pilgrimage' speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would portray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the

[1] 1837.
And all the graces left her for defence 1822.

passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children."—*Extract from Journal.*—W. W., 1822.

From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal:—"Thursday, 13th July . . . . —Bruges. What a place. D. and I walked out as soon as we could after our arrival. . . . Went into the old church. The nuns, the different worshippers, the pictures, the plaçe, the quiet stately streets, grand buildings, graceful nun-like women in their long cloaks, treading with swan-like motions those silent avenues of majestic architecture, I must leave to D. to describe. My own mind was uplifted by a sort of devotional elevation as if striving to fit itself to become worthy of what these temples would lead to."

". . . Friday, 14th.—At Bruges all is silence, grace, and unmixed dignity. . . . You felt a sort of veneration for everything you looked upon. Nothing of this here" [*i.e.*, at Ghent]; "yet what a splendid place! The evening too suited its character, for the sun went down in brightness. Yesterday was not a sunny day, and Bruges wanted no sunshine, its own outline in the gloom of evening needed no golden lustre. Yet *this* William witnessed, when D. and I were not with him, the great Tower of the Market House bathed in gold!"

The following is from Miss Wordsworth's Journal:—"Thursday, July 13th. Dunkirk.—We entered Bruges by a long gently-winding street, and were so animated with pleasure in our hasty course that it seemed we too soon reached the inn. W. and Mr M. walked out immediately, eager to view the city in the warm light of the setting sun. . . . . .

"Continued to walk through the silent town till ten o'clock—no carts—no chaises—a cloistral silence felt in every corner and every open space, yet the large square was scattered over with groups of people; or passengers walking to and fro, no lights in the houses!" —Ed.

BRUGÈS.

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,[1]
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to[2] the seat of grace within the mind:
Hence Forms that glide[3] with swan-like ease along,
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined:
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple, dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions freed;
A deeper[4] peace than that in deserts found!

See note to last sonnet. The following is from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal:—"Friday, 14th. Bruges.—Rose at five o'clock, paced the town again, and visited, but with disturbed mind (for I had left William in bed hurting himself with a sonnet), the churches of St Salvador and Notre Dame. . . . I joined W. in our carriage, and have here written down the sonnet, 'Jones' Parsonage,' so I hope he will be at rest."

The following is from Miss Wordsworth's Journal:—"Friday, July 14th. Bruges.—The morning was bright, sunshine and shade falling upon the lines of houses, and the out juttings of the more noble buildings. In the bright light of morning the same tender melancholy was over the city as in the sobertime of twilight, yet with

[1] 1827.
And Tales transmitted through the popular tongue, 1822.

[2] 1837.
Strikes at . . . . 1822.
Strikes to . . . . 1827.

[3] 1827.
. . . . slide . . . 1822.

[4] 1837.
A nobler . . . . 1822.

intervening images of rural life. A few peasants were now entering the town, and the rattling of a rustic cart, prettily laden with vegetables fresh from the soil, gave a gentle stirring to the fancy. Early as it was, people of all ages were abroad chiefly on their way to the churches: the figure, gait, and motions of the women in harmony with the collegiate air of the streets, and the processions and solemnities of Catholic worship. Such figures might have walked through these streets, two hundred years ago; streets bearing no stamp of progress or of decay. One might fancy that as the city had been built so it had remained. We first went to the Church of St Salvador, a venerable Gothic edifice. Within the Church, our walk between the lofty pillars was very solemn. We saw in perspective the marble floor scattered over, at irregular distances, with people of all ages—standing, or upon their knees, silent, yet making such motions as the order of their devotions prescribed, crossing themselves, beating their breasts, or telling their beads. Such the general appearance of the worshippers: but the gestures of some were more impassioned. . . .

. . . .

"We spent some time in admiring the beauty of the quire, and every other part of this noble building, adorned as it is with statues; and pictures not in the paltry style of the Churches at Calais and Fernes; but works of art that would be interesting *anywhere*, and are much more so in these sacred places, where the wretched and the happy, the poor and the rich are alike invited to cast away worldly feelings, and may be elevated by the representations of scripture history, or of the sufferings and glory of martyrs and saints."—ED.

In the final arrangement of his poems, Wordsworth placed the one entitled *Incident at Brugès*—which belonged to the year 1828—after the two sonnets on Brugès in these *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* in 1820. In the present edition the former poem is restored to its proper chronological place (see Vol. VII.), where it is associated with the *Jewish Family*.—ED.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGÈD Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.

She vanished; leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows; wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear:
Yet a dread local recompence we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel [1]
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

"Namur, Tuesday 18th.—Our ride yesterday, except for the intervention of Waterloo, and its interests, which were so melancholy that I do not like to touch upon them, was a dull one, though the road was pleasant through the forest of Soigny. Waterloo, its pretty chapel, the walls within covered with monuments, recording the fall of many of our brave countrymen, and some few others as brave, La Haye Sainte, La Belle Alliance, Quatre Bras. Dined at Geneppe; two bullet shots in the wainscot of the room, which, during the battle, had been heaped with dead and dying."—(From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Monday, July 17th, Brussels.—I could understand little till we got to the field of battle, where we stood upon an elevation; and thence, looking round upon every memorable spot, by help of gesture and action, and the sounds 'les Anglois, les Francois,' &c., &c., I gathered up a small portion of the story helped out, by a few monuments erected to the memory of the slain; but all round, there was no other visible record of slaughter: the wide fields were covered with luxuriant crops, just as they had been before the battles, except that now the corn was nearly ripe, and *then* it was green. We stood upon grass, and corn fields where *heaps* of our countrymen lay buried beneath our feet. There was little to be seen, but much to be felt; sorrow and sadness, and even something like horror breathed out of the ground as we stood upon it!"—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal. Vol. I.) Compare the two sonnets "occasioned by the battle of Waterloo, February 1816," also the *Thanksgiving Ode*.—Ed.

[1] 1827.

She vanished—all was joyless, blank, and cold;
But if from wind-swept fields of corn that rolled
In dreary billows, from the meagre cot,
And monuments that soon may disappear,
Meanings we craved which could not there be found;
If the wide prospect seemed an envious seal
Of great exploits; we felt as men *should* feel, 1822.

BETWEEN[1] NAMUR AND LIEGE.

[The scenery on the Meuse pleases me more, upon the whole, than that of the Rhine, though the river itself is much inferior in grandeur. The rocks, both in form and colour, especially between Namur and Liege, surpass any upon the Rhine, though they are in several places disfigured by quarries, whence stones were taken for the new fortifications. This is much to be regretted, for they are useless, and the scars will remain perhaps for thousands of years. A like injury to a still greater degree has been inflicted, in my memory, upon the beautiful rocks of Clifton, on the banks of the Avon. There is probably in existence a very long letter of mine to Sir Uvedale Price, in which was given a description of the landscapes on the Meuse as compared with those on the Rhine.

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the reperusal of them has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer.]

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

[1] 1837.

Scenery between . . 1822.

The following extract from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal illustrates this sonnet, and explains the Fenwick note. It is more than a pity

that the "long entertained" "wish" of the poet, expressed in that note, has never yet been realized, when the labour of a week could accomplish it. "July 18. Departure from *Namur*, road out of the town beautiful, wide, disk-like valley, gardens, groves, town standing upon its two rivers. Ramparts towering above, very impressive to cast the eyes back upon. Market people flocking in in groups, variety of dresses, of all gay colours. Flowers seem to be the delight of the peasantry. They are worn in their hats, upon their breasts, carried in the mouth when their hands are at work sometimes, or stuck behind the ear. Road excellent all the way down the Meuse. Villages in all situations,—among the rocks, now one peeps out of a recess, again another upon a knoll with its spire rising from among trees. More and more beautiful as you proceed down the river—rocks on the banks of the most fantastic forms, something like those on the Wye. Sometimes the valley reminded us of the trough of the Clyde. *Huy*. Church handsome, the high tower struck by lightning fourteen years ago; new fortifications, most picturesque and romantic situation. Crossed the Meuse here, charming view from the bridge. . . . Road very delightful, rocks, woods, chateau, convent, vineyards, hanging gardens, orchards with profusion of fruit, shrubs, and flowers, and corn lands, all in the most luxuriant state. So beautiful a day's journey I never before travelled."

"Tuesday, July 18. Namur.—Having traversed the Vale, we travel downwards, with the stately, though muddy, river to our left—pass under lime-stone rocks resembling abbeys or castles—the opening prospect still presenting something new. Backwards, a noble view of the vale, terminated by the city and fortifications of Namur at the distance of, perhaps, two miles or more—our last farewell view! Still, as we go on, the rocks change their shapes, in prospect far off; or as we roll swiftly away beneath them. Villages not to be numbered by the hasty traveller, rise up, with spires and towers; cottages embowered in gardens and orchards, and sometimes an old chateau or modern villa. All these (in succession or together) vary the scene, while, the abundance of flowers, fruit, vegetables, and corn, interbedded and intermingled, give an image of plenty and happy industry."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!

Why does this puny Church present to view
Her[1] feeble columns? and that scanty chair!
This sword that one of our weak times might wear!
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That[2] ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

"Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach."

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'BRECHE DE ROLAND.'"—*Raymond's Pyrenees.*—W. W.

"Thursday, 20th July.—. . . Descend towards the town of Aix-la-Chapelle, a chapel on the opposite side of the vale upon a high knoll, overlooking the spires and towers. . . . Wm., T. M., and myself walked to the chapel we had seen on the heights, said to be built by Charlemagne: a very interesting view of the town, and over a large space of the country beyond, and *into* the country looking the other way. Wm. went higher to a monument recording that Buonaparte visited the spot with one attendant. We were too late to be satisfied here, the darkness only allowing us to form a notion of the outline, and to catch here and there a spire or a tower in the distance. The chapel here alluded to was not larger in appearance than the tiny rocky edifice at Buttermere. A Christ under the branches of a spreading oak, brought to my mind by contrast, a gay image of a brightly painted fox, on a sign board, among the branches of a flowing chesnut tree, which William and I saw gleaming in the setting sun, when walking through the village of Souldren."—(From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Thursday, July 20th. Aix-la-Chapelle.—I went to the Cathedral, a

[1] 1837.
Its . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.
Which . . . . 1822.

curious Building where are to be seen the chair of Charlemagne, on which the Emperors were formerly crowned, some marble pillars much older than *his* time; and many pictures; but I could not stay to examine any of these curiosities, and gladly made my way alone back to the inn to rest there. The market-place is a fine old square; but at Aix-la-Chapelle there is always a mighty preponderance of poverty and dullness, except in a few of the showiest of the streets, and even there, a flashy meanness, a slight patchery of things falling to pieces is everywhere visible."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
This Temple *—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,[1]
Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in Heaven! But that aspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains[1] that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

[1] 1837.
How gloriously pursued by daring Man, 1822.

[2] 1827.
Charms . . . . 1822.

"Friday, July 21. Cologne.—. . . The Cathedral, a most magnificent edifice. Tower unfinished (this I perceived, but took it for a ruin at ten miles distance), built 700 years ago. The outside reminds you of Westminster Abbey in parts; and, had the Projector's wish been

* The cathedral of Cologne was completed on October 15, 1880..—Ed.

fulfilled, within and without, this would have been a much more sumptuous pile. It affectingly called to my mind William's lines—

'Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic glass,*
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.'

Within the fluted Pillars are very grand; the dimensions, 1180 German feet high, 700 long, and 500 broad. A curious old picture, 450 years old. Subject, the 3 Kings of Cologne in the centre (for it was divided into three parts, and kept shut up to protect it), and on the sides Ursula and the 11,000 virgins, by Ralfe; mounted 250 steps to the top of the unfinished Tower, and had a fine prospect of the river winding its way towards Dusseldorf. . . . The cathedral—that august and solemnly *impressive* Temple. . . . William in his musing way. . . ." —(From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Friday, July 21st. Cologne.—I cannot attempt to describe the Cathedral; nor indeed could any skill of mine do justice to that august pile, even if I might have lingered half a day among its walls. At our entrance, the evening sunshine rested upon portions of some of the hundred massy columns; while the shade and gloom, spread through the edifice, were deepened by those brilliant touches of golden light. Some of the painted windows were beautified by the melting together and the intermingling of colours, reflected upon the stone-work, colours and shapes, to the eye as unsubstantial as light itself, and visionary as the rainbow. The Quire is hung with tapestry, designed by Rubens. It does, I think, to an unlearned eye somewhat resemble Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, but is much loftier and larger. The long lancet-shaped painted windows are beautiful. The pillars and arches through the aisles of this Cathedal are of grey stone, sober, solemn, of great size, yet exquisitely proportioned; and no paltry images or tinselled altars disturb the one impression of awful magnificence, an impression received at once, and not to be overcome by regrets, that *only* the *Quire* and side aisles are finished. The nave, at half its destined height, is covered with a ceiling of boards. The exterior of this stupendous edifice is of massy, though most *beautiful*, architecture. Some of the lighter wreaths of stone-work (if great things may be compared with small) made me think of the Chapel of Roslin in its sequestered dell, where the adder's tongue and fern are mingled with green-grown flowers, and leaves of stone that neither fall nor fade. Flowers and bushes here grow out of the gigantic ruins —yet *ruins* they are not; for as the Builder's hand left the unfinished

* The reference is to the sonnet on *Malham Cove* (see p. 167); but the second line of the quotation should have been—

"Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass,"

unless Mrs Wordsworth was quoting from another written version of the sonnet.—ED.

work, so it appears to have remained in firmness and strength unshakeable, while Nature has made her own of ornaments framed in imitation of her works, having overspread them with her colouring, and blended them with the treasures of her lonely places."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE.

(THIRTY YEARS AGO.)

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1822.

The confidence of Youth our only Art,
And Hope gay pilot of the bold design,
We saw the living Landscapes of the Rhine,
Reach after reach, salute us and depart.
Slow sink the Spires,—and up again they start!
But who shall count the Towers as they recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart?
More touching still, more perfect was the pleasure,
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning stream
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there could measure
A smooth free course along the watery gleam,
Think calmly on the past, and mark at leisure
Features which else had vanished like a dream.

This sonnet was published in the first edition of the *Memorials* of this Tour (1822), but was struck out of the next edition, and never republished. Its rejection by Wordsworth is curious.

It refers to the pedestrian tour which the Poet took, with his friend Jones, in 1790, which he afterwards recorded in full in his *Descriptive Sketches.*

Miss Wordsworth, in her Journal of the Tour in 1820, refers to it thus:—"Our journey through the narrower and most romantic passages of the Vale of the Rhine was connected with times long past, when my brother and his Friend (it was thirty years ago) floated down the stream in their little Bark. Often did my fancy place them with a freight of happiness in the centre of some bending reach, overlooked by tower or castle, or (when expectation would be most eager) at the turning of a promontory, which had concealed from their view some

delicious winding which we had left behind; but no more of my own feelings, a record of his will be more interesting."

She then quotes the sonnet, beginning

"The confidence of Youth our only Art."

There are also numerous allusions in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal to this early tour; *e.g.*, under date Aug. 13. "We left Meyringen; soon reached a sort of Hotel, which Wm. pointed out to us with great interest, as being the only spot where he and his friend Jones were ill used, during the course of their adventurous journey—a wild looking building, a little removed from the road, where the vale of Hasli ends." Again, in describing the sunset from the woody hill Colline de Gibet, overlooking the two lakes of Brienz and Thun, at Interlaken, "with the loveliest of green vallies between us and Jungfrau," "Surely William must have had this Paradise in his thoughts when he began his *Descriptive Sketches*—

Were there, below, a spot of holy ground,
By pain, and her sad family unfound, &c.

But no habitation was there among these rocky knolls, and tiny pastures. One fragment, something like a ruined convent, lurked under a steep, woody-fringed crag. What a Refuge for a pious Sisterhood!" Compare also the note to *Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass*, p. 266.—Ed.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Amid this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,*

* Thespis was the reputed inventor of tragedy, and he is said to have carried his rude stage and apparatus from village to village on waggons. Horace, Ars Poetica, 275.

Ignotum Tragicae genus invenisse camenae
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis
Quae canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora.

"Thespis began the drama: rumour says
In travelling carts he carried round his plays,
When actors, smeared with lees, before the throng,
Performed their parts with gesture and with song!"
—Conington.

These celebrations became identified with the nine Dionysiac festivals. See Virgil Georg. II., 380.

There is a reference to the dignity of tragedy throughout the sonnet, and yet to the fact that it is a passing shew.—Ed.

Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet way-faring—of life's spring the pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.[1]

[1] 1837.

. . . . . Yet why repine?
Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:
Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,
May in fit measure bless my later days. 1822.

"Saturday 22d.—We were anxious, at least Wm. was, to be in Switzerland, and we must follow our destiny. Leaving the rich plain, came to the fine range of mountains we saw yesterday, and to the side of the glorious river, by which we have since travelled. Magnificent heights on its banks. The most abrupt and fantastic outlines; Convents (what an exquisite one that first which pushed itself forward on the green shore, where the river bends in its course); Ruined Castles, looking at each other from aloft, or down upon the convents, lurk in the woody clefts; picturesque Villages with their spires, at every turn of this stately winding river; beautiful road following its windings; every variety of form given to the rocks; and affecting intimations brought to mind, by the frequent oratories and crosses, here neither tawdry nor obtrusive. After changing horses at *Remengen*, lost sight for a while of our noble companion, which soon reappeared stretching along a more widely-spread vale; the green hills softly retiring, vineyards climbing up their sides, and into every crevice; corn yellow-green, the different crops richly filling the centre of the vale; the fine road, bordered now by apple-trees laden with fruit, now open to the undivided plain. Again the hills approached, and never was beheld a grander display of Nature's works and of human Art, than continued in succession to feast our eyes and imaginations. D. noted the objects *individually*, in one of the most beautiful passages" (of her journal). (Mrs Wordsworth).

"Saturday, July 22d. Cologne.—For some miles, the traveller goes

through the magnificent plain, which from its great width appears almost circular. Though *unseen* the river Rhine, we never can forget that it is there! When the vale becomes narrower, one of the most interesting and beautiful of prospects opens on the view from a gentle rising in the road. On an island stands a large grey convent, sadly pensive among its garden walls and embowering wood. The musket and cannon have spared that sanctuary, and we were told that, though the establishment is dissolved, a few of the nuns still remain there, attached to the spot; or probably having neither friends or other home to repair to. On the right bank of the river, opposite to us, is a bold precipice, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress which looks down upon the convent; and the war-like and religious Edifices are connected together by a chivalrous story of slighted or luckless love, which caused the withdrawing of a fair Damsel to the Island, where she founded the monastery. Another bold ruin stands upon an eminence adjoining, and all these monuments of former times combine with villages and churches, and dells (between the steeps) green or corn-clad, and with the majestic River (here spread out like a lake) to compose a most affectingly beautiful scene, whether viewed in prospect or in retrospect. Still we rolled along (ah! far too swiftly! and often did I wish that I were a youthful traveller on foot), still we rolled along, meeting the flowing River, smooth as glass, yet so rapid that the stream of motion is always perceptible, even from a great distance. The riches of this region are not easily fancied,—the pretty paths, the gardens among plots of vineyard and corn, cottages peeping from the shade, villages and spires, in never-ending variety."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Jesu! bless our slender Boat,
  By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
  Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen [1]
  Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
  Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
  Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
  Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st [2] the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
  Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
  Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

[1] 1837.
Lord and Saviour! who art seen 1822.
Saviour, in Thy image, seen 1827.

[2] 1827.
Traveller on . . . . 1822.

"Miserere Domine."

See the beautiful Song in Mr Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE REMORSE." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?—W. W.

The following is the song, "Miserere Domine," from Coleridge's *Remorse* (Act iii. 1):—

"Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunters sad and saintly,

Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!"

The above was set to music by Mr Carnaby in 1802.—Ed.

"26th July.—Reached Heidelberg. . . . We walked a while about the garden and ruins of the Castle. Looked down upon the grey-roofed Town, with its Cathedral running parallel with the river Neckar, over which, by a fine bridge, we had crossed on entering; boats shooting curiously over the rapids; vines, hanging gardens climbing up the hill, clothing the rocks, and creeping into their crevices, on every side of us, and up to the very point where we stood. The Town, with its squares and fountains, its narrow long streets, with arched gateways towers and spires, courts, and quaint flower gardens, fill the deep valley. The river disappears, winding away among the hills to the right. Before us it holds a direct course—through a widening tract of the same prolific country—to the Rhine, seen in the distance. . . . 27th . . . The passage through the bridge being somewhat dangerous, those who accompany the rafts, as they approach, fall down upon their knees to pray, then raise their voices and sing an appropriate anthem till the peril is passed."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Friday, July 28th. Heidelberg.—The River flows beside it calmly (though with strong motion as all these large rivers do), but after that point, to the Bridge, the channel is rocky, and therefore the stream turbulent. While passing under the garden-wall, the peasant sailor, before he trusts his boat or timber-raft to the rocks and rapids, kneels down and prays for protection from danger, and a safe passage through the arches of the Bridge. An Image of Jesus on the cross is the visible object of his worship, which Mr Pickford, when he rebuilt his garden-wall, replaced in its station, out of respect to the piety or superstition of past and present times. During the passage an appropriate hymn is chaunted—the thought touched our poet's fancy, and he has since composed the following verses for the Heidelberg boatmen."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)

In the edition of 1822 a sonnet followed this *Hymn*, entitled *The Jung-Frau—and the Rhine at Schaffhausen*. In the edition of 1827 it was transferred to the series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, which place it retained in all subsequent editions. The following note accompanied the sonnet in the edition of 1822:—"This sonnet belongs to another publication, but from its fitness for this place is inserted here also. 'Voilà un énfer d'eau,' cried out a German friend of Ramond, falling on his knees on the scaffold in front of this waterfall. See Ramond's Translation of Coxe."—Ed.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life! The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast)* with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea[1]
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
In conflict;† whose rough winds forgot their jars[2]
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.[3] ‡

[1] 1843.

. . . . silver light,
Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,
The vast Encincture of that gloomy sea 1822.

[2] 1827.

Whose rough winds Orpheus soothed; whose waves did greet
So skilfully that they forgot their jars— 1822.

[3] 1837.

Argo exalted by that daring feat
To a conspicuous height among the stars! 1822.

Argo, exalted for that daring feat
To bear in heaven a shape distinct with stars. 1827.

* Referring to the circumstance that the Danube rises in a country where the Catholic religion prevails, and flows eastwards through lands where the faith of Islam is professed.—ED.

† The Black Sea. Orpheus accompanied the Argonauts in their expedition to Colchis. In the earlier form of the legend, this lyre subdued the winds and waves, and fixed the Symplyades firm in the sea, so that the Argo passed through unharmed. (See the legends in Ovid and Virgil, and in the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius, I. 23.)—ED.

‡ According to the Greek astronomers, the lyre of Orpheus was placed by Zeus amongst the stars.—ED.

" Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life!"

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.—W. W.

"Monday, July 31st.— . . . We drew towards the town of Villengen, a foreign looking place standing in the descent, and lifting up its metallic dome-like spires, without the accompaniment of a single tree. . . . The Church with its two-fold spire glittered in the hot sunshine, like pewter in a melting state. Our guide had told us that near this place the Danube took its rise; but not so. . . . At *Donaueschingen* changed horses again. *Here* we laved in the water which flowed from the source of the majestic Danube, a little, clear, bright, black rill, that issuing from a capacious stone fountain, into which it springs, crosses the road, and glides rapidly along the side of a beautiful pleasure-ground. . . . We washed, drank, and luxuriated in the cool and pure waters of this rill, unwilling to quit what we were not again to see—a reality very different from the stately Danube, so long an image to the imagination."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal)

"Tuesday, August 1st. Villingen.—The landlord seemed to entertain high ideas of this his native place—its modern improvements in gardens and its former grandeur—and told us that one of his servants should conduct us to the palace, the gardens, the baths, and last of all, though most the object of our curiosity, to the source of the DANUBE. . . .

"But I seem to have forgotten the source of the Danube, which truly *was* '*another*'* Danube after we had seen it; or, more properly speaking, after we had seen the moor-land country surrounding the Town of Donneschingen, where we knew we should meet with the source of that famous river; and it is not only *there* (in that Hollow wild without grandeur), but actually within the walls of the Duke's courts adjoining the trim flower garden. The bountiful spring is received by a large square stone basin, and thence flows through the gardens in a narrow stream like a vigorous mill-race. Had an active boy been by our side he would have over-lept it. That streamlet, after

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* "For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."
See Vol. II. pp. 360-362.—ED.

the course of a few hundred yards, falls into the bed of the united rivers the P and the P which take their rise in the *moorish* hills seen on the right in the road from Villingen, and which we looked upon from the gardens at the same time that we saw the new-born streamlet (called the source of the Danube) gush into their channel. I suppose it must be the remarkable strength of the spring which has caused it to be dignified with its title; for certainly those other two streams (united a little above the gardens) are the primary sources (of this branch at least) of the Danube."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)

What Miss Wordsworth mentions in reference to the Danube occurs in many other rivers; *e.g.*, the source of the Clyde, in Scotland, is a tiny burn in Lanarkshire, which, after a short moorland course, falls (near Elvanfoot) into the large stream of the Daur—the latter having come down for many miles from the Lead Hills district. The P and P is probably a mistake for B and B . The mountain torrent of the Bregé in the Schwartzwald is joined by the Bregach, and when the stream receives the waters from the spring in the Castle Garden of Donaueschingen it becomes the Danube.—Ed.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!
Mid fields familiarized to human speech?—
No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined[1]

[1] 1837.

Tracks let me follow far from human-kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
That drives some vessel tow'rds a dangerous beach)
More thrilling melodies! no caverened Witch
Chaunting a love-spell, ever intertwined. 1822.

tow'rd a dangerous beach, 1827.

Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
Or[1] idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthral,[2]
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright,[3] this sky-born WATERFALL!

[1] 1837.
And . . . . 1822.

[2] 1832.
They should proceed—enjoyment to enthral, 1822.
The strain should flow—enjoyment to enthral, 1827.

[3] 1837.
. . . this pure, ... 1822.

"The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: 'While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spray, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears, —a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.'"—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."—W. W.

"Thursday, 10th Aug. . .—Walked to the Staubach, the thin veil-like mist-besprinkled waterfall, that slips over the edge of an immensely high perpendicular rock—which, when we saw it by the morning light, was accompanied by a beautiful rainbow; spanning, like the arch of a bridge, the vapour at the base of the rock. Singing Girls. But I must not neglect to speak of the beauty of the *early* morning, in the magnificent pass between Interlacken and Lauterbrunnen. The river from Jungfrau bounding down with great force, bringing a very cold air from the snowy regions. Cottages with their green summer plots climbing up in all directions, to the very skirts of these icy regions. Two that looked so beautiful in the sunshine. Women and children busy with their little lot of hay. Men mowing."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Thursday, August 10th. Interlachen.—The Staubbach is a narrow stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet, that passing through a green sloping pasture crosses the road, and thence through the heaving grounds, takes its clear waters to the grey torrent of the Leutshen. When tracking with my young guide the rivulet to its momentary resting-place, a small basin at the foot of the cataract, two women appeared before me singing a shrill and savage air; the tones were startling, and in connexion with their wild yet quiet figures strangely combined with the sounds of dashing water and the silent aspect of the huge crag that seemed to reach the sky! The morning sun falling on this side of the valley, a circular rainbow was seen when we were there, between the Fall and the Rock, the space being several yards, and you stand within that space in a bath of dew. I was close to the women when they began to sing, and hence, probably, it was that I perceived nothing of *sweetness* in their tones. I cannot answer for the impression on the rest of the party except my brother, who being behind, heard the carol from a distance; and the description he gives of it is similar to Mr Southey's in his Journal."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship,* Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

* Compare Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouny*. —Ed.

"Saturday, Aug. 12.—It is now half-past twelve o'clock, and I am sitting upon a sort of myrtle bed under a pine grove among the rocks, down which the headlong Aar cleaves its way, having dined in the cabin at Handeck, in close neighbourhood with our steeds. All that we have hitherto seen seemed at the moment but a faint preparation for the delights of this day. The beautiful valley we left behind us, the groves, the forest of oak and pine, the glades, the one particularly in which we met that Hoifer, as we called him, with his heron's crest proudly reared upon his head, a little page carrying his accoutrements. He with many others, but none like this Hero, there was repairing to shoot for a prize at Meyringen. Then, those lovely vales, that circular one, the pride of them all, which led us to the savage Pass and giant Pines, where lurks this King of Waterfalls. What delicious couches to rest upon. Here to linger out a long summer's day would be a luxury. A more sober passage home—our spirits a little, but very little, damped by the stretch of enjoyment."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Saturday, August 12th. Meeringen.—Crossed the stream, and *re*-crossed it, and from a stoney hollow, uninhabited, came into the gloom of a pine forest, which led us, by a steep ascent, to the rocks surrounding the Fall of the Aar. Long before our approach, we heard the roaring, while that sound was deadened by the intermediate rocks and trees; but when standing on a bank, in front of the cataract, I could have believed at the first moment, that it was louder even than that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. This impression, no doubt, was owing chiefly to its being confined within a narrow space. The pine-clad precipices, especially on the opposite side, are very lofty, rising from the rocks of the Pass, kept bare by continual wetting. The gloom of the forest-mountains, in harmony with the sombrous hue of the water, would, of itself, make this first view of this cataract much more impressive than that of the Reichenbach; but again we looked in vain—not for delicate passages in the stream;—those could not be thought of;—but for some of those minute graces, and those overgrowings that detain us in admiration beside our own pellucid waterfalls.* There is a grey furnace-like smoke of water, and a desperate motion and ferment, that make the head dizzy and stun the ears." . . .

"We clambered upon other rocks; and, at leisure, noticed the variety of shrubby plants and flowers, which here (being higher than the stream) grew securely, nursed by perpetual dews. Luxuriant tufts of a very large sedum were lodged on the ledges, or hung from dark crevices; those tufts, in form and motion, as they waved and fluttered in the breeze of the cataract, resembling the plumes of a hearse, were an ornament well suited to the pine-clad steeps, and the heavenly beauty of the rainbow."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

* Compare Wordsworth's Remarks on Waterfalls, in his *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes.* —Ed.

MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"*DEM*
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.—W. W., 1827.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type [1]
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

[1] 1837.
Sinking in summer glory;
And, while he sinks, affords a type 1822.

"Aug. 7th. We reached this place, Thun. Walked or sate in the groves at the foot of the Lake, then crossed the river by a boat, and wandered in delightful pleasure groves on the other side. Then, passing a gravelled path, which is carried round the woody hill, we found among many interesting objects, one that was very impressive, a plain

oval slab, raised upon a stone seat, directly fronting the setting sun, which at that moment was shedding his latest rays upon it. It was this inscription which spoke more than an elaborate panegeric:—

DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII."

—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Monday, August 7th. Berne.—One of the inscriptions (which I did not see) was to the memory of Aloys Reding, a Friend of the possessor of these grounds. A happy chance led my Companions to the spot; and here is the inscription copied by one of them:—

DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII.

The other bore away a store of interesting recollections which gave birth to the following little Poem:—

MEMORIAL VERSES.

"Around a wild and woody hill," &c.

(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, 1820, Vol. I.)

It will be observed from the dates given in the Journals, that the poet did not keep to the chronological order of the Journey, in arranging these "Memorials" of their Continental Tour. In the strict order of time, this memorial to Aloys Reding should have preceded the sonnet *On approaching the Staub-bach.*—ED.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS.[1]

Comp. —— Pub. 1822.

DOOMED as we are our native dust[2]
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain[3]
The altar, to deride the fane,

[1] 1837.
. . . . Cantons of Switzerland. 1822.

[2] 1837.
Doomed as we are our native dust 1827.
Yet are we doomed our native dust 1832.

[3] 1822.
And ill it suits us to disdain 1832.
Ed. 1837 returns to text of 1822.

Where simple [1] Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the chapel far withdrawn;
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

[1] 1832.
Where patient . . . . . . 1827.

These stanzas entitled *Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons*, were, in the original edition of 1822, a part of the poem entitled *The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano.* Numerous references to "the firm unmoving cross," and to

"the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways,"

occur both in Mrs Wordsworth's and in Miss Wordsworth's Journal. *E.g.*: (Crossing the St Gothard Pass.) "Aug. 24.—. . . Gained the top by a steep pull; snow before and behind; a crucifix, and oratories thicken upon our course as we draw near to the Hospice. 'Gales from Italy' blow fresh around. Snow on the roadside. Farther on a little cross under a rock. . . We yesterday noticed five of these crosses, two placed under one rock, and three under another." "Aug. 15. (Engleberg).—. . . Counted the wayside upright oratories; found no less than sixteen before we reached the house, where we resumed our charaban." "Aug. 8. (At Interlachen).—. . . The view that takes in the length of the Vale, following the snaky river with its islands, through those croft-like, woody, orchard meadows to Unterseen, with its weir, church, bridges, cottages, and that spiral edifice in the midst: Lake of

Thun beyond, girt by mountains: Neissen, a pyramidal giant, predominant. Turning to the left towards Brienz, Ringenberg old Church tower rising from a high woody knoll. William and I came to it. (I write on the spot. Wm. asleep.) No entrance into the ruin, good view of Brientz Lake, and a little Loughrigg Tarn above, close under where we are seated among groves of limes, hazels, beeches, &c.; clanking hammers, singing girl. "Will no one tell me what she sings?"* A little further on, among those sylvan crofts, a scattered group of day- or summer-deserted cabins; plots of hemp spread in the sunshine tell us dwellers sometimes come here. Hence steps of rock led us to a temple of Nature's own framing, roofed with ancient beech trees. Under one was firmly fixed in the ground a little upright stone, about a span in width, and three times that length. Upon it was roughly chisled a cross, not exactly a Christ-cross, but something like this. . . . I could not but feel that it might have been placed there by the Peasants, as a point to meet from their scattered sheds for worship. Natural seats, mossy or bare, like those in our own sylvan parlour (upon Rydal Lake), all around in the rocks, kept up the idea; and a more lovely and silent spot could not have been selected for a holy purpose: the little Tarn too in sight, in time of drought, ready to supply their rocky font with fresh water."

"Friday, September 14th. Martigny.—Passing the turn of the ascent, we come to another Cross, (placed there to face the Traveller ascending from the other side), and, from the brow of the eminence, behold! to our left, the huge Form of Mont Blanc—pikes, towers, needles, and wide wastes of everlasting snow in dazzling brightness. Below is the river Arve, a grey-white line, winding to the village of Chamouny, dimly seen in the distance. Our station, though on a height so commanding, was on the lowest point of the eminence; and such as I have sketched (but how imperfectly!) was the scene uplifted and outspread before us. The higher parts of the mountain in our neighbourhood are sprinkled with brown Chalets. So they were thirty years ago, as my Brother well remembered; and he pointed out to us the very quarter from which a Boy greeted him and his companion with an Alpine cry—

The Stranger seen below, the Boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy." †

—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.) See also note to *Engleberg, the Hill of Angels*, p. 227, and to *Our Lady of the Snow*, p. 230.—Ed.

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* See *The Solitary Reaper* (Vol. II. pp. 345, 346).—Ed.
† See *Descriptive Sketches* (Vol. I. p. 299).—Ed.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

Oh Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

The first stanza of this *After-thought* was first published in the edition of 1832, and the second stanza in that of 1836.—Ed.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

'What know we of the Blest above
But that they sing and that they love?'
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—

To chant, as glides the boat along
A simple, but a touching, song;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in love!

The only reference to a "scene on the lake of Brientz" in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal which could have given rise to the preceding poem is the following:—"William's desires extended to a promontory, whence he hoped to see the termination of the lake, and thither he is gone to look out for the Boat, our friends being upon the water. I am left to rest under the shade of some beeches. A fine walk we have had; bold immensely high limestone rocks above my head, grey hoary steeps, magnificent walnut trees, the favourite of the country; Swiss figures gliding among the trees, with their deep bright baskets on their backs; pines climbing up to the sky, fringing the rocks; scarlet barberries glittering, and tipping the pendent boughs of the beech or walnut trees below." &c., &c.

"Wednesday, August 9th. Interlachen.—Our minstrel peasants passed us on the water, no longer singing *plaintive* ditties such as inspired the little poem, which I shall transcribe in the following page; but with bursts of merriment they rowed lustily away. The poet has, however, transported the minstrels in their gentle mood from the Cottage door to the calm Lake."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.[1]

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
And such a[2] beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
The sacred Engelberg, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will.

[1] 1827.
Engelberg. 1822.

[2] 1827.
And even such . . . . . . 1822.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were
The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
Made known the spot where piety should raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain.

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.—W. W.

"Monday, August 14.—At sunset we reached the edge of the flat green area, sublimely guarded; from its head rose Engleberg (whence the angels sang), Tittlesberg,* the highest of these Alps. But between these two stood another more fantastically shaped rocky hill with a broken jagged crest, and without snow. . . . All around the Vale is completely enclosed by lofty barriers, piercing or supporting the clouds. From the eminence whence we first had a sight of the mists curling in the glowing sun upon the heights of Engleberg, the white convent with its own, and its lesser attendant chapels; the pensive moving figures, in their gay attire, that as we approached saluted us; and before we gained our harbour for the night, the convent bell calling to vespers, seemed to summon my ears to listen for the angels' voices from that celestial mount. All these impressions could not but excite in us thankfulness that we had been led to this Abyssinian Vale (as D. appropriately termed it)."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Monday, August 14th. Sarnen.—It was a little past seven o'clock when (having passed round the neck of the hill, or promontory, as I may call it) we perceived that the object of our delightful day's journey could not be far distant. A stately mass of crag, a mountain composed of stone of a soft yellow hue irregularly piled up, and between pyramid and tower-shaped, appeared before us. It could be no other than the Hill of *Engelberg*, the Angel's Hill, where, it is believed, the angels sang songs of approval, while holy men laid the foundation of the abbey. Others say that the Founders were led to *choose* that spot because the Rock of Engelberg was the place those happy spirits were accustomed to haunt, and that their melodies were heard while the work was going on. It is no wonder that such traditions are believed

* The Titlis.—Ed.

by some of the good Catholics even at this day; for never was there on earth a more beautiful pinnacle for happy spirits than the Rock of Engelberg, as we first beheld it, gilded with the beams of the declining sun. Light clouds, as white as snow, yet melting into the thinnest substance, and tinged with heavenly light, were floating around and below its summit. We exclaimed, 'There you see the wings of the Angels!'——. Our recollections of that moment cannot be effaced; and some time afterwards my Brother expressed his feelings in the following little Poem."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.) —Ed.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Meek Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,* set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aërial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely[1]
On mortal succour—all who sigh

[1] 1837.
All sufferings that no longer rest 1822.

* Mount Righi.—W. W.

And pine,[1] of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies![2]

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladsomeness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

[1] 1837.
. . . . , all distrest
That pine . . . . 1822.

[2] 1832.
A holy Shadow soft and dear
Of chastening sympathies! 1822.

"August, Saturday 19th. Top of the Rigi.— . . . Eastern sky rich with golden streaks, clouds floating around in all directions *below us:* then driving eastwards, we expecting momently to be enveloped in the condensing mist, but the breezes again and again took it away, through the channel between the Rigi and the opposite mountains. At length the bright sun just showed itself, lighted up the tips of the Alps with a rosy splendour, silvered the edges of, and gave angels' wings to the neighbouring clouds for a moment, then shrouded himself up, and the glory faded away. . . . A tall cross is finely placed upon the top of this hill. . . . Set forward on our descent from this remarkable place. Pleasant green mountain track led us soon to the Parish Church of Rigiberg, dedicated to 'Our Lady of the Snow.' It was crammed with pictures of the Virgin and Child, in various situations, setting forth her miraculous powers, and how they had been exercised: small convent of capuchins close by: easy and beautiful road down for some time; high Crosses with pictures all the way; Chapels with frightful figures, enough to terrify the Religious on their way to 'Our Lady of the Snow:' met several peasants before we reached the foot of the hill; Houses for them to rest on their way: beautiful *steep thin* waterfalls; lofty wooded and pine-clad crags accompanied us all the way on our descent. . . ."—(From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Saturday, August 19th. Top of Rigi.—With hearts not less joyous than those of the young men with whom we had just parted, we began our journey. How delicious was the descent over the velvet turf, towards the Chapel of Our Lady of the Snow! seen below within a narrow steep glen. The air still fresh and cool, we gradually find ourselves enclosed by the declivities of the glen, those rugged steeps are hung with pine trees, narrow cataracts come down the clefts in unbroken white lines—or over the facings of rock, in drops and stages. Side by side with the central rivulet, we go on still descending, though with far slower pace, and come to the Village of Rigi, and our Lady's Chapel cradled in the slip of the dell, and, at this tranquil time, *lulled* by the voices of the streams. The interior of the Chapel is hung with hundreds of offerings—staffs, crutches, &c., &c., and pictures representing marvellous escapes, with written records of vows performed—and dangers averted through the gracious protection of Our Lady of the Snow. Near the Chapel is a small religious House, where a few Monks reside, probably in attendance upon the chapel, which continues to draw together numerous worshippers from the distant Vales on days of penitence or of festival."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.) —Ed.

EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow [1]
On Marathonian valour,* yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or school-ward, ape what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And [2] when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recals;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

[1] 1827.
Nor such as did the public meed bestow 1822.

[2] 1837.
But . . . . 1822.

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* This probably refers to the painting in the Poecile at Athens of the battle of Marathon, referred to in Pausanias, I., 15. The painting was perhaps by Polygnotus. Compare the *Ode*, Jan. 1816 (p. 99)—

. . . . . "Arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls."

—ED.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
He quakes not[1] like the timid forest game,
But smiles[2]—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

In Mrs Wordsworth's Journal the following occurs, under date August 21.—"Altorf. . . . Visited a Painter, who follows his Art, and instructs pupils in 'Tell's Tower:' fine prospect from the Tower, and from the Church beautiful almost beyond description. The towers of Altorf, the Vale beyond, and Fluellin on the margin of the lake; the pine-clad barriers, with here and there a fantastic marked rock, or a snowy forehead reared above all. . . . I have called this place a village, but I insult the capital of the canton of Uri by so doing: neither *is it like a village.* A small Town, with stately houses, Fountains—Tell's Fountain, Church, a large Painted Tower, that gives Tell's story, is built upon the very spot where the famous Tree grew. The tree is there represented, and under it the pretty little boy with the apple upon his head. . . ."

"Monday, August 20th. Altorf.—We found our own comfortable Inn, The Ox, near the fountain of William Tell. The buildings here are fortunately disposed with a pleasing irregularity. Opposite to our Inn stands the Tower of the Arsenal, built upon the spot where grew the Linden-tree to which Tell's son is reported to have been bound when the arrow was shot. This Tower was spared by the fire which consumed an adjoining building, *happily* spared, if only for the sake of the rude paintings on its walls. I studied them with infinite satisfaction, especially the face of the innocent little Boy with the apple on his head. After dinner we walked up the valley to the reputed birthplace of Tell: it is a small village at the foot of a glen, rich, yet very wild. A rude unroofed modern bridge crosses the boisterous river, and, beside the bridge is a fantastic mill-race, constructed in the same rustic style—uncramped by apprehensions of committing waste upon the woods. At the top of a steep rising directly from the river, stands a square tower of grey stone, partly covered with ivy, in itself rather a

[1] 1832.
Not quaking . . . . . . 1822.

[2] 1832.
He smiles . . . . 1822.

striking object from the bridge, even if not pointed out for notice as being built on the site of the dwelling where William Tell was born. Near it, upon the same eminence, stands the white church, and a small chapel called by Tell's name, where we again found rough paintings of his exploits, mixed with symbols of the Roman Catholic faith. Our walk from Altorf to this romantic spot had been stifling; along a narrow road between old stone walls—nothing to be seen above them but the tops of fruit trees, and the imprisoning hills. No doubt when those walls were built, the lands belonged to the churches and monasteries. Happy were we when we came to the glen and rushing river, and still happier when, having clomb the eminence, we sate beside the church-yard, where kindly breezes visited us—the warm breezes of Italy! We had here a Volunteer guide, a ragged child, voluble with his story, trimmed up for the stranger. He could tell the history of the Hero of Uri, and declare the import of each memorial;—while (not neglecting the saints) he proudly pointed out to our notice (what indeed could not have escaped it) a gigantic daubing of the figure of St Christopher on the wall of the church steeple. But our smart young maiden was to introduce us to the interior of the ivied Tower, so romantic in its situation above the roaring stream, at the mouth of the glen, which, behind, is buried beneath overhanging woods. We ascended to the upper rooms by a blind stair-case, that might have belonged to a turret of one of our antient castles, which conducted us into a gothic room, where we found neither the ghost nor the armour of William Tell; but an artist at work with the pencil; with two or three young men, his pupils, from Altorf—no better introduction to the favour of one of those young men was required than that of our sprightly female attendant. From this little academy of the arts, drawings are dispersed, probably, to every country of the continent of Europe."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.) —Ed.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governèd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.

Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's HEAD,
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its HEART;* and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep! †

"Seewen. Sunday, 20th August.—. . . Wm. and I walked the direct way to Brunnen; the rest, viz., Mr R., T. M., and Dorothy, by way of Schwitz. Our course lay along the brook that runs through, and I believe gives its name to the village of Seewen; that by Schwitz forms two sides of the triangle, and carried them considerably above us on our left. We had a fine view all the way of the town of Schwitz, which is beautifully situated, and looked stately under its protecting screen of mountains, green and woody to the very top. They bend around and tower above it; one rising higher than the rest, in the very centre of the crescent, and directly above the church spire, has a fine effect. I was sorry to pass without going into this important tower, which gives its name to the delightful country of which it is the capital, and its *station* is well worthy of that honour. The *pastoral sylvan* character of Switzerland is happily exemplified here, and the mountains and lakes lead you gently into the more solemn and awful scenes. *Our* path led us through soft verdant meadows, where we met and were overtaken by the peasants with their books and nosegays in their hands. Our attention still directed to the higher intents on our left. . . ."—(From Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Sunday, August 20th. Sieven.—. . . . If Berne, with its spacious survey of Alps, and widely-spreading Vales, and magnificent River, may be called the *head*, this Town [Schwytz], intrenched among mountains, may be called the *heart* of Switzerland; to which the Canton is worthy of giving its name. Of records or curiosities that may be shut up from view, I know nothing; but in our half hours sauntering through the town, we were in a state of perpetual excitement—not that there is anything beautiful, or even picturesque, in the Buildings, but altogether something romantic—with gaiety. . . . .

"Our way was down the Vale, toward the Lake Waldstädte,‡ nearly

* Compare the phraseology of these lines with a sentence in Miss Wordsworth's Journal, given below.—ED.

† Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors. —W. W.

‡ The Lake of the Four Cantons.—D. W.

at right angles to that by which we had come to Schwytz. We asked who were the owners of a handsome large house, on our right hand, and were told a Family of the name of Reding. There was no one to tell us whether it was the Birth-place, or had been the residence of Aloys Reding; but have since had the satisfaction of learning from my Friend, Mr Rogers, that it *was*, and that he had seen him there: but I will copy Mr R.'s own words from a letter written by him to me some years ago.*

"'When at Schwytz in 1802, we paid him a visit, and at the gate were surprised by a little girl coming from school, who first took my hand, and then my sister's—leading her upstairs, and supporting her by the elbow, into a large old fashioned room, where we found him drinking coffee with his Family, after dinner, the clock striking two. There was a noble simplicity in his manners, and a courtesy, a cordiality in the reception they all gave us that sent us away enchanted.'

"Leaving the high-road, we turned along one of those pretty paths that look as if they were only made for going to Church, and for Fetes and Festivals. Numerous were the companies who passed, or followed us on this path, through spacious, level, and mostly *verdant* fields—mountains on all sides, with craggy summits. Behind us was the Town of Schwytz at the foot of the forest steep, overtopped by the two naked Pikes; and to our left what sublime dark clefts!"—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. I.)—Ed.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST GOTHARD.

I listen—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breathed kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this simple Strain

* This Journal copied (and the Extract added) in 1828.—D. W.

Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named[1]
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to[2] the Music's touching influence;
And[3] joys of distant home my heart enchain.

[1] 1837.
. . . how others love this simple Strain,
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . by memory are reclaimed;
And, thro' . . . . 1822.

[3] 1827.
The . . . . 1822.

"Thursday, Aug. 24.—. . . On the banks of the infant Ticino, which has its source in the pools above, within a few hundred yards of that which gives birth to the Reuss, D. and I resolved to reject all political boundaries, and thenceforth consider ourselves in *Italy*. With the pure stream we descended; but first were joined by Mr R., J. M., and Wm., with a young German, whom Mr R. had picked up in the morning; a Heidelberg student, travelling on foot to Rome. He sang and played to us upon the flute, airs from Rossini, the Swiss Cow Song, &c. Then on we went, wending our way over the grass between the paved road and the brook wherever we could. The Brook dashing down its stony channel, now over rocks, now under shelving snow, and its banks seen clothed with underwood and pines. Passed by its first wooden bridge, leading to the cottages, not unmindful of *our own Duddon;* and presently did it grace such an assemblage of rocks, dells, and woods, forming waterfalls, pools, and all the various charms that a mountain stream can show."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Thursday, August 23d. Hopital.—I found Mary sitting on the lowest of a long flight of steps. She had lost her companions (my Brother and a young Swiss who had joined us on the road). We mounted the steps, and, from within, their voices answered our call. Went along a dark, stone, *banditti* passage, into a small chamber little less gloomy, where we found them seated with food before them, bread and cheese, with sour red wine—no milk. Hunger satisfied, Mary and I hastened to warm ourselves in the sunshine; for the house was as cold as a dungeon. We straightway greeted with joy the infant TESSINO which has its sources in the pools above. The gentlemen joined us, and we placed ourselves on a sunny bank, looking towards Italy; and the Swiss took out his flute, and played, and afterwards sang, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and other airs of his country. We, and

especially our sociable friend R. (with his inexhaustible stock of kindness, and his German tongue) found him a pleasant companion. He was from the University of Heidelberg, and bound for Rome, on a visit to a Brother, in the holidays; and, our mode of travelling, for a short way, being the same, it was agreed we should go on together: but before we reached Airola he left us, and we saw no more of him."
—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

FORT FUENTES.[1]

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptered marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.
—*Extract from Journal.*

Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,
 This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
 To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,

[1] 1827.
Fort Fuentes—At the head of the Lake of Como. 1822.

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
Some bird (like our own honoured redbreast) may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent;—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away!

"Wed., Sept. 6.— . . . Crossed the plain of Colico to FUENTES, a ruined Fort on the summit of a group of Rocks, abruptly rising from the plain, and overlooking the head of the Lake towards Chiavena; up the nearer and larger valley, whence comes the Adda, a river bearing the same name as that which flows out of the Lake at Lecco; and into the clefts and recesses among the savage Rocks; over the plain; upon the Lake. Wm. had gone on before D. and myself, and had gained the top of this picturesque eminence, by a rough and difficult way. *We* had determined to be satisfied with what we had seen below, when two civil peasants joined us, and kindly led us by an easy path to Wm. on the summit. He pointed out to us where he had been lost, and separated from Jones; we were enchanted by the mountain scenery. The whole spot excited the deepest interest; and, from the very point where we were, this rocky station, with its ruined fort, church, dwellings, all desolated by those barbarians the French, it was very affecting to see vines—which no doubt had heretofore been carefully supported by trellices upon these terraces—now running wild, and gadding about among the underwood that clothed the banks. Lumps and masses of marble—architectural ravages—strewn about. Apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the grassy

glade where the church had stood, lay the beautiful statue of a Child, in pure white marble. It seemed strange that this had not been removed; yet scarcely less strange than that, among the grass should be left an inscription upon marble, together with richly carved ornaments, expressing that the Fort had been erected by a Spanish Count Fuentes, in the time of Philip the third. . . ." —(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Wednesday, September 5th. Cadanabbia.—Bent our course toward Fuentes—and after a wearisome walk through damp and breathless heat (a full league or more) over a perfect level, we reached the foot of the eminence, which from the lake had appeared to be at a small distance, but it seemed to have retreated as we advanced. We had left the high road, and trudged over the swampy plain, through which the road must have been made with great expense and labour, as it is raised considerably all the way. The picturesque ruins of the Castle of Fuentes are at the top of the eminence—wild vines, the bramble and the clematis cling to the bushes; and beautiful flowers grow in the chinks of the rocks, and on every bed of grass. A *tempting* though rugged ascent—yet (with the towers in sight above our heads, and two thirds of the labour accomplished) Mary and I (Wm. having gone before to discover the nearest and least difficult way for us) sate down determined not to go a step further. We had a grand prospect; and, being exhausted by the damp heat, were willing for once to leave our final object unattained. However, while seated on the ground, two stout hard-laboured peasants chancing to come close to us on the path, invited us forward, and we could not resist—they led the way—two rough creatures.

"I said to Mary when we were climbing up among the rocks and bushes in that wild and lonely place, 'What, you have no fear of trusting yourself to a pair of Italian Banditti?' I knew not their occupation, but an accurate description of their persons would have fitted a novel-writer with ready-made attendants for a tribe of robbers—good-natured and kind, however they were, nay, even polite in their rustic way as others tutored to city civility. *Cultivated* vines grew upon the top of the hill; and they took pains to pluck for us the ripest grapes. We now had a complete view up the great vale of the Adda, to which, the road that we had left conducts the Traveller. Below us, on the other side, lay a wide green marshy plain, between the hill of Fuentes and the shores of the lake; which plain, spreading upwards, divides the lake; the upper small reach being called Chiavenna. The path which my Brother had travelled, when bewildered in the night thirty years ago, was traceable through some parts of the forest on the opposite side:—and the very passage through which he had gone down to the shore of the lake—then most dismal with thunder, lightning, and rain. I hardly can conceive a place of more solitary aspect than the lake of Chiavenna: and the whole of the prospect on that direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We

rejoiced, after our toil, at being favoured with a distinct view of those sublime heights, not, it is true, steeped in celestial hues of *sunny glory*, yet in communion with clouds, floating or stationary:—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin itself is very interesting, both in the mass and in detail—an inscription is lying on the ground which records that the Castle was built by the Count of Fuentes in the year 1600, and the Chapel about twenty years after by one of his descendants. Some of the gateways are yet standing with their marble pillars, and a considerable part of the walls of the Chapel. A smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement; and we could see no trace of altar or sacred image, but everywhere something to remind one of former grandeur and of destruction and tumult, while there was, in contrast with the imaginations so excited, a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the wild quietness of the present day. The vines, near the ruin, though ill tended, grow willingly, and rock, turf, and fragments of the stately pile are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was in great beauty. In our descent we found a fair white cherub, uninjured by the explosion which had driven it a great way down the hill. It lay bedded like an infant in its cradle among low green bushes.—W. said to us, 'Could we but carry this pretty Image to our moss summer-house at Rydal Mount!' yet it seemed as if it would have been a pity that any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

The "*Extract from Journal*," which Wordsworth prefixed to this poem in the edition of 1827 and subsequent ones, is, it will be observed, not an exact transcription from either of the two Journals written by his wife and his sister. It is a compilation from both of them; and, as it was doubtless written by himself, it may illustrate the wish, expressed in the Fenwick note to the poem *Between Namur and Liege* (see p. 204), that "some one would put together the notices contained in these Journals, . . . bringing the whole into a small compass," &c. Most readers will be of opinion, however, that something has been lost by the condensation, and that the poet's note of 1827 does not render the publication of the longer extracts from the two Journals superfluous. Another instance of Wordsworth's use of the materials of these Journals, while rewriting the extract, will be found in pp. 199, 200. —Ed.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the

intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?—
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.[1]

[1] I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomps of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle martyrs chief!
Who, to recal his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf [1]
Of fatal Austrian spears.* [2]

Short-sighted children of the dust,
We live and move in sorrow's power;
Extinguish that unblest disdain
That scorns the altar, mocks the fane,
Where patient Sufferers bend—in trust
To win a happier hour. In 1822 only.

[1] 1837.
Into his single heart, a sheaf 1827.

[2] Ye Alps, in many a rugged link
Far-stretched, and thou, majestic Po,
Dimly from yon tall mount descried,
Where'er I wander be my Guide,
Sweet Charity!—that bids us think,
And feel, if we would know! In 1822 only.

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.—W. W., 1822.

"Monday, Aug. 28th. Lugano.—At half-past four o'clock, wishing it had been earlier, we started to see the sun rise from the top of San Salvador; found, at that dewy hour, the Peasants busy in their vineyards, as we passed in our ascent. Wm. and T. M. reached the top in an hour and twenty minutes. Mr R. kindly lingered with us. *We* ascended in about two hours, and much were we delighted! The Alps how glorious! The Rosa! the Simplon! and (as the guide told us) Mont Blanc! and I believe he was right. However, Mont Blanc, nor no other mount, could surpass the exquisite appearance of what belonged to earth, gleaming high up in the skies. This was the glory of our view—the *majesty* lay to the left of these. There, by the naked eye, we saw the River Po, drawn out in silver line, along the horizon; and, with the telescope, towns and villages gleaming on its banks. Mountains, glens, and plains, the lake spreading at our feet this way and that, cutting off the portion of land upon which this favoured and favouring hill rises. A church and house upon the summit. Three years ago the sacred edifice was struck by lightning, and every part of it destroyed or greatly injured, except the altar. The holy place, containing the image of San Salvador, was left untouched. In that lofty chapel, now under repair, service is performed four times a year; and at these festivals the same merriment goes forward upon the mountain as in the villages and towns upon like occasions. Offerings are then brought to the patron saint. . . . We returned highly delighted with this adventure, for which we are indebted to Mr R.'s Book, that determined us to climb San Salvador, one of the grandest feats we have accomplished."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Sunday, August 26th. Locarno.—We had resolved to ascend St Salvador before sunrise; and, a contrary wind having sprung up, the Boatmen wished to persuade us to stay all night at a town upon a low point of land pushed far into the Lake, which conceals from our view that portion of it, where, at the head of a large basin or bay, stands the town of Lugano. They told us we might thence ascend the mountain with more ease than from Lugano, a wile to induce us to stay; but we called upon them to push on. Having weathered this point, and left it some way behind, the place of our destination appears in view—(like Locarno and Luvino) within the semicircle of a bay—a wide basin of waters spread before it; and the reach of the lake towards Porlezza winding away to our right. That reach appeared to be of more grave and solemn character than any we had passed through—grey steeps enclosing it on each side. We now coasted beneath bare precipices at the foot of St Salvador—shouted to the echoes—and were answered by travellers from the Road far above our heads. Thence tended towards the middle of the basin; and the town of Lugano appeared in front of us, low green woody hills rising above it. Mild lightning fluttered like the northern lights over the steeps of St Salvador, yet without threatening clouds; the wind had fallen; and no

apprehensions of a storm disturbed our pleasures. It was eight o'clock when we reached the inn, where all things were on a large scale—splendid yet shabby."

"Monday, August 27th. Lugano.—Roused from sleep at a quarter before four o'clock, the moon brightly shining. At a quarter *past* four set off on foot to ascend Mount St Salvador. Though so early, people were stirring in the streets; our walk was by the shore, round the fine bay—solemn yet cheerful in the morning twilight. At the beginning of the ascent, passed through gateways and sheds among picturesque old buildings with overhanging flat roofs—vines hanging from the walls, with the wildness of brambles or the untrained woodbine. The ascent from the beginning is exceedingly steep and without intermission to the very summit. Vines spreading from tree to tree, resting upon walls, or clinging to wooden poles, they creep up the steep sides of the hill, no boundary line between *them* and the wild growth of the mountain, with which, at last, they are blended till no trace of cultivation appears. The road is narrow; but has been made with great pains, a path to the shrine of St Salvador, still trodden once in the year by crowds (probably, at this day, chiefly of peasantry) to keep the Festival of that Saint on the summit of the mount. It winds along the declivities of the rocks—and, all the way, the views are beautiful. To begin with, looking backward to the town of Lugano, surrounded by villas among trees—a rich vale beyond the Town, an ample tract bright with cultivation and fertility, scattered over with villages and spires—who could help pausing to look back on these enchanting scenes? Yet a still more interesting spectacle travels *with us*, at our side (but how far beneath us!) the Lake, winding at the base of the mountain, into which we looked from craggy forest precipices, apparently almost as steep as the walls of a castle, and a thousand times higher. We were bent on getting start of the rising sun, therefore none of the party rested longer than was sufficient to recover breath. I did so frequently, for a few minutes; it being my plan at all times to climb up with my best speed for the sake of those rests, whereas Mary, I believe, never once sate down this morning, perseveringly mounting upward. Meanwhile, many a beautiful flower was plucked among the mossy stones. One,* in particular, there was (since found wherever we have been in Italy). I helped Miss Barker to plant that same flower in her garden brought from Mr Clarke's hot-house. In spite of all our efforts the sun was beforehand with us. *We* were two hours in ascending. W. and Mr R. who had pushed on before, were one hour and forty minutes. When we stood on the crown of that glorious Mount, we seemed to have attained a spot which commanded pleasures equal to all that sight could give on this terrestrial world. We beheld the mountains of Simplon—two brilliant shapes on a throne of clouds—*Mont Blanc* (as

* Cyclamen.—D. W.

the guide told us *) lifting his resplendent forehead above a vapoury sea—and the Monte Rosa, a bright pyramid, how high up in the sky! The vision did not *burst* upon us suddenly; but was revealed by slow degrees, while we felt so satisfied and delighted with what lay distinctly outspread around us, that we had hardly begun to look for objects less defined, in the far-distant horizon. I cannot describe the green hollows, hills, slopes, and woody plains—the towns, villages, and towers—the crowds of secondary mountains, substantial in form and outline bounding the prospect in other quarters—nor the bewitching loveliness of the lake of Lugano lying at the base of Mount Salvador, and thence stretching out its arms between the bold steeps. My brother said he had never in his life seen so extensive a prospect at the expense only of two hours' climbing: but it must be remembered that the whole of the ascent is almost a precipice. Beyond the town of Lugano, the hills and wide vale are thickly sprinkled with towns and houses. Small lakes (to us their names unknown) were glittering among the woody steeps, and beneath lay the broad neck of the Peninsula of St Salvador—a tract of hill and valley, woods and waters. Far in the distance on the other side, the towers of Milan might be descried. The river Po, a ghostly serpent-line, rested on the brown plains of Lombardy; and there again we traced the Tessino, departed from his mountain solitudes, where we had been his happy companions.

"But I have yet only looked *beyond* the mount. There is a house beside the Chapel, probably in former times inhabited by persons devoted to religious services—or it might be only destined for the same use for which it serves at present, a shelter for them who flock from the vallies to the yearly Festival. Repairs are going on in the Chapel, which was struck by lightning a few years ago, and all but the altar and its holy things, with the image of the patron saint, destroyed. Their preservation is an established miracle, and the surrounding peasantry consider the memorials as sanctified anew by that visitation from heaven."—(From Miss Wordworth's Journal, Vol. II.) See note to stanzas *Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons*, p. 223.—Ed.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

Part I.

I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!

* It was *not* Mont Blanc. He was mistaken, or wanted to deceive us to give pleasure; but however we might have wished to believe that what he asserted was true, we could not think it possible.—D. W.

Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of Images [1] in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;*
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

II.

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free [2]
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,

[1] 1827.
Of plaster craft . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.
. . . . and free 1822.

* In the favourite representations of the carrying off of Ganymede, the eagle of Zeus bore him in its talons to the skies. There was a famous statue representing this by Leochares (B.C. 372), which is described in Pliny, Nat. Hist., xxxiv. 19, and of which there is a copy at the Vatican. See Perry's "Greek and Roman Sculpture," p. 463.—ED.

What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recal a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy!

III.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompense, and safe return
To COMO's steeps—his happy bourne!
Where he, aloft in garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
—Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings! him whose look [1]
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled—
As with a rapture caught from heaven—
For unasked alms in pity given.[2]

[1] 1827.

. . . . . . *he* whose look 1822.

[2] 1827.

When Pity's unasked alms were given. 1822.

Part II.

I.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
A startling thunder quick and short!
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike 'prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!'
And, if there be a favoured hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace—
This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
And [1] drove Astræa from the earth.*

[1] 1837.
That . . . . 1822.

* The gods in the golden age were wishing to abide on earth, but as degeneracy ensued, one by one they left. Astræa or Justice was the last to depart—

"Virgo caede madentes,
Ultima coelestum, terras Astraea reliquit."
—Ovid, Meta., i. 149.

See also Virgil, Georgics, ii. 473.—Ed.

—A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised;
Even by the sun and air unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
Apart, beside his silent goats,
Sate watching in a forest shed,
Pale, raggèd, with bare feet and head;[1]
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence.
Father of all! though wilful Manhood read[2]
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness.

[1] 1843.

Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes
Of pleasure, by his silent Goats—
Sate far apart in forest shed,
Pale, ragged, bare his feet and head, 1822.

Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes
Sate watching by his silent Goats,
Apart within a forest shed,
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head; 1832.

He to those oft-rebounding notes
Heart-deaf, beside his silent goats
Sate watching in a forest shed,
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head; 1837.

[2] 1827.

. . . if wilful Man must read 1822.

"Thursday, Sept. 7. Cadenabbia.—A glorious morning. Mists belting the mountains, and casting silvery garments of all shapes over and around them, now veiling and now unveiling the rocks, the Lake dancing below. All that this Paradise had lost yesterday, restored and more than restored. At about 7 o'clock. D. and I set forward to walk toward Menaggio. Wm. soon overtook us, and we were joined by an

interesting man, an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, who walked by our side, and spoke in commendation of our countrymen in opposition to his own, whom he did not scruple to say had no honesty about them in their dealings with Foreigners; nor, indeed, in bargaining with each other. . . . He spoke English very well; had passed twenty years at different times in England, in the course of twenty-five years; his journeys there cost him about 3 guineas each time; had there realized £2000, by selling telescopes and weather glasses, &c. . . . Our travelling merchant joined us again, he pointed out his farm with much glee." This extract does not seem very relevant, but it is the only passage in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal recording an incident which *might* have given rise to *The Italian Itinerant.*

Miss Wordsworth gives the following fuller account of the same person. "Thursday, September 6th. Cadanabbia.—After a night of heavy rain, a bright morning. W., M., and I set off toward Menaggio along the terrace bordering the water, which led us to the bay at the foot of the rocky green hill of the Church of our Lady; and there we came upon the track of the old road, the very *same* which my Brother had paced! for there was no other, nor the possibility of one. That track, continued from the foot of the mountain, leads behind the town of Cadanabbia, cutting off the bending of the shore by which we had come to this point. From the bare precipice, we pass through shade and sunshine, among spreading vines, slips of green turf, or gardens of melons, gourds, maize, and fig-trees among the rocks; it was but for a little space, yet enough to make our regret even more lively than before that it had not been in our power to coast one reach at least of the lake on foot. We had been overtaken by a fine tall man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English. After twenty years' traffic in our country he had been settled near his native place on the Banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadanabbia with the large sum of two thousand pounds, acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, &c. He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations during the winter for fresh travels in the spring, at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed. Portsmouth and Plymouth were the grand marts for his wares. He amused us with recitals of adventures among the sailors who used to bully him with, 'Come, you rogue, you get your money easily enough; spend it freely!' and he did not care if he got rid of a guinea or two; for he was sure to have it back again after one of the frolics—and much more. They would often clear away his whole stock of nick-nacks. This industrious trader used to travel on foot at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, and his expenses from London to Como were but three guineas, though it cost him one third of that sum to get to Calais. He said he liked England because the people were *honest,* and told us some stories illustrative of English honesty and Italian over-reaching in bargains. This amusing and, I must say, interesting companion, turned from us by a

side-path before we reached Menaggio, saying he would meet us again, as our road would lead us near his cottage on the heights, and he should see us from the fields. He had another dwelling on his estate beside Cadanabbia, where the land produced excellent wine. The produce of his farm on the *hills* was chiefly hay, which they were then gathering in."

The *Swiss Goatherd* was a boy met by the travellers at Brunnen. Mrs Wordsworth thus wrote of him in her Journal:—"Aug. 20th.—. . . Mountains rising through vapour into the sky in front, and looking back, the two Mythen towering in great majesty. The Peasants, inhabitants of these paradisaical retreats, very civil, and seemed gratified by our eagerness in quest of the interests they live among. Young men, seated in one of these spacious sheds, making merry after having ended their diversions. The target seen everywhere. In one of the sheds as we ascended, found four goats chewing the cud, a little boy attending, all on the bench. He looked so pensive that we became much interested about him, but D. could not make him understand a single word. William gave him ½ a ——; for which unexpected and unsolicited gift the boy thanked him 'a hundred thousand times.' I afterwards gave him a second piece, and the same expression of thanks was repeated. The longer we looked at the subdued countenance of this little Boy, the more we felt for his solitary condition. Here, with those four mute companions, he had passed his day. The beauty of the scenery he was among was nothing to him; and no doubt he knew of and had heard the sound of the merriment in the vales below. When we repassed the shed, it was empty."—(Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

In Miss Wordsworth's briefer record of the same incident, the following occurs:—"In one of these [sheds] we found four goats (how bright in the cool shade) beside their keeper, then sitting on the bench, an elegant-featured Boy—dark like an Italian, ragged, silent, pensive, and timid. We gave him a few rapps, still he was silent; then a few more, and he pronounced in German four words intelligible to English ears, 'a hundred thousand thanks;' but his pale cheek wanted the ready smile of the beggar's. It seemed as if none of his pleasures were social, except what he might have with his dumb companions."—(Journal, Vol. II.) —Ed.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN.

Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe

The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve survives: lip, forehead, cheek,[1]
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

"Though searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work;"

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be felt to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W. W.

"Sunday, Sept. 3. Milan.—. . . Thence we went again to the Cathedral, and to I know not how many different churches: St Ambrose, very old and interesting, fine frescoes. St Marie de Grace, where in the Refectory the exquisite picture of Leonardo da Vinci; but how grievous that it should have been so injured by the brutality of the French soldiers; yet, in its state of decay, what a Treasure! and how little everything that we have seen of Pictures is to be compared to the truth, the chasteness, and the composure that you see, and not only see, but *feel*, when seated before that sublime work of human art. The countenance of our Saviour sinks into your soul. Happily this is uninjured, as are also the heads of several of the Apostles, but some are quite extinguished."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Sunday, September 2d. Milan.—Went also to the convent of Maria delle Grazie to view that most famous picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, painted on the wall at one end of the refectory, a very large hall, hung along the sides with smaller pictures, and, at the other end, that painting of the crucifixion of which we had seen a copy at Lugano. This Refectory was used, in the days of Buonaparte, as a military store-house, and the mark of a musket ball, fired in wantonness by a French Soldier, is to be seen in one part of the paint-

[1] 1827.
. . . survives; the brow, the cheek, 1822.

ing of Leonardo da Vinci. Fortunately the ball hit where the injury was as small as it could have been; and it is only marvellous that this fine work was not wholly defaced during those times of military misrule and utter disregard of all sacred things.* Little conversant in pictures, I cannot take upon me to describe this, which impressed my feelings and imagination more than any picture I ever saw, though some of the figures are so injured by damp that they are only just traceable. The most important are, however, happily the least injured; and that of our Saviour has only suffered from a general fading in the colours, yet, alas! the fading and vanishing must go on year after year till, at length, the whole group must pass away. Through the cloisters of the monastery, which are shattered and defaced, pictures are found in all parts, and there are some curious monuments."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.[1]

High on her speculative tower
Stood Science waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

[1] 1827.

1821. 1822.

* The following note was added, by Henry Crabbe Robinson, to Miss Wordsworth's Journal:—"It is perfectly notorious that this picture suffered more from the negligence of the monks than from the scorn of the French. A hole was broken thro' the lower part of the centre of the picture to admit hot dishes from the Kitchen into the Refectory.—H. C. R."—Ed.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue,
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noontide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps *—it lay
Lugano! on thy ample bay:[1]
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
To Albogasio's † olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath past[2] to Milan's loftiest spire,

[1] 1827.
Upon Lugano's ample bay; 1822.

[2] 1837.
Hath fled . . . . 1822.

* The Julian Alps, also known as the Carnic Alps, bound the plains of Venetia, and curve round from Mount Terglu to the Dalmatian range, and the neighbourhood of Trieste.—Ed.

† Six miles from Menaggio, on Lake Lugano.—Ed.

And there alights 'mid that aërial host
Of Figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Appenine
Indúrated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees—that might from heaven have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files,[1] concentric rings
Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height—
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo![2] while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun:
The cypress waves her[3] sombre plume

[1] 1827.
Far-stretching files . . . . 1822.

[2] 1827.
See! . . . . 1822.

[3] 1832.
. . . . . . its . . . . . 1822.

More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive-bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
What countenance hath this Day put on for you?
While we looked round with favoured eyes,
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?[1]

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive though not cold.
From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere?[2]
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?*

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.

[1] 1837.

Enquiring thoughts are turned to you;
Does a clear ether meet your eyes?
Or have black vapours hid the skies
And mountains from your view? 1822.

Was such a vision given to you?
Or, while we looked with favoured eyes,
Did sullen mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view? 1827.

What countenance hath this day put on for you?
Do clouds surcharged with irksome rain,
Blackening the Eclipse, take hill and plain
From your benighted view? 1832.

[2] 1837.

Of gay Winandermere? 1832.

* Compare *Musings near Aquapendente*, April 1837, in Vol. VII.—Ed.

"*Of figures human and divine.*"

The Statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup-d'oeil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between?—W. W.

"*The starry zone of sovereign height.*"

Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.—W. W.

"Thursday, Sept. 7. Cadanabbia.— . . . Nothing could be more lovely than the milder scenes this morning: the little lake Piano: the sunny glades, enlivened by groups of Peasants, gathering in their various harvests, or seated under the shade of some tree taking refreshment, their simple breakfast, a piece of bread and a little fruit; then, the shadows of these trees upon green emerald lawns, between the little lake and that of Lugano lay more softly than ever shadows rested before, cradled under those stupendous perpendicular barriers. Took boat at Portalezza. Eclipse of the Sun: could bear to look at the orb shorn of his beams, with the naked eye: the effect produced upon the scenery very fine, such a sombre greenness, like the effect of bright moonlight: only under a bright moon that very green colour generally diffused (as if you had on a pair of green spectacles) cannot be. On the right bank of the lake the woods were of a rich golden green, gloomy on the left shore, and looking back among the towering rocks, and black coves, the region was very solemn. The water, unillumined by sunshine, was of what I should call a *sad* green: the air cooler, indeed a *coolish* air gently agitated the lake, while the eclipse lasted. We congratulated ourselves in being undesignedly, and indeed unexpectedly, in so grand a situation to witness this phenomenon."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

As reference is made in the poem to "Milan's loftiest spire," and its "Figures human and divine," the following extracts from the two Jour nals may be given in illustration:—"Sept. 2. Milan."—"The cathe

dral we have thoroughly seen this morning. It is a grand and imposing Edifice—we have been delighted both with the building, and with the material *especially*, all marble of the finest kind. 3000 statues of beautiful polished white marble are stationed upon this elegant Pile. We were upon the very top; the pinnacle so light, yet notwithstanding the height, and its slender appearance, feeling yourself perfectly secure. . . . The view of the Cathedral itself from this station is extraordinary; the pure graceful figures, streaming far before you, have a most interesting and curious effect; and, from the lower roofs also, you have many fine combinations."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Saturday, September 1st. Milan.—Our object this morning was to ascend to the roof, where I remained alone, not venturing to follow the rest of the party to the top of the giddy, central spire, which is ascended by a narrow staircase twisted round the outside. Even W. was obliged to trust to a hand governed by a steadier head than his own. I wandered about, with space spread around me (on the roof on which I trod), for streets and even squares of no very diminutive Town. The floor on which I trod was all of polished marble, intensely hot, and as dazzling as snow; and instead of moving figures I was surrounded by groups and stationary processions of silent statues—saints, sages, and angels. It is impossible for me to describe the beautiful spectacle, or to give a notion of the delight I felt; therefore I will copy a sketch in verse composed from my Brother's recollections of the view from the central Spire."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)

Henry Crabbe Robinson wrote thus of these memorial stanzas:—"Of the stanzas, I love most—loving all—'The Eclipse of the Sun.'"—*Diary, &c.*, Vol. II. p. 224.—Ed.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook;

Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II.

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

III.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
—Say whence that modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps[1] the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

V.

* Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,[2]
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit?
Was joy, in following joy, as keen
As grief can be in grief's pursuit?

[1] 1832.
Her step . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . pass before my eyes, 1822.
. . . . . flit before my eyes, 1832.

* See address to a Highland Girl.—W. W., 1822.

When youth had flown did hope still bless
Thy goings[1]—or the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI.

But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladliest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive?
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground,
Time[2] cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph on Uri's steep descried!

1 Her goings . . . . 1837.

2 1837.
. . . . . . of Inversneyd!
Time . . . . 1822.

The following passage from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal descr bes "The Votaress by Lugano's side."

"Lugano, Sept. 8, Friday.—. . . The evening was uncommonly fine; the road shady; bells ringing from the neighbouring chapels, that crested many a steep rock; birds too here, fitfully warbling from the groves; waters gushing through some rocky cleft among the thickets; and I, at my own pace and will, enjoyed a quiet and most refreshing walk. At every step up and down the well-made road, meeting something new, a different shaped mountain, or the same trees under different combinations, a tempting path winding to a village in a dell below, or to a nest of cottages gathered round a spire above, a tinkling stream, or a green glade without one; and all the way through a region of stately trees. . . . Here an elegant looking peasant Girl was putting on her gay ornaments before she entered the Town, where also was a festival. Her dress was so pretty I could not help noticing

it, a scarlet chinz frock with a deep figured border, a wide muslin apron, nearly wrapping her round, also with a deep richly wrought border, and slung by white straps over the shoulders, a gold chain round the neck, earrings, &c.; her hair, something like Dora's, nicely braided. Her companions were assisting to put a very beautiful silk handkerchief upon her neck. One of them, from the interest she seemed to take in the arrangements, might be the mother of the Maiden; the other, a younger Sister perhaps, who lent her aid more slackly, and would, I daresay, rather have been in the wild fields gathering flowers to deck a May-day garland, or to wreath a coronal for *Our Lady's* head, on this her day of Festival."

"The intrepid Nymph on Uri's steep descried"

is thus referred to by Mrs Wordsworth :—

"Sunday, 20th Aug. Seeween.—. . . William and I returned later than the rest, having gone further. On reaching a knoll, before we descended into Brunnen, a pretty short-faced, bright-eyed Girl of eighteen or nineteen met us. We enquired the way. She answered; and we bid her good night, and turned from her. Presently she whistled very softly, then sent forth an uncouth sound, more as from the voice of a man than a maiden. It was not a deep sound, but one that might be heard in the Vale and across the Lake, and made the hills about us ring. This was followed by a series of Swiss airs, which she warbled without pause, one after the other, in an impassioned manner, hurrying through as if she wished to reach the utmost limits of her powers, before we were out of hearing; yet I cannot but think these modulated notes meant more than we could understand. They were probably addressed to some one at a distance. There she stood upon the naked rock; and, as a waterfall, the sound grew as we listened, so that I even fancied she was following us, in sight of the villages below and around, and her voice must have been known to those nearer dwellings, in one of which she probably found her home."

The "Sweet Highland Girl!" is thus described in Miss Wordsworth's Journal of the Tour in Scotland in 1803 :—

"Sunday, Aug. 28, 1803.—After long waiting, the girls, who had been on the look-out, informed us that the boat was coming. I went to the waterside, and saw a cluster of people on the opposite shore; but, being yet at a distance, they looked more like soldiers surrounding a carriage than a group of men and women; red and green were the distinguishable colours. We hastened to get ourselves ready as soon as we saw the party approach, but had longer to wait than we expected, the lake being wider than it appears to be. As they drew near we could distinguish men in tartan plaids, women in scarlet cloaks, and green umbrellas by the half-dozen. The landing was as pretty a sight as ever I saw. The bay, which had been so quiet two days before, was all in motion with small waves, while the swollen waterfall roared in our ears. The boat came steadily up, being pressed almost to the

water's edge by the weight of its cargo ; perhaps twenty people landed one after another. It did not rain much, but the women held up their umbrellas ; they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and with their scarlet cardinals, the tartan plaids of the men, and Scotch bonnets, made a gay appearance. There was a joyous bustle surrounding the boat, which even imparted something of the same character to the waterfall in its tumult, and the restless grey waves ; the young men laughed and shouted, the lasses laughed, and the elder folks seemed to be in a bustle to be away. I remember well with what haste the mistress of the house where we were ran up to seek after her child, and seeing us, how anxiously and kindly she inquired how we had fared, if we had had a good fire, had been well waited upon, &c., &c. All this in three minutes—for the boatmen had another party to bring from the other side, and hurried us off.

"The hospitality we had met with at the two cottages and Mr Macfarlane's gave us very favourable impressions on this our first entrance into the Highlands, and at this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful face and figure of the elder, come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me, a living image as it will be to my dying day." (See Vol. II., pp. 338-341, and the Fenwick note.)—Ed.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

Ambition—following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown;
Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,

Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

Mrs Wordsworth's Journal contains the following reference to this "column":—Sat., Sept. 9th. (From Bavana to Domo d'Ossola).—. . . The fine column—Buonaparte's—seen to-day, arrested here by the news of his overthrow, on its way to form a part of the triumphal arch at Milan!"

"Sunday, September 9th. Domo d'Ossolo.—At a considerable height from the river's bed an immense column of granite lies by the wayside, as if its course had been stopped there by tidings of Napoleon's overthrow. It was intended by him for his unfinished triumphal arch at Milan; and I wish it may remain prostrate on the mountain for ages to come. His bitterest foe could scarcely contrive a more impressive record of disappointed vanity and ambition. The sledge upon which it has been dragged from the quarry is rotted beneath it, while the pillar remains as fresh and sparkling as if hewn but yesterday. W., who came after us, said he had named it the 'weary stone,' in memory of that immense stone in the wilds of Peru, so called by the Indians because after 20,000 of them had dragged it over heights and hollows, it tumbled down a precipice, and rested immoveable at the bottom, where it must forever remain. Ere long we come to the first passage *through* the rocks, near the River's bed, and 'Road and River'* for some time fill the bottom of the valley. We miss the bright torrents that stream down the hills bordering the Tessino; but here is no want of variety. We are in closer neighbourhood with the crags; hence their shapes are continually changing, and their appearance is the more commanding; and, wherever an old building is seen, it is overspread with the hues of the natural crags, and is in form of accordant irregularity. The very road itself, however boldly it may bestride the hills or pierce the rocks, is yet the slave of nature, its windings often being governed as imperiously as those of the Vedra within the chasm of the glen."—(Miss Wordsworth's Journal.)

Another extract from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal will farther illustrate this sonnet:—

Milan, Sept. 20.—. . . "Been to see the Bibliotheca Ambrosia. . . . Petrarch's Virgil delighted us more than all. It had been clawed by Buonaparte; and he had had the audacity to new-bind this book, and place four odious N's upon its back. When he revisited this library, as the animated old librarian related to us, he had this volume under his arm, saying, 'This is mine,' and walked off with it himself. It is well it did not remain in possession of so unworthy a master."—Ed.

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* Compare *The Simplon Pass* (Vol II. p. 51).

. . . "Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass."

—Ed.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;[1]
To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse
In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth;
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues;
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth!

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret?[*]
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt?
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness inurned
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
Toward the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines
On the steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd the air!
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines[2]
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

[1] 1827.
. . . . . . had softened its roar; 1822.

[2] 1837.
. . . . Pine,
Black fringe to a precipice lofty and bare,
Which, as from behind the Sun strikes it, doth shine 1822.

[*] Compare *Yarrow Unvisited* (Vol. II. p. 360).—ED.

Though the toil of the way[1] with dear Friends we divide,
Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned[2]
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
Of love in the heart made more happy by tears?[3]

. . . . pines,
How black was its hue in the region of air!
But, touched from behind by the sun, it now shines 1827.

[1] 1837.
Tho' the burthen of toil . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.
. . . . are fann'd, 1822.

[3] 1837.
So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears? 1822.

Wordsworth and his friends did not visit any of the places mentioned in the first two stanzas, but recrossed the Alps by the Simplon route after their brief visit to the Italian Lakes. Mrs Wordsworth writes thus of their walk from Domo d'Ossola to the Simplon Hospice:—"Sunday, Sept. 20.— . . . We had great pleasure in discovering traces of a more difficult ascent (in one instance, with the remains of an oratory), down which William and Jones came thirty years ago. William pointed out to us an ancient, high, many windowed edifice, by the roadside, as the Hospital where they had lodged; a wild and solemn harbour! On the opposite side of the road, a neat little church, as clean as any English chapel, standing in its tiny enclosure of burial ground; below, the Tusa; but its murmur, or rather raving, could not be heard for the riotous din of a torrent, tumbling from the stupendous mountain above, a tumultuous sound, distinctly remembered by William, an unchangeable object! Bonaparte's words, 'Be thou fettered,' would have been of no avail here. . . . As we advance, Pines climbing up to the skies, in some places clothing the very pinnacles of the highest rocks. The road cut and carried through masses of the solid rock. . . . Symptoms of desolation as we advance. Mountains crumbling gradually, or brought down by force of waters. Blasted pines standing or torn up, and lying in a decaying state, in the torrent's bed. In the midst of such scenes to come in view of one of those lovely green Prairies is an enlivening sight, with its little cottage. . . . Watching as we did all the way snatches of the old road, we traced it as we

thought across the river and up the ascent on the other side; and afterwards Wm. told us that there was the very point where he and Jones had committed the same mistake, had taken that road (as recorded in his poem) and had to retrace their steps—and bend downwards with the stream, under a sort of depression from the feeling that 'he had crossed the Alps.' . . ."

Compare *The Prelude*, Book VI. (Vol. III. pp. 251, 252); compare also *The Simplon Pass* (Vol. II. p. 51).—Ed.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang[1] the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew, *
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her. †
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of aëry voices locked in unison,—
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime —
So, from the body of one guilty deed,[2]
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

[1] 1837.
As e'er did ring . . . . . . 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . . of a single deed, 1822.

*** Professor Lewis Campbell sends me the following note to the Gemmi sonnet:—"Cynthia is here (1) the moon, who 'sleeps with Endymion,' (2) the huntress Artemis (or Diana), roaming the forest glades in pursuit of game. In imagining her as giving motion to the stars, it is *possible* that the poet may have had in his mind a false echo of Ovid's lines addressed to *Aurora*, Am. I., 13, l. 27—**

'Optavi quoties, ne nox tibi cedere vellet,
Neu fugerent vultus *sidera mota* tuos.'" —Ed.

† Compare the *Ode to Duty*, stanza 6 (Vol. III. p. 33).—Ed.

They went up the Gemmi Pass from Leukerbad, passed the Dauben See and the Schwarenbach Inn, looked into the valley of Kandersteg, and returned to the baths of Leuk.

Mrs Wordsworth writes:—"Wed., Sept. 13th. Baths of Leuk.— . . . On our right we looked down from an immense height into Gastern Thal, a huge cleft, between the snowy Giants, Altels and Blumlis Alp. The Kandor rises out of this rocky recess, makes a bend at the foot of our high station, and takes a direct course down the valley before us. . . . We were very loathe to return, without measuring the tempting vale through which this river flows. Returned by the same path. On drawing towards the little mountain Inn, the mastiff, hearing our footsteps before we could see him, or hear his voice, raised such a tumult in the mountains as produced the effect of a large pack of well-toned hounds in full cry. It was a grand sound. And this reminds me of the fine echoes called forth by a traveller or his guide in the morning. They were before us, as we clomb the Gemmi. The voice was a universal one; and the prolonged and re-echoed notes could not have been more harmonious had they proceeded from the sweetest instrument."

"Wednesday, September 12th. Baths of Leuk.—The total absence of all *sound* of living *creature* was very striking: silent moths in abundance flew about in the sunshine, and the muddy Lake weltered below us; the only sound when we checked our voices to listen. Hence we continued to journey over rocky and barren ground till we suddenly looked down into a warm, green nook, into which we must descend. Twelve cattle were there enclosed by the crags, as in a field of their own chusing. We passed among them, giving no disturbance, and again came upon a tract as barren as before. After about two leagues from the top of the Gemmi crags, the summer Chalet, our promised resting-place, was seen facing us, reared against the stony mountain, and overlooking a desolate round hollow. Winding along the side of the hill (that deep hollow beneath us to the right) a long half-mile brought us to the platform before the door of the hut. It was a scene of wild gaiety. Half-a-score of youthful travellers (military students from the College of Thoun) were there regaling themselves. Mr Robinson became sociable; and we, while the party stood round us talking with him, had our repast spread upon the same table where they had finished theirs. They departed; and we saw them winding away towards the Gemmi on the side of the precipice above the dreary hollow—a long procession, not less interesting than the group at our approach. But every object connected with animated nature (and human life especially) is interesting on such a road as this; we meet no one with a stranger's heart! I cannot forget with what pleasure, soon after leaving the hut, we greeted two young matrons, one with a child in her arms, the other with hers, a lusty babe, ruddy with mountain air, asleep in its wicker cradle on her back. Thus laden they were to

descend the Gemmi Rocks, and seemed to think it no hardship, returning us chearful looks while we noticed the happy burthens which they carried. Those peasant travellers out of sight, we go on over the same rocky ground, snowy pikes and craggy eminences still bounding the prospect. But ere long we approach the neighbourhood of trees, and overlooking a long smooth level covered with poor yellowish grass, saw at a distance, in the centre of the level, a group of Travellers of a different kind—a party of gentry, male and female, on mules. On meeting I spoke to the two Ladies in English, by way of trying their nation, and was pleased at being answered in the same tongue. The lawn here was prettily embayed, like a lake, among little eminences covered with dwarf trees, aged or blighted; thence, onward to another open space, where was an encampment of cattle sheds, the large plain spotted with heaps of stones at irregular distances. . . . The turf was very poor, yet so lavishly overspread with close-growing flowers it reminded us of a Persian Carpet. The *silver* thistle, as we then named it, had a singularly beautiful effect; a glistering star lying on the ground, as if enwrought upon it. An avalanche had covered the surface with stones many years ago, and many more will it require for nature, aided by the mountaineers' industry, to restore the soil to its former fertility. On approaching the destined termination of our descent, we were led among thickets of Alpine Shrubs, a rich covering of berry-bearing plants overspreading the ground. We followed the ridge of this wildly beautiful tract, and it brought us to the brink of a precipice. On our right, when we looked into the savage valley of Gastron—upwards toward its head, and downwards to the point where the Gastron joins the Kandor, their united streams thence continuing a tumultuous course to the Lake of Thoun. The head of the *Kandor Thal* was concealed from us, to our left, by the ridge of the hill on which we stood. By going about a mile further along the ridge to the brow of its northern extremity, we might have seen the junction of the two rivers, but were fearful of being overtaken by darkness in descending the Ghemmi, and were, indeed, satisfied with the prospect already gained. The river Gastron winds in tumult over a stony channel, through the apparently level area of a grassless Vale, buried beneath stupendous mountains—not a house or hut to be seen. A roaring sound ascended to us on the eminence so high above the Vale. How *awful* the tumult when the River carries along with it the spring tide of melted snow! We had long viewed in our journey a snow-covered pike, in stateliness and height surpassing all the other eminences. The whole mass of the mountain now appeared before us, on the same side of the Gastron vale on which we were. It seemed very near to us, and as if a part of its base rose from that vale. We could hardly believe our Guide when he told us that pike was one of the summits of the Jung Frau, took out maps and books, and found it could be no other mountain. I never

before had a conception of the space covered by the bases of these enormous piles. After lingering as long as time would allow, we began to remeasure our steps, thankful for the privilege of again feeling ourselves in neighbourhood of the Jung Frau, and of looking upon those heights that border the Lake of Thoun, at the feet of which we had first entered among the inner windings of Switzerland. Our journey back to the Chalet was not less pleasant than in the earlier part of the day. The Guide, hurrying on before us, roused the large house dog to give us a welcoming bark, which echoed round the mountains like the tuneable voices of a full pack of hounds—a heart-stirring concert in that silent place where no waters were heard at that time—no tinkling of cattle-bells; indeed, the barren soil offers small temptation for wandering cattle to linger there. In a few weeks our rugged path would be closed up with snow, the hut untenanted for the winter, and not a living creature left to rouse the echoes—echoes which our Bard would not suffer to die with us."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments—
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.*

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,†

* Persepolis, the capital city of Persia, "the glory of the East," was destroyed by Alexander the Great (see Quintus Curtius, Book V., ch. 6, 7), and is now, for the most part, a mass of ruins. In the staircase leading up to the Great Hall of Xerxes, the mural decorations include "colossal warriors, combats with wild beasts, processions, and the like." Compare Fergusson's *Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis restored.*—Ed.

† Compare Leviticus, xxiii. 34, 40-43; also Neh. viii. 14, 15.—Ed.

Marched round the altar—to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets
blow![1]

And thus, in order, mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;*
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,

[1] 1837.

They uttered loud hosannas,—let the trumpets
blow! 1822.
These shout hosannas,—these the startling trumpets
blow! 1827.
. . . . . . those . . . . 1832.

* The Temple of Jupiter Ammon (or Hammon)—the ruins of which still exist—was, in the centre of an oasis of the Lybian Desert, twelve days' journey from Memphis, according to Pliny. In Diodorus Siculus (Book XVII., c. 5), in Strabo (Book XVII., c. 37 and 43), and in Herodotus (Book IV., 181), the Temple is described; but a fuller account —and the one which probably suggested to Wordsworth some part of his description in the text—will be found in Quintus Curtius, which records the visit of Alexander the Great to consult the oracle:—"Tandem ad sedem consecratam deo ventum est. Incredibile dictu, inter vastas solitudines sita, undique ambientibus ramis, vix in densam umbram cadente sole, contecta est, multique fontes, dulcibus aquis passim manantibus, alunt silvas. Cœlique quoque mira temperies, verno tepori maxime similis, omnes anni partes pari salubritate percurrit. . . . .

"Est et aliud Hammonis nemus: in medio habit fontem (Solis aquam vocant:) sub lucis ortum tepida manat, medio die, cujus vehementissimus est calor, frigida eadem fluit, inclinato in vesperam calescit, media nocte fervida exaestuat, quoque nox propius vergit ad lucem, multum ex nocturno calore decrescit, donec sub ipsum diei ortum assueto tepore languescat. . . . *Hunc, cum responsum petitur, navigio aurato gestant sacerdotes, multis argenteis pateris ab utroque navigii latere pendentibus; sequuntur matronae virginesque, patrio more inconditum quoddam carmen*

They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity,* who dwells
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomps? † the haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune ‡—and the Cereal Games, §
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;

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canentes, quo propitiari Jovem credunt, ut certum edat oraculum."*—Q. Curtius, Ruf., *De Gestis Alex.*, IV. 31 (ed. Zumpt). The sentence italicised and translated makes it clear that Wordsworth was dealing in this instance with the text of Quintus Curtius, as he dealt with that of Herodotus, for example, in *The Excursion*, when he described the

"Tower eight times planted on the top of tower,
That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
Descending, there might rest."
—(Book IV.)

For discussions on the oases and Temple of Jupiter Ammon, see *Travels in Africa, Egypt, &c.*, by W. G. Browne (1792 to 1798), *The Journal of Frederick Horneman's Travels from Cairo to Mourzouk* (1797-8), *Narrative of Operations and Discoveries in Egypt, &c.*, by G. Balzoni, and note M in Pratt's *Quintus Curtius*, Vol. I.—Ed.

* "Old Cham, the Solar Deity," was the same as "the Ammonian Jove." The statue of the god in the Temple was ram-headed and horned, hence the Egyptian veneration for the ram.—Ed.

† This refers to the triumphal processions along the Via Sacra, in which the fortunate general was decorated with all the insignia of Jupiter. See Livy, Book X. c. 7. The captive princes, who were conducted in the procession, were put to death in the prison at the ascent of the Capitoline, before the triumphal offerings were made to the gods.—(Mr Heard.)

‡ On this the Ludi Circenses were celebrated (Livy, Book I. 9), when the gods were conducted to the circus in a magnificent procession, their images being either carried on a kind of frame, or placed in sacred chariots which were called tensae, and are alluded to in the next line."—(Mr Heard.)

§ Ludi Cerealia; Livy, xxx., 39; Ovid, Fasti, iv. 391—

"Circus erit pompa celeber numeroque deorum;
Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.
Hi Cereris Ludi."
—(Mr Heard.)

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* "When a response was sought, it was the custom for the priests to carry the image of the god in a golden ship with many silver paterae hanging from both its sides; while matrons and virgins followed, singing, according to the custom of their country, a certain uncouth hymn, by which they believed they could propitiate the god, and induce him to return an unambiguous answer."

The dancing Sàlii—on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury; * and a [1] deeper dread
Scattered on all sides † by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted! ‡

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries:
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,

[1] 1857.

Striking with fury; and the . . . 1822.
Smiting with fury; and the . . . 1827.

* These were the priests of Mars, who on his festival marched through the streets, stamping with their feet and striking the sacred shields (ancilia.)

"A saltu nomina ducunt."
—Ovid, Fasti, iii. 387.—(Mr Heard.)

† By this the "Megalesia," a festival of the Great Mother, is meant. In this festival there was a solemn commemoration, with processions and games, of the first entry of the goddess into Rome. The Corybantes were her priests. See, for the whole worship, Fasti, iv. 181.—(Mr Heard.)

‡ Compare, "Qualis Berecyntia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygia turrita per urbes."
—Virg., Æn., vi. 785.

The Great Mother wore a crown of towers. An explanation is given in Ovid's Fasti (iv. 219), a work which Wordsworth seems to have had in his thoughts throughout this stanza.

"At cur turrita caput est ornata corona?
An Phrygiis turres urbibus illa dedit."—(Mr Heard.)

The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise [1]
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued [2] from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send [3] so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird [4] with motion slow,
A product of that awful Mountain seem,[5]
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those [6] Shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind

[1] 1827.

But O the fairest pageant of a dream
Did never equal that which met our eyes!
The glacier Pillars with the living Stream
Of white-robed Shapes, seemed linked in solemn guise, 1822.

[2] 1827.

Of number, stood like spotless Votaries
Prepared to issue . . . . 1822.

[3] 1827.

. . . sent . . . . . 1822.

[4] 1827.

. . . . . . engirt . . . 1822.

[5] 1827.

. . . . . Mount did seem, 1822.

[6] 1827.

. . . . , that on the turf did glide,
To that unmoving band—the . . 1822.

To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;[1]
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

[1] 1827.
. . . . . . and unbind; 1822.

"*Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,*
The glacier pillars join in solemn guise."

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled from all branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.—W. W.

"Sunday, Sept. 17. Chamouny.— . . . As we passed one of the little clustering villages in the Vale of Chamouny, standing at the foot of one of the five glaciers (the Argentiere I believe), its pretty white Church at that moment was encircled by a most interesting procession —bare-headed men first carried the symbols or banners, who were followed by a train of females: two and two winding round the building; white garments thrown over their heads and covering their shoulders, like so many nuns; but in that romantic place, the situation of the Church, and the costume so peculiar, it was quite impossible not to connect the moving belt of white pyramids with the snowy ones immediately above them. We were afterwards told by a young priest, as we passed along the green meadows of Orsina, whither he was going to do duty, and with whom D. fell into conversation, that it was sacrament day, and that the ceremony we had seen occurs once a month in all the vallies, and that those pure vestments do not belong to the Church, but to the Individuals who wear them. Our genial companion told D. that he lived upon the Triant, in a village high above its banks, and where, had he been at home, he would have been glad to have received us as his guests. . , ."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"Sunday, September 16th. Chamouny.—There is no carriage-road further than to Argentière. When, having parted with our car and Guide,

we were slowly pursuing our way to the footpath, between the mountains, which was to lead us to the VALORSINE, and thence, by the Téte-Noire, to Trientz, we heard from the churchyard of Argentière, on the opposite side of the river, a sound of voices chanting a hymn, or prayer, and turning round, saw in the green enclosure a lengthening Procession,—the priest in his robes, the host, and banners uplifted, and men following two and two—and, last of all, a great number of females, in like order; the head and body of each covered with a white garment. The stream continued to flow on for a long time, till all had paced slowly round the church, the men gathering close together, to leave unencumbered space for the women, the chaunting continuing, while the voice of the Arve joined in accordant solemnity. The procession was grave and simple, agreeing with the simple decorations of a village church :—the banners made no glittering show; the Females composed a moving girdle round the Church; their figures, from head to foot, covered with one piece of white cloth, resembled the small pyramids of the Glacier, which were before our eyes, and it was impossible to look at one and the other without fancifully connecting them together. Imagine the *moving* figures, like a stream of pryamids, the white Church, the half concealed Village, and the Glacier close behind among pine-trees, a pure sun shining over all! and remember that these objects were seen at the base of those enormous mountains, and you may have some faint notion of the effect produced on us by that beautiful spectacle. It was a farewell to the Vale of Chamouny that can scarcely be less vividly remembered twenty years hence than when (that wonderous Vale* being just out of sight) after ascending a little way between the mountains, through a grassy hollow, we came to a small hamlet under shade of trees in summer foliage. A very narrow clear rivulet, beside the cottages, was hastening with its tribute to the Arve. This simple scene transported us instantly to our valleys of Westmoreland. A few quiet children were near the doors, and we discovered a young woman in the darkest coolest nook of shade between two of the houses, seated on the ground, intent upon her prayer-book. The rest of the inhabitants were gone to join in the devotions at Argentière. The top of the ascent (not a long one) being gained, we had a second cheering companion in our downward way, another Westmoreland brook of larger size, as clear as crystal, open to the sun, and (bustling but not angry) it coursed by our side through a tract of craggy pastoral ground. I do not speak of the needles of Montanvert, behind; nor of other pikes up-rising before us. Such sights belong not to Westmoreland, and I could fancy that I then paid them little regard, it being for the sake of Westmoreland alone that I like to dwell on this short passage of our

* Compare

"The wondrous Vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below."
—*Prelude*, Book IV.—ED.

journey, which brought us in view of one of the most interesting of the vallies of the Alps. We descended with our little stream, and saw its brief life in a moment cut off, when it reached the *Berard*, the river of Black Water, which is seen falling, not in *black* but *grey* cataracts within the cove of a mountain that well deserves the former epithet, though a bed of *snow* and glacier ice is seen among its piky and jagged ridges. Below those bare summits, pine forests and crags are piled together, with lawns and cottages between.

"We enter at the side of the valley, crossing a wooden bridge; then, turning our backs on the scene just described, we bend our course downward with the River, that is hurrying away, fresh from its glacier fountains; how different a fellow-traveller from that little rivulet we had just parted from, which we had seen, still bright as silver, drop into the grey stream! The descending Vale before us beautiful, the high enclosing hills interspersed with woods, green pasturage, and cottages. The delight we had in journeying through the Valorsine is not to be imagined, sunshine and shade were alike cheering; while the very numerousness of the brown wood cottages (descried among trees, or outspread on the steep lawns), and the people enjoying their sabbath leisure out of doors, seemed to make a quiet spot more quiet."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)

The following account of the festival of the Virgin, which occurred during the Wordsworths' visit to Engelberg, may further illustrate this poem:—"Knots of peasants going to and returning from church, all in holiday trim. We had learned the day to be a grand Festival—the Feast of the Virgin. After breakfast, the procession streamed out of church, a beautiful spectacle, as they begirt that and the monastery. Men, women, and children, Abbot, Monks, Priests, and Choristers, a thousand persons or upwards; the women as gay as glitter and colours could make them. Flat white hats, with ribbons and flowers, embroidered stomachers, red girdles, and their short black petticoats, embroidered with red ribbon, large shining pins in their hair, and lockets suspended from their necks. The men too, mostly, had some ornament upon their hats: the young generally a coloured ribbon, the elders black ones, tied with a bow: all well and *curiously* dressed; it was a festive scene, and the most important fete in the year. Seventeen monks belong to the convent of Engelberg, and the whole valley contains about 1700 inhabitants, &c."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)—ED.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion

of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küsnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.[1]

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen *
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
'Our Lady of the Snow.'

[1] 1827.

On arriving at Lausanne, we heard of the fate of the young American, whose death is here lamented. He had been our companion for three days; and we separated upon Mount Righi, with mutual hope of meeting again in the course of our tour. Goldau, mentioned towards the conclusion of this Piece, is a village at the foot of Mount Righi, one of those overwhelmed by a mass which fell from the side of the mountain Rossberg, a few years ago. 1822.

* Mount Righi—Regina Montium.—W. W.

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—[1]
The face of summer hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—[2]
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on ZURICH's shore!

Oh GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,

[1] 1837.
. . . . . that sweetly smiled, 1822.

[2] 1827.
All that we knew of lively care, 1822.

With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care[1]
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home:
Europe, a realised romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

[1] 1832.
. . . . . . sod to strew,
That lacks the ornamental care 1822.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers mid GOLDAU'S ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,[1]
On RIGHI'S silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone[2]
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.[3]

[1] 1827.
Sweet as Eve's fondly-lingering rays, 1822.

[2] 1832.
. . . . . . that stone 1827.

[3] The two last stanzas were first added in 1827.

The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards. Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the mountain Rossberg.—W. W.

References to Young Goddard occur in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal, as follows:—"Lucerne, Aug. 16.— . . . In bounded Henry Robinson, . . . with two young men he has picked up on the road. . . ." "Aug. 17.—The two young Gentlemen, Mr R.'s companions, called upon us to walk at 7 o'clock; and very pleasing youths we found them, one an American, the other a Scotsman, by birth, students from

Geneva, come out on foot for a month's excursion." "Top of Rigi, Sat. 19th.—Our pleasant ingenuous companions gone. We parted immediately after breakfast." "Lausanne, Sep. 20.—Our joy was damped by hearing from Mr Mulloch, of the melancholy fate of that very interesting youth, Mr Goddard, with whom we parted on the top of the Rigi. He, with Mr Trotter, descended to pursue their way to Zurich, in which lake he was unfortunately drowned two days afterwards; we towards Lauritz, but all in the hope of meeting again at Altorf. . . . Mr G.'s mother is in America. . . . Seldom have I seen so promising a youth." "Sat. 23d. Geneva.—Met Mr Trotter. The loss of poor Goddard was occasioned by a sudden squall, which upset one of the worthless boats, made of thin planks, flat bottomed. Mr T. being a good swimmer, and on the side nearest the shore, reached land, when looking for his companion, he had disappeared, had been sucked under the boat, and was never seen from the first moment. Great humanity was shewn by the people in the neighbourhood on this melancholy occasion. The body was found, and afterwards buried in the churchyard at Kusnach, a village on the east shore of the lake of Zurich. A discourse in German was delivered by an old Priest, after the interment, a copy of which Mr T. shewed us; and which Mr R. and W. were much pleased with, for the pathetic simplicity of the expression. It was inteuded to be sent to the poor mother of the deceased."

The reference towards the close of the poem to the

"Flowers mid Goldau's ruins bred,"

and the concluding passage of the prefatory note to the edition of 1822, suggest another passage in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal. "Aug. 19.—Dined at Goldau. This cottage-inn is built, as several other houses are, on the side of the road surrounded by masses of fallen rock: chapel close by: all walked to the ruins: sate for a long time upon an immense mass of the fallen mountain. It is an awful and an affecting place. We were surprised at the extent of the desolation, especially when we looked up to the mountain whence it had proceeded. The rent, high above us, appeared so trifling that we could not but wonder how all those mighty blocks had ever been piled upon so narrow a space. Huge masses of rock on every side of us. It is aptly called "the valley of Stones." A river had thridded this once lovely and still interesting valley; but this, with the green meadows which it fertilized, is buried; and the lake of Lawerz below driven into narrower compass. . . . Three villages, with their inhabitants, had been completely destroyed."

"Wednesday, September 19th. Lausanne.—We met with some pleasant Englishmen, from whom we heard particulars concerning the melancholy fate of our young Friend, the American, seen by us for the last time on the top of the Rhigi. The tidings of his death had been

first communicated, but a few hours before, by Mr Muloch. We had the comfort of hearing that his friend had saved himself by swimming, and had paid the last duties to the stranger, so far from home and kindred, who lies quietly in the churchyard of Kusnach on the shores of Zurich."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)

On the 24th Nov. 1821, Miss Wordsworth wrote to Henry Crabbe Robinson:—" . . . Amongst the Poems (the *Tour on the Continent*) is one to the memory of poor Goddard, which probably never would have been written but for your suggestion. How often do I think of that night when you first introduced that interesting youth to us! At this moment I see in my mind's eye the lighted Salon, you in your great-coat, and the two slender tall figures following you!"—Ed.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

The only allusion in Mrs Wordsworth's Journal to any noteworthy "sky-prospect from the plain of France," occurs when they rested at Fontainbleau. "Sept. 30.—. . . Seeing the forest rise at the end of a long vista of trees, our guide said that from that point we should have a fine view. Passed through the old-fashioned French flower garden, with its large sheet of water. . . . Surprised by the view from the hill, first towards the palace, and the expanse beyond, and immediately opposite this (what we so little expected to see) a rocky dell in that sandy region; most curious, the bank before us scattered thickly with rocks, by that dim light appearing like a large village. Glorious

crimson light in the west, all the rest of the sky a clear cloudless blue. The evening star very large, and alone. An impressive silence in the air, so that we heard the sounds from the distant town distinctly."

"Saturday, September 29th. Fountainbleau.—In the very heart of the Alps, I never saw a more wild and lonely spot, yet *curious* in the extreme, and even *beautiful*. Thousands of white bleached rocks, mostly in appearance not much larger than sheep, lay on the steep declivities of the dell among bushes and low trees, heather, bilberries, and other forest plants. The effect of loneliness and desert wildness was indescribably increased by the remembrance of the Palace we had left not an hour before. The spot on which we stood is said to have been frequented by Henry the IVth. when he wished to retire from his court and attendants. A few steps more brought us in view of fresh ranges of the forest, hills, plains, and distant lonely dells. The sunset was brilliant—light clouds in the west, and overhead a spotless blue dome. As we wind along the top of the Steep, the views are still changing—the plain expands eastward, and again appear the white buildings of Fountainebleau, with something of romantic brightness in the *fading* light; for we had tarried till a star or two reminded us it was time to move away. In descending, we followed one of the long straight tracks that intersect the forest in all directions. Bewildered among those tracks, we were set right by a party of wood-cutters, going home from their labour."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—ED.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells; *
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror!— *
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,[1]

[1] 1837.
. . . . . . murmuring sea, 1822.

* See Wordsworth's note appended to the poem.—ED.

Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my heart enjoy!

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.—W. W.

"Embarked in a small vessel; wind contrary. The vessel struck upon a sandbank. Then was driven with violence upon a rocky road in the harbour. Tide was ebbing very fast."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal).

"Monday, October 29th. Boulogne.—We walked to Buonaparte's Pillar, which, on the day when he harangued his soldiers (pointing to the shores of England whither he should lead them to conquest), he decreed should be erected in commemoration of the Legion of Honour then established. The pillar is seen far and wide, *unfinished*, as the intricate casing of a *scaffolding loftier than itself, shows at whatever distance* it is seen. It is said the Bourbons intend to complete the work, and give it a new name; but I think it more probable that the scaffolding may be left to fall away, and the Pile of marble remain strewn round, as it is, with unfinished blocks, an undisputed Monument of the Founder's vanity and arrogance; and *so* it may stand as long as the brick towers of Caligula have done, a remnant of which yet appears on the cliffs. We walked on the ground which had been covered by the army that dreamt of conquering England, and were shown the very spot where their Leader made his boastful speech.

"On the day fixed for our departure from Boulogne, the weather being boisterous and wind contrary, the *Packet* could not sail, and we trusted ourselves to a small vessel, with only one effective sailor on board. Even *Mary* was daunted by the Breakers outside the Harbour, and *I* descended into the vessel as unwillingly as a criminal might go to execution, and hid myself in bed. Presently our little ship moved; and before ten minutes were gone she struck upon the sands. I felt that something disastrous had happened; but knew not what till poor Mary appeared in the cabin, having been thrown down to the top of the steps. There was again a frightful beating and grating of the bottom of the vessel, water rushing in very fast. A young man, an

Italian, who had risen from a bed beside mine, as pale as ashes, groaned in agony, kneeling at his prayers. My condition was not much better than his; but I was more quiet. Never shall I forget the kindness of a little Irish woman who, though she herself, as she afterwards said, was much frightened, assured me even chearfully that there was no danger. I cannot say that her words, as assurances of safety, had much effect upon me; but the example of her courage made me become more collected; and I felt her human kindness even at the moment when I believed that we might be all going to the bottom of the sea together; and the agonizing thoughts of the distress at home were rushing on my mind."—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.) —Ed.

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER.

Nov. 1820.

Where be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where? that passed
Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this[1] rural stillness more profound.

[1] 1837.
. . the . . . . . . 1822.

"*We mark majestic herds of cattle, free*
To ruminate."

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad,

the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.—W. W.

"Dover, Wed., 8th Nov.—At 11 o'clock we took coach and thoroughly enjoyed our journey between the green pastures of Kent, besprinkled with groups of trees, and bounded by hedgerows. The scattered cattle quietly selecting their own food was a cheering, and a home-feeling sight."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"It was, I think, 10 o'clock when we left Dover. The day was pleasant, and every English sight delightful, the fields sprinkled with cattle, the hedgerows, the snug small cottages, the pretty country-houses. Many a time we said to each other, 'What a pleasant country this must appear to the eyes of a Frenchman!'"—(From Miss Wordsworth's Journal, Vol. II.)—Ed.

AT DOVER.*

[For the impressions on which this sonnet turns, I am indebted to the experience of my daughter, during her residence at Dover with our dear friend, Miss Fenwick.]

From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace:
The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown
Their natural utterance: whence this strange release
From social noise—silence elsewhere unknown?—
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea
Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

* This sonnet was first published in the edition of 1850.

DESULTORY STANZAS,

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read,
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts; slighted objects rise;
My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—there
I move at ease; and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as St Maurice, from yon eastern Forks, *
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
But list! the avalanche—the hush profound
That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound![1]

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,†

[1] 1827.

. . . . . heart-striking sound!
Tumult by prompt repose and awful silence crown'd!

1832.

* Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that enclose the Valais, which terminates at St Maurice. W. W., 1820.
At the head of the Valais. W. W., 1832.

† See Wordsworth's note, following the poem; and compare the sonnet *Tynwald Hill*, in the "Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833."—Ed.

On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of fit and right,
In simple Democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE
Calls[1] me to pace her honoured Bridge—that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years,
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;

[1] 1827.
Leads . . . . 1822.

Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

No more; Time halts not in his noiseless march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,[1]
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay.

[1] 1827.

And those surrounding Mountains—but no more;
Time creepeth softly as the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like the floor
Of that wide rainbow-arch, whereon we stood, 1822.

———"*ye that occupy*
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount,"

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.—W. W.

"Sarnen, Aug. 14.— . . . The buildings we have been to visit are Government Houses. There all business relating to the canton is transacted. The meetings are sometimes held in the open air: a green area is set apart, with steps around for this purpose. Marks to shoot at, bowls, &c., are here ready, for the days of festival, &c."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

"*Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—*"

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the

magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.—W. W.

"Lucerne, Aug. 16th.— . . . Crossed, at the outlet of the Lake, the *long covered Bridge*, along the roof of which are 240 Paintings from the Scriptures: Subjects from the Old Testament face you, as you walk one way, and from the New as you return. Two other bridges of the same kind, the Chapel-bridge, with paintings from Swiss history. Fine views from the Bridge of the Lake, and mountains, &c."—(Mrs Wordsworth's Journal.)

Mrs Wordsworth's Journal of this Continental Tour contains the modest entry, made at "Paris, Monday, Oct. 2d.— . . . I shall here close these very imperfect notices, commenced at D.'s request; and with a notion, on my part, that they might be useful when she wrote her Journal: but soon finding that, with such a view, mine was a superfluous labour, I should not have had the resolution to go on, except at Wm.'s desire, and from the feeling that my Daughter, and perhaps her brothers, might one day find pleasure, should they ever have the good fortune to trace our steps, in recognising objects their Mother had seen."

See Miss Wordsworth's Itinerary of the Tour, in the Appendix to this volume, Note E⁴.—Ed.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1822.

[This Parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones, and is particularly described in another note.*]

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that Domain where kindreds, friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends

* See note to *Pastoral Character*, in the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," Part III. 18.—Ed.

With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them[1] comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

This sonnet was written at Bruges, during the Continental Tour of 1820 (see note p. 201), and was originally published in a note to one of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, beginning,

"A genial hearth, a hospitable board."—Ed.

TO ENTERPRISE.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1822.

"The Italian Itinerant," &c. (see p. 245), led to the train of thought which produced the annexed piece. W. W., 1822.

This poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerant," &c. (page 197), it is here annexed. W. W., 1827-1845.

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that[2] chalky cliff of Briton's Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light:
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

[1] 1827.
Meanwhile between those Poplars, as they wave
Their lofty summits, ... 1822.

[2] 1837.
High on a . . . . 1822.

I.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And[1] where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft would scare
From her rock fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,[2]

[1] 1845.

Or . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.

And thou (if rightly I rehearse
What wondering shepherds told in verse)
From rocky fortress in mid air
(The food which pleased thee best to win)
Did'st oft the flame-eyed Eagle scare
With infant shout,—as often sweep, 1822.

And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear
Allurements that were edged with fear,
(The food that pleased thee best, to win)
From rocky fortress in mid air
The flame-eyed eagle oft would scare
With infant shout,—as often sweep, 1827.

And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear
Allurements that were edged with fear,

Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;
Or,[1] tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased;
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays.
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline;

(The food that pleased thee best, to win)
With infant shout wouldst often scare
From her rock fortress in mid air
The flame-eyed Eagle—often sweep, 1832.

[1] **1837.**

And, ... 1822.

Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The [1] Chamois-chaser awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring mortals glide between
Or through the clouds,[2] and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they, in bells [3] of crystal, dive—
Where winds and waters cease to strive—
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slackening voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,

[1] 1837.

. . . . . . and a couch of rest;
Thou to his dangers dost enchain,
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
The . . . . 1822.

. . . . . . and a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The . . . . 1832.

[2] 1837.

. . . . glide serene
From cloud to cloud, ... 1822.

[3] 1832.

Or, in their bells . . . . 1822.

Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
—Within[1] our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speak'st—and lo! the Polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.
—But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
For philosophic Sage; or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves—tho' doom'd thro' silent night to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
And in due season send the mandate forth;
Thy call a prostrate[2] nation can restore,
When but a single mind resolves to crouch no more.

IV.

Dread Minister of wrath!
Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart!
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,

[1] 1832.
. . . . . . in ghastly silence sleep?
—Within . . . . 1822.

[2] 1832.
Thy call an abject . . . . . . 1827.

Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
When they in pomp depart
With trampling horses and refulgent cars—
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands;
Or caught amid a whirl[1] of desert sands—
An Army now, and now a living hill
That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes—
Then all is still;[2]
Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

V.

Back flows the willing current of my Song:
If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
—Bold Goddess! range your Youth among;
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran Few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet;
In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
When fields are naked far and wide,
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.[3]

[1] 1837.

Or stifled under weight . . . . . . 1822.

[2] 1845.

Heaving with convulsive throes,—
It quivers—and is still; 1822.

Raised in a moment; with convulsive throes
It heaved—and all is still; 1837.

[3] 1843.

. . . . like sleet
Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
While fields are naked far and wide. 1822

VI.

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,
One rarely absent from thy train
More humble favours may obtain
For thy contented Votary.
She, who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn;
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,*
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me;
And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

VII.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

And withered leaves, from Earth's cold breast
Upcaught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest. 1832.

. . . . like sleet
Clothing a tall pine's northern side,
In rough November days when winds have tried
Their force on all things else—left naked far and
wide. 1837.

* The nightingale.—ED.

The wide earth's store-house fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile !—
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest of his name,[1]
Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!

[1] 1837.
. . . . of the name, 1822.

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

Comp. 1820. —— Pub. 1820.

[It is with the little river Duddon as it is with most other rivers, Ganges and Nile not excepted,—many springs might claim the honour of being its head. In my own fancy I have fixed its rise near the noted Shire-stones placed at the meeting-point of the counties, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. They stand by the way-side on the top of the Wrynose Pass, and it used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, by touching them at the same time with feet and hands, one had been in the three counties at once. At what point of its course the stream takes the name of Duddon I do not know. I first became acquainted with the Duddon, as I have good reason to remember, in early boyhood. Upon the banks of the Derwent I had learnt to be very fond of angling. Fish abound in that large river; not so in the small streams in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead; and I fell into the common delusion that the farther from home the better sport would be had. Accordingly, one day I attached myself to a person living in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead, who was going to try his fortune as an angler near the source of the Duddon. We fished a great part of the day with very sorry success, the rain pouring torrents, and long before we got home I was worn out with fatigue; and, if the good man had not carried me on his back, I must have lain down under the best shelter I could find. Little did I think then it would be my lot to celebrate, in a strain of love and admiration, the stream which for many years I never thought of without recollections of disappointment and distress.

During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative who lived in the small town of Broughton. I passed many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which becomes an estuary about a mile from that place. The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st sonnet. The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead. The present hall was erected by Sir Michael le Fleming, and it may be hoped that at some future time there will be an edifice more worthy of so beautiful a position. With regard to the 30th sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realised in the year 1840 when I made a tour through that district with my wife and daughter, Miss Fenwick and her niece, and Mr and Mrs Quillinan. Before our return from Seathwaite Chapel the party separated. Mrs Wordsworth, while most of us went further up the stream, chose an opposite direction, having told us that we should overtake her on our way to Ulpha. But she was tempted out of the main road to ascend a rocky eminence near it, thinking it impossible we should pass without seeing her. This, however, unfortunately happened, and then ensued vexation and distress, especially to me, which I should be ashamed to have recorded, for I lost my temper entirely. Neither I nor those that were with me saw her again till we reached the Inn at Broughton, seven miles. This may perhaps in some degree excuse my irritability on the occasion, for I could not but think she had been much to blame. It appeared, however, on explanation that she had remained on the rock, calling out and waving her handkerchief as we were passing, in order that we also might ascend and enjoy a prospect which had much charmed her. "But on we went, her signals proving vain." How then could she reach Broughton before us? When we found she had not gone on before to Ulpha Kirk, Mr Quillinan went back in one of the carriages in search of her. He met her on the road, took her up, and by a shorter way conveyed her to Broughton, where we were all re-united and spent a happy evening.

I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention; especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the sea-side, of which the former part is detailed in my Epistle to Sir George Beaumont.]

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served[1] as a boundary to the two last[2] counties for the space of about twenty-five

[1] 1837.
. . . . . . and, serving 1820.

[2] 1827.
. . . . latter 1820.

miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum. W. W., 1820.

TO THE REV. DR WORDSWORTH.[1]

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

[1] 1827.
To the Rev. Dr W——. 1820. 2nd edition.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone *

* The fields and streams were those around Cockermouth and Hawkshead. It was near the island Cythera that Aphrodite was said, according to some legends, to have risen from the sea-foam. Hence the term "Cytherea's zone." The "Thunderer" is, of course, Jupiter Tonans.—Ed.

Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,*
To humbler streams, and greener bowers,

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy! †

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* **Dr Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was then Rector of Lambeth parish.—Ed.**

† **This dedication to the poet's brother is not contained in the first edition of 1820.—Ed.**

I.

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
Blandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing; *[1]
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches [2] radiant as heaven's bow;
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream.—†
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!

[1] 1837.

Not envying shades which haply yet may throw
A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,
Bandusia, once responsive to the string
Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow; 1820.

[2] 1837.

Through icy portals . . . . . . 1820.

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* See Horace, Car., III. 13, *Ad fontem Blandusiæ:*

. . . . 'unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ,'

and compare Epist. I. 16, 9.—ED.

† Mr Herbert Rix has made a minute and careful study of the Duddon Valley—repeated during several seasons—with the object of localizing the allusions in the sonnets. I am indebted to him for the following notes, which bear his name. Compare with them Mr Rawnsley's comments, Note H, in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

"The Duddon rises on Wrynose Fell, near to the 'Three-Shire Stone,' where Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire meet, though which of the rills descending from the heights on either side of Wrynose Gap and uniting to form the streamlet which flows along the pass, is to be regarded as the ultimate source, or which of them the poet may have followed, it would perhaps be difficult to say. More than one takes its rise in just such a spot as we find described in the second and third sonnets, where the 'lofty waste' is haunted by the Spirit of 'Desolation,' where the 'whistling blast' sweeps bleakly by, and where 'naked stones,' such as the poet chose for his seat, are scattered all around. James Thorne, in his *Rambles by Rivers* (London, 1844, p. 10), has given a rough woodcut of the source of the Duddon."—(Mr Rix.)

Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than toil [1] in needless sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste; *
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint! *
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair †
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green [2]
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.

[1] 1837.
Better to breathe upon this aëry height
Than pass in needless . . . . 1820.

[2] 1845.
. . . . . . with sombre green, 1820.

* See the note to the previous sonnet.—ED.

† The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct. —W. W., 1820.

But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground[1] for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam,
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare; *
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu! †
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely scattered chain doth make;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistering snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.

[1] 1837.
Peculiar grounds . . . . 1820.

* "'A gleam of brilliant moss' refers, no doubt, to the *Sphagnum*, or Bog-moss, which grows here in large patches, very noticeable among the sombre ling and heather, and which shines like gold when the sunlight is upon it."—(Mr Rix.)

† "The 'parting glance' of this sonnet would naturally be taken just before rounding the brow of the hill. The path drops somewhat suddenly, so that two or three steps bring the traveller from a level whence the 'sinuous lapse' of the stream may be seen for some distance, to a stage where it is entirely hidden from view. The Duddon, which, since it reached the level of Wrynose Gap, has gently wound its way through bracken and rushes, now suddenly descends to the valley by a quick series of falls, as by a flight of steps. The first of these falls—a very pretty cascade—is doubtless the 'dizzy steep' mentioned in the sonnet."—(Mr Rix.)

Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

V.

Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On Infant bosoms lonely Nature lies. *

* "Sonnet V. is generally taken to be descriptive of Cockley Beck. Here, as we emerge from Wrynose Bottom, the first *trees* meet the eye after a full two miles of monotony and stones, and here, too, is the first *cottage* where the 'ruddy children' of another generation 'sport through the summer day.' The cottage itself is not indeed surrounded at the present time by 'sheltering pines'—that is a feature which applies better to another cottage half a mile lower down the stream. The pines may, of course, have disappeared since Wordsworth's day; or, more probably, one spot furnished him here, as in other poems, with the main idea, while accessory features were borrowed from other quarters, or created by the imagination. A picture of the cottage and neighbouring bridge is given at page 15 of Thorne's *Rambles by Rivers*."—(Mr Rix.)

VI.

FLOWERS.

Ere yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven. *

" *There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,*
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue."

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson, author of "The Vision of Alfred," &c. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkeshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated.† In describing the motions of the sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of this poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

* "Even in the 'unfruitful solitudes' of Wrynose, one may find—sheltered in the little gullies which the rills have worn down the fell-side—not only the strawberry, speedwell, and thyme, mentioned in the sonnet, but sundry other flowers, such as the Spearwort, Milkwort, Small Bed-straw, *Euphrasia officinalis*, and *Potentilla tormentilla*."—(Mr Rix.)

† The present severe season, with its amusements, reminds me of some lines which I will transcribe as a favourable specimen.—W. W. 1820.

"Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumes;
Less varying hues beneath the pole adorn
The streamy glories of the boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread,
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems:
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the history of Westmoreland.—W. W. 1820.

VII.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows,
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an unculled floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell *—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies;—both air and earth are mute;[1]
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

[1] 1837.

. . . ;—the earth, the air is mute; 1820.

* "This probably does not refer to any particular spot, but to the whole of the upper valley of the Duddon, which is of a savage and forbidding aspect, and quite of a character to have inspired the sonnet. It is almost treeless, and the ground on either side of the stream is covered with bracken and loose blocks of granite, while the fells rise steeply on either hand, and are capped by naked crags. The epithet 'dark' (line 2) is not inappropriate, inasmuch as the valley just here runs due north and south, so that it gets neither the early morning nor the evening sun.

"As to the epithet '*blue*' (line 10), the cerulean colour of the Duddon is one of its most exquisite characteristics, and is due, as Wordsworth has himself † explained, to the hue of the rocks and gravel seen through the 'perfectly pellucid' water."—(Mr Rix.)

† *Guide to the Lakes.* Fifth Edition. *Kendal*, 1835, p. 27.

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;[1]
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near! *

[1] 1837.

. . . . . by plank and arch; 1820.

* "There are three principal sets of stepping-stones across the Duddon. The first set is between Cockley Beck and Birks Brig, a little below a farm-house called Black Hall; the second set, called by the natives of the district the 'Fiddle Steps,' is in a deep hollow between Birks Brig and Seathwaite, at a point where the footpath to Eskdale crosses the Duddon; and the third is just opposite Seathwaite.

"Of these, the second may, I think, be disregarded; they are little known, and there is nothing to be said in favour of them. The question lies, then, between the first and third, which we will call respectively the *upper* and the *lower* stones.

"James Thorne has fixed upon the upper stones as those of Wordsworth's two sonnets, and has given a picture of them. His woodcut is very rude, but is sufficiently defined by the number of the stones, the gate on the right, and the distant cottage on the left. Mrs Lynn Linton, too, in her *Lake Country* (London, 1864, p. 251), claims the honour for the same set, and has given (p. 252), a very pretty picture of them. Miss Martineau, on the contrary, in her *Survey of the Lake District*,* appears to regard the stones opposite Seathwaite as *the* stones; and the Rev. F. A. Malleson, in his

* Whellan's *History and Topography of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, 4to, Pontefract, 1860, p. 56.

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;

---

article on 'Wordsworth and the Duddon,'* takes the same view. This is the view which local tradition favours, for any inhabitant of Seathwaite or Ulpha, if asked for 'Wordsworth's Stones,' would at once direct the stranger to the *lower* stones.

"There is something to be said for each of these opinions. The upper stones fit in with the order of the sonnets, coming after the sonnet about Cockley Beck, and before the sonnets about the Faëry Chasm, Seathwaite Chapel, and Ulpha Kirk. But the lower steps answer better to the description of the scene. The 'zone chosen for ornament,' and the 'studied symmetry' are much more applicable to the lower than to the upper stones; and 'yon high rock' (Sonnet X. line 13) is wholly inapplicable to the latter, as there is no rock of any sort at hand, while the lower stones are overshadowed by Wallabarrow Crag.

"In favour of the upper stones it may, indeed, be said that they lie upon the high-road, so that anybody driving up the valley must pass close to them, and Wordsworth must have seen them again and again in his visits to this region, while the lower stones have to be looked for and are approached by a narrow footpath which leads off the road and crosses two considerable fields before the Duddon is reached. But on the other hand the very beauty of the lower stones, once seen, would fix them in the poet's mind for ever.

"In respect of beauty there is indeed no comparison between the two spots. The lower stones are approached down a flowery slope and through a grove of larches, and, crossing the stream by them, you are landed in a coppice through which the footpath winds most prettily, while the upper stones are approached from a perfectly level bit of rough pasture, and land you face to face with a bare stone wall. The *lower* stones are eighteen in number, counting only the principal ones, or you can make twenty-one of them; they are of a bluish tint, are set at equal distances, and form a beautiful curve down stream, looking to a fanciful eye as though they were bending with the current. The *upper* stones are nine in number, or you may make eleven of them, and they are in a *straight line*.

"Perhaps, taking all things into consideration, the most probable view is that Sonnets IX. and X. were originally inspired by the beauty of the lower stones, but when the Duddon Sonnets, written at various times, came subsequently to be strung together, the place given to these two sonnets

* *Good Words*, Vol. XXIV. p. 579.

To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI.

THE FAËRY CHASM.*

No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that smooth stage

was either accidentally or of set purpose determined by the position of the upper stones. The series being arranged from memory of the order in which the scenes occur, it is very possible that this misplacement may have been accidental; but it is not at all impossible that it may have been intentional, and for this reason:—The emphasis of the earlier sonnets in general, and of the opening lines of Sonnet IX. in particular, is on the growth of the 'struggling rill'—a thought which would be rather out of place if it came later in the series. In short, the motive of the sonnet best suits the position of the stepping stones at Black Hall, while some of the descriptive features may be taken from those at Seathwaite."—(Mr Rix.)

* "Adopting the view explained in the last note as to the stepping-stones, the position of the 'Faëry Chasm,' which has often caused perplexity, becomes clear. It must be looked for not below but considerably above Seathwaite, amd is, in fact, the very next striking feature that occurs after the stepping-stones at Black Hall are passed. It is, I believe, the rocky gorge which is crossed by Birks Brig.

"The stream is here precipitated down a series of falls, and at the same time is forced into a much narrower channel than it has hitherto occupied. In its downward course it is thrust from side to side in a series of rebounds, the effect being that the flood is churned into a mass of foam, while the rocks between which it is driven are scooped and chiselled into the most

Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh! where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in character?—
Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.*

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on!
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure,
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!

---

fantastic shapes—basins and niches, caverns and arches, and pillars with an odd spiral twist. Anything of a more elfin character could hardly be conceived.

"The turbulence of the water as it descends towards the bridge is very well expressed in the charming little sketch given at page 245 of Mrs Lynn Linton's *Lake Country*, but the cleft itself is not there represented. Of that, or a part of it, an illustration has been given by Mr Chattock in his etchings of the River Duddon, published this year (1884) by the Fine Art Society.

"Neither Mr Chattock nor Mrs Lynn Linton has, however, identified the spot with the 'Faëry Chasm.' Mr Chattock associates it with Sonnet XX., though the imagery of that sonnet must, as he himself confesses, have been 'inspired by some scene farther down the river,' while Mrs Lynn Linton (p. 251) finds the 'Faëry Chasm' at Gowdrel Crag—too vast an abyss, I think, for faëry scenes, besides that it has another sonnet (Sonnet XII.) belonging to it.

"I could not learn that any faëry tradition was associated with either place."—(Mr Rix.)

* "Immediately after leaving Birks Brig the stream plunges into a gorge—the 'deep-worn channel' of this sonnet. By dint of wading and clambering, all the picturesque features described in the sonnet may be seen, though it is not possible to penetrate the gorge to any very great

Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!—
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret![1]

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.*

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre,[2] and spouting mill!
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,

[1] 1827.
Leave them—and, if thou canst, without regret! 1820.

[2] 1837.
Cluster'd with barn and byer, . . . 1820.

distance, and the traveller is forced at last to resume the road. The channel is so deep and confined that the stream cannot be seen from the road, and this is the first time since leaving the source that the Duddon is lost to sight. It is this fact which gives rise to the concluding lines of the sonnet:—

"Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!"
—(Mr Rix.)

* "In determining the spot to which this sonnet belongs two conditions have to be satisfied. In the first place, Seathwaite must be seen from it; and, in the second, there must be an open prospect of fields. Now, from Cockley Beck to Ulpha there is no single spot upon the road satisfying these two conditions. Unless the line of the river is entirely abandoned, and some point of view high up on the fells is taken, there is, I believe, only one station in all the valley which supplies them, and that is the summit of a rock called in maps and guide-books 'Pen Crag,' but which the dalesmen always call simply '*The Pen.*' There is an additional reason

Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore

---

for regarding the Pen as the station whence Wordsworth viewed his 'open prospect,' namely, that the point from which the ascent of the crag is most conveniently made is identical with the point where the Duddon makes his second plunge into a rocky abyss, which plunge is signalised in the very next sonnet (XIV.) Thus, at the very spot where the poet is enabled to gain a view of 'the haunts of men,' 'some awful Spirit' impels the torrent 'utterly to desert' those haunts, and to make a second plunge into the wilderness. An increased significance is thus given to each of the sonnets (XIII. and XIV.) by the juxtaposition of the localities which they describe.

"I should explain, in connection with this, that the Pen stands in the centre of the valley, a prominent and inviting look-out, and that the easy slope, by which it is on one side ascended, rises from the high-road, so that anybody who cares for views at all—and Wordsworth above all people—would not think of passing by without climbing to such an obvious point of vantage.

"The 'one small hamlet' (line 2) is Seathwaite, which lies just below the Pen.

"The 'barn and byre'' (line 3) must have belonged to Newfield, the only farmhouse in the foreground.

"The 'spouting mill' (line 3) is now a ruin. In Wordsworth's time it was in full work. Later (in the autumn of 1842), when it was visited by James Thorne, the wheel was broken, the machinery decaying, and the roof partly fallen in. At the present time, wheel, machinery, and roof have totally disappeared, and there is nothing to indicate that it ever was a mill. It was only by inquiring of the older inhabitants that I learnt these ruined walls standing by the Beck represent that 'mill for spinning yarn,' of which Wordsworth says that it calls to mind 'the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society.' The ruin stands on the Tarn Beck, a few yards below Seathwaite Chapel, and on the other side of the stream.

"The last three lines of the sonnet,

While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale, etc.,

are probably an allusion to the Inn which, in Wordsworth's time, was to be found here. This is now a farmstead. It is called Newfield, and is just below Seathwaite Chapel. In Wordsworth's day it was inn and farm combined.

"Mr Malleson, in the article quoted above, appears (p. 576) to regard the green slope ascending towards Seathwaite Tarn, which opens on the left about a mile before the traveller reaches Seathwaite Chapel, as the 'Open Prospect'; but, though the fields here are certainly 'sprinkled o'er with dwellings,' the juxtaposition of the 'hamlet,' the 'barn and byre,' and the 'spouting mill' is wanting, and the allusion to the inn loses its point."—(Mr Rix.)

By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,*
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

This sonnet was first published in the small two-volume edition of the *Poems* in 1807, and was therefore written during or before 1807. In the present edition, however, it was not printed amongst the poems belonging to that year, since its appropriate place is manifestly in the series of sonnets relating to the River Duddon—ED.

XV.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold

* See the previous note.—ED.

Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold; *
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge pass'd?

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while,

* "The 'deep chasm' of this sonnet is identical with the 'passage cleft through the wilderness' of Sonnet XIV. It lies between the Pen on the left hand, and Wallabarrow Crag on the right. As to the *niche*, which forms the subject of the sonnet, it cannot now be identified. There are, of course, plenty of such niches in the crags which tower above the Duddon just here, but none more striking than the rest. From the fact that it was 'free from shrubs and mosses grey,' one may perhaps infer that it was a place in the cliff from which a mass of rock had recently fallen. The bed of the stream just here is a chaos of such masses of rock, some of them being of enormous size.

"Mr Chattock identifies the 'chasm' with that at Gowdrel, higher up the river—a view which, besides breaking the order of the sonnets, would seem to be excluded by Wordsworth's note on Sonnets XVII. and XVIII., wherein he expressly states that the scenery 'which gave occasion to the sonnets *from the 14th to the 20th inclusive*,' lies about Seathwaite. Mr Chattock's remark that 'the rocks are columnar in character,' so that the fall of a fragment readily gives rise to the appearance of an elongated 'niche,' is worthy of note. It would probably apply to either chasm."—(Mr Rix.)

Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant,—Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified!*

* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.—W. W.

"I cannot quit this first link (the finding of a piece of gold) of the mountains of Encaramada without recalling to mind a fact that was not unknown to Father Gili, and which was often mentioned to me during our abode in the Missions of the Orinoco. The natives of those countries have retained the belief that, 'at the time of the great waters, when their fathers were forced to have recourse to boats to escape the general inundation, the waves of the sea beat against the rocks of Encaramada.' This belief is not confined to one nation singly, the Tamanacs; it makes part of a system of historical tradition, of which we find scattered notions among the Maypures of the great cataracts, among the Indians of the Rio Erevato, which runs into the Caura, and among almost all the tribes of the Upper Orinoco. When the Tamanacs are asked how the human race survived this great Deluge, the 'age of water' of the Mexicans, they say, 'a man and a woman saved themselves on a high mountain, called Tamanacu, situated on the banks of the Asiveru, and casting behind them, over their heads, the fruits of the Mauritia palm-tree, they saw the seeds contained in those fruits produce men and women, who re-peoplod the earth.' Thus we find in all its simplicity, among nations now in a savage state, a tradition which the Greeks embellished with all the charms of imagination! A few leagues from Encaramada, a rock, called *Tepu-mereme*, or 'the painted rock,' rises in the midst of the Savannah. Upon it are traced representations of animals, and symbolic figures resembling those we saw in going down the Orinoco, at a small distance below Encaramada, near the town Caycara. Similar rocks in Africa are called by travellers *fetish-stones*. I shall not make use of this term, because fetishism does not prevail among the natives of the Orinoco; and the figures of stars, of the sun, of tigers, and of crocodiles, which we found traced upon the rocks in spots now uninhabited, appeared to me in no way to denote the objects of worship of those nations. Between the banks of the Cassiquiare and the Orinoco, between Encaramada, the Capuchino, and Caycara, these hieroglyphic figures are often seen at great heights, on rocky cliffs which could be accessible only by constructing very lofty scaffolds. When the natives are asked how those figures could have been sculptured, they answer with a smile, as if relating a fact of which only a white man could be ignorant, that 'at the period of the great waters, their fathers went to that height in boats.'"—Extract from *Humboldt's Travels*, Vol. II., chap. iv., pp. 182, 183 (Bohn's).—Ed.

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching [1] while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Slept amid [2] that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars:
Or, near [3] that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came!

[1] 1827.
That slept so calmly . . . . . 1820.

[2] 1827.
These couch'd 'mid . . . . . 1820.

[3] 1827.
These near . . . . 1820.

The eagle requires a large domain for its support; but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steeps of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over the Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal Lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot, and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—

The Roman Forte here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquaries, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. —The Druidical Circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "*Sunken Church*."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing sonnets (which together may be considered as a poem), will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive "Guide to the Lakes," lately published:—'The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the river Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful varity of hill and dale, wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

'The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water.'—*Vide* Green's *Guide to the Lakes*, Vol. I. pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of

sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature every where, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging 'good-morrows' as he passed the open doors; but at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished!*"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr Green truly says, 'are happily adapted to the many-shaped water-falls' (or rather water breaks, for none of them are high) 'displayed in the short space of half a mile.' That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. 'The concussion,' says Mr Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), 'was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds.'—W. W., 1820.

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.*

SACRED Religion ? 'mother of form and fear,'
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper:
Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here)[1]
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew
Whose good works formed an endless retinue
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse pourtrays;[2] †
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew; ‡
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise! §

[1] 1837.

. . . . . the fickle worshipper;
If one strong wish may be embosomed here, 1820.

[2] 1845.

Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays; 1820.

* "Seathwaite Chapel has been rebuilt. It may be worth mentioning that there is a woodcut of the original structure at p. 23 of Thorne's *Rambles by Rivers* (12mo, London, 1844), and a good engraving in the Rev. Canon Parkinson's *Old Church Clock* (5th edition, 1880, p. 99). The Parsonage, too, has been enlarged. It was formerly a mere cottage, with a peat-house at one end and an out-house of some kind at the other. These have been removed, and additions made to the dwelling at both ends. The brass in the church to the memory of Wonderful Walker was taken from the tombstone—the gap left by it is on the under side. The stone has been turned over, and a new inscription cut."—(Mr Rix.)

† The allusion is to the description of the "poure persoun of a toun" in the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, st. 477-528.—ED.

‡ See George Herbert's *Priest to the Temple*.—ED.

§ The reference is to the lines in *The Deserted Village*—

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year."—ED.

To return to Seathwaite churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the seventh book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

'A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground:'—

and some account of his life,* for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-Crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar;* for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a 'Gentleman' in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same—*viz.*, five

* 1827. An abstract of his character is given in the author's poem of the Excursion; and some account of his life. 1820.

pounds *per annum:* but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the help-mate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and nineteen years afterwards his situation is thus described in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

'To Mr ——.

'*Coniston*, July 26, 1754.

'SIR,—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teazing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen, or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself.' * * *

Then follows a letter from another person dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and I believe the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour

and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

From the Rev. Robert Walker.

"Sir,—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then lying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful, children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £17, of which is paid in cash, viz., £5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and £5 from W. P., Esq. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £3; but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in freewill offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the Established Church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had

the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me out of the late worthy Dr Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

"R. W., Curate of S——,

"To Mr C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself: 'If he,' meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, 'had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both.' And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:

'My Lord,—I have the favour of yours of the 1st inst., and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid.' And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, 'desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men.'

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

'May it please your Grace,—Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business

regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

'The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th inst., so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to Your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant,

'ROBERT WALKER.'

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in his hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half-a-guinea may be left for 'little Robert's pocket-money,' who was then at school; entrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, 'may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly,' and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so charac-

teristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. 'We,' meaning his wife and himself, 'are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours; let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

'ROBERT WALKER.'

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than £2000; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz., between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense,

that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasion. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family, and a cow towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision: the

hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, 'from wanting the necessaries of life,' but afforded them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

No one it might be thought could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstance apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy 'he never sent empty away,' the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale, —the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly state of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his goodwill and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his

family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious:—'There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty.'

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due* under the title of Church-stock;† a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor

* To pay, or be distrained upon, for the accustomed annual interest due from them, among others. 1820.

† Mr Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distrain for dues which the parties liable refused to pay as a point of conscience. 1827.

than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blameable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

'Oh, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!'

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet inclosure of consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair, is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the

subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the Christian Remembrancer, October 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

'His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations. * * *

'He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing, till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold damp place, he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain's side.

* * * * * *

'It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slided behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds; the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful

information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

* * * * * *

'Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr Walker. * * * He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure : and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr Walker.

* * * * * *

'Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered : he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.' *

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish-register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

'Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great

* The paragraphs from 'With pleasure' (p. 335) to 'to the grave' (p. 336) were omitted in the editions of 1820 and 1827.—Ed.

As are his mounting wishes; but for me
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.
HENRY FOREST, Curate.'

'Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.'

'Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age.'

'This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, curate of Loweswater. Y^{e} said 9th of May, y^{e} said Mr. Curwen went to the office and saw my name registered there, etc. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

'Hæc testor H. FOREST.'

In another place he records, that the sycamore trees were planted in the church-yard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish-register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:—

'Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.'—W.W., 1820.

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.*

MY frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their aëry height

* "The 'tributary stream,' which forms the subject of this sonnet, is the Tarn Beck, which rises in Seathwaite Tarn, and joins the Duddon just opposite Newfield. Seathwaite Chapel itself is not on the Duddon, but on the Tarn Beck. The sonnet gives a perfect description of its leading characteristics.

"Mr Chattock has given an etching of the Tarn."—(Mr Rix.)

Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.*

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,

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* "The term *Donnerdale* (now usually spelt *Dunnerdale*) is strictly applied to the district on the east bank of the Duddon from Broughton up to Ulpha Bridge, and extending thence parallel to Seathwaite, from which it is divided by fells. Guide-books sometimes apply the term to the whole valley of the Duddon, but this is entirely wrong; the term is never used by the inhabitants as applicable to the upper or confined part of the valley. Donnerdale does not join the Duddon valley until you get below Seathwaite, and is therefore correctly used by Wordsworth to indicate the open plain of the lower stream.

"*Hall Dunnerdale*, sometimes shortened into *Dunnerdale*, is a hamlet on the high-road between Seathwaite and Ulpha. From a bridge just below this hamlet the characteristics of the stream at this part of its course may best be noted. Indeed, so strikingly does the scene at this point agree with the description of Sonnet XX. that one is tempted to think that from this bridge the sketch must have been made. The water on each side of it is perfectly still; a little way up the stream and down it is just broken into ripples, and that is all—a great contrast to the Duddon as we have hitherto known it! The banks are thickly wooded with oak, ash, beech, alder, sycamore, and larch; the hills are lower and greener than the fells farther up the valley, and for the moment we might almost think we had been transported to the banks of the Wey, and were looking upon a Surrey landscape. But this, as the sonnet says, is not to last long,

Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains
Will soon be broken ;—a rough course remains,[1]
Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

XXI.

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ; *
Some who had early mandates to depart,

[1] 1820.

. . . . . For a course remains, MS.

—" a rough course remains, rough as the past." Before we reach Ulpha Bridge " suspended animation is again succeeded by the clamorous war of stones and waters, which assail the ear of the traveller all the way to Duddon Bridge." †—(Mr Rix.)

* See the Fenwick note prefixed to this poem.—ED.

† Green's *Comprehensive Guide to the Lakes*, quoted in Whellan's *History and Topography*, p. 59.

[Concerning the limits of Dunnerdale, the Rev. S. R. M. Walker, Vicar of Seathwaite, in answer to a question on the subject, writes as follows :—

" SEATHWAITE VICARAGE, *June* 21, 1883.

" DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised at our topographical divisions giving a stranger difficulty. They belong to the cross kind. Thus, Dunnerdale (as it is now here usually spelled) forms an integral part of the civil division, or township, of Dunnerdale and Seathwaite, whilst ecclesiastically it is attached, not to Seathwaite, but to the ecclesiastical parish or district of Broughton-in-Furness ; Seathwaite, Broughton-in-Furness, and Woodland (now all separate benefices), being so many outlying parts of the ancient ecclesiastical and civil parish of Kirkby-Ireleth. Dunnerdale itself is the name given to the district which lies on the east or Lancashire bank of the Duddon, from a point a few yards south of Ulpha bridge till it meets the boundary of Broughton proper, or the right bank of the Lickle, a small tributary of the Duddon, the main portion of it being enclosed in a little valley parallel to that of the Duddon. The fells bounding it do, on the more northern part, form a line of division from Seathwaite. . . .

To HERBERT RIX, Esq. " S. R. M. WALKER."]

Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recal
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII.

TRADITION.*

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime
Derives its name, reflected as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:

* "This tradition appears to have completely died out. I asked many old inhabitants of the place if they had ever heard such a story, but it was quite new to them.

"The scene of the tragedy is not, however, very difficult to identify. There are very few 'hidden pools' in this part of the stream; it is mostly a shallow, brawling brook. I have carefully tracked the stream from Donnerdale Bridge to Ulpha Bridge, and can only find two places which at all answer to the description given in the sonnet. One of these is opposite the 'Traveller's Rest' inn, the other, known as 'Long Dub,' is a little higher up. This latter is a deep and placid pool, situated half way down a curious corridor, where the stream flows for some distance in a straight line between walls of rough mountain slate, the strata having been tilted almost at right angles to their natural position. Here a little rill tumbles into the Duddon by a miniature cascade, and the pool is sheltered and darkened by oak and beech—a not unlikely spot to have inspired the sonnet."—(Mr Rix.)

The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish ;—shall she plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear
As this we look on. Distant Mountains hear,[1]
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive[2]
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

[1] 1845.

Sad thoughts, avaunt!—the fervour of the year,
Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites
To laving currents, for prelusive rites
Duly performed before the Dales-men shear
Their panting charge. The distant Mountains hear,
1820.

[2] 1845.

Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive 1820.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed,
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbour—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here[1] wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
Rough ways my steps have trod; too rough and long
For her companionship; here dwells soft ease:

[1] 1837.
There . . . . 1820.

With sweets that[1] she partakes not some distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong;
Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste
Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI.

Return, Content! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and truant joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII.

Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold;
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep

[1] 1837.
With sweets which . . . . . 1820.

Of winds—though winds were silent—struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
Its line of Warriors fled;—they shrunk when tried
By ghostly power:—but Time's unsparing hand
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.*

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* Sonnet No. XXVII. having been first published in *The Waggoner* and other poems (1819), was not reprinted in either of the editions of 1820. It was 'taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall,' as is explained in the Fenwick note, p. 301.—ED.

"Sonnets XXIV. to XXVII. appear to have been written in one spot, —some 'Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed.' If the poet has strictly retained in the sonnets the order in which the places lie upon the river-bank, this nook must be within a stone's throw of the pool mentioned in the preceding note, for the scenes of Sonnets XXIX. and XXXI. are close at hand. But, though there are plenty of such 'grottos' or 'arbours' here, some difficulty arises from the fact that the Old Hall and ruined keep cannot be seen from this part of the stream, nor, indeed, can they be seen from Ulpha itself, nor from any part of the high road. The height upon which the ruin stands is certainly a prominent feature in the landscape, but the ruin itself is completely hidden by a shoulder of the hill, neither can the hill by any stretch of the imagination be called a 'cliff.'

"The only point of view from which the castle appears to stand upon a 'cliff' is reached by a footpath near some copper works, about half way up Holehouse Gill. Here you see the ruin at the end (or rather *bend*) of the Gill high up above your head, the sides of the ravine rising steeply to its walls. Holehouse Gill is thickly wooded, so that this may very possibly be the poet's 'dim retreat,' the chief objection being that the Gill lies below Ulpha Kirk, and that the order of the sonnets would thus be broken.

"But wherever the poet's 'nook' may have been, there can be little doubt that the fragment of masonry near the farmhouse called 'The Old Hall,' represents the 'embattled house' of Sonnet XXVII., for Broughton Tower, the only other fortified house in the valley, is still some miles away, and the rising ground upon which it stands is no cliff, but a mere undulation in the centre of the nether valley. Of the Castle at the head of Holehouse Gill there is little enough remaining—less, even, than in Wordsworth's day, for a woman living in a cottage close by it assured me that she could remember when there was much more of it standing than at the present time. The cause to which she assigned its rapid disappearance was not, however, the same as that assigned in the first two lines of the sonnet. According to her, natural decay

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay;
Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

---

had less to do with it than the destructive hands of the dalesmen, who pulled the stones down to mend the fell-walls with. A native of Ulpha added that a new barn was built for the adjoining farmhouse some little time since, and that a great part of the materials doubtless came from the old ruin.

"There is still one room standing. The walls of it are 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet in thickness. There are three small square windows splayed inwards, and a doorway now partly blocked up with loose stones. None of these have arches, but flat tops, formed in each case by one large slab of stone. There is a fireplace about 6 feet long by 12 feet high, with a wide chimney.

"The building, of which this is the only fragment remaining *in situ*, is said to have been the seat of the Lords of Ulpha.

"As to the ghostly tradition embodied in Sonnet XXVII. Wordsworth himself has explained (see Introductory Note to the Duddon Sonnets, Centenary Edition) that it was borrowed from Rydal Hall. But the 'Old Hall' has a weird tradition of its own, for in the bottom of the Gill beneath the Castle walls, there is a pool, called 'The Lady's Dub,' where in old times a lady was killed by one of the numerous wolves which formerly infested the region. This is, in fact, the origin, according to some of the inhabitants, of the name 'Ulpha' ('Wolfa'). But a more likely derivation seems to be from Ulf, the father of Ketell, the father of Bennett, the

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
Tells that [1] their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurped; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.*

[1] 1827.
Nor that . . . . 1820.

father of Allan. Ketell lived in Henry III.'s reign, and Bennett in King John's, and to their ancestor Ulf the lordship of 'Ulphay' was granted.†

"Mr Chattock has given an excellent etching of the ruin."—(Mr Rix.)

* "Leaving the pool described in the note on Sonnet XXII. and keeping down the left bank of the Duddon, the traveller will presently be stopped by an insurmountable stone wall. Let him turn his back upon the stream, and follow this wall for some distance, till he comes to a small enclosure (44 feet square), with two old fir-trees and a quantity of laurels. Here let him pause, for this, I have little doubt, is the scene of Sonnet XXIX.

"The enclosure in question is near a farmhouse, called New Close, and it is known to the country people as The Sepulchre (pronounced by them Se*pul*chre). It is an old burial-place of the Society of Friends, none having been interred here since 1755, when a Friend from Birker, a small hamlet about four miles distant, was here buried.‡

"The following two lines literally describe the condition of the little burial-ground:—

Yet to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn;—

the earth is 'blank,' because there is not a single tombstone, and the graves

† Mr J. Denton, quoted in Whellan's *History and Topography*, p. 410.
‡ *Furness and Furness Abbey*, by Francis Evans (8vo, Ulverston, 1842), p. 180.

XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:—
Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride;
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.*

XXXI.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky: †

are (at any rate at the present time) most literally 'neglected and forlorn,' for the place is a tangle of rank grass and untrimmed bushes.

"About the year 1842 it was planted with fruit-trees, but when Wordsworth saw it, it probably presented much the same appearance as at present.

"The opening lines—

No record tells of lance opposed to lance, etc.,

and indeed the whole sonnet obtains a new significance from the association of the spot which it describes with the *men of peace*."—(Mr Rix.)

* Compare the Fenwick note prefixed to these sonnets.—ED.

† "Ulpha Kirk is situated on a rock, the base of which is washed by

Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

---

the Duddon. From time immemorial its walls have been whitewashed, so that on a sunny day it *literally* 'shines' from its exalted position. It is best seen from the hay-fields on the left bank just above Ulpha Bridge. These fields lie low, and the church perched on its rock seems lifted higher than from any other point of view.

"When I visited Ulpha in the summer of 1882 I found the carpenters at work restoring it, and since then a new belfry has been erected, and the tiny white porch has been replaced by a larger one of wood. But I saw it in 1881, when the interior, as well as the exterior, still kept the appearance which it wore in Wordsworth's day. The pulpit (with sounding-board) was in the middle of one side, and to the right hand thereof were a magnificent lion-and-unicorn, and 'G. III. R.' The font was up against the wall, with a ladder hung above it. There was no vestry; the surplice was kept in a cupboard near the door, and the clergyman donned and doffed it behind a screen which only partially hid him. The pews were square and high, and the people sat all round them, with their backs to all four points of the compass; but when the hymn was sung they all turned with their backs to the altar and their faces to the choir.

"In conclusion, I would venture to point out that the series of sonnets follows with some accuracy the order of the scenes. It is far from exact to speak of them, as Mr Chattock in his preliminary note has so emphatically done, as '*massed together*.' With the doubtful exceptions of the sonnets on the 'Stepping-Stones' and the 'Resting-Place,' each one falls naturally into its order. The Birth-place on Wrynose, the 'sinuous lapse' along the pass, the Descent into the Valley, the Cottage at Cockley Beck, Gowdrel Crag, Wallabarrow and the Pen, Seathwaite Chapel, the Tributary Stream, Long Dub, the Sepulchre at New Close, Ulpha Kirk, Duddon Sands—to all these places there are clear allusions; the sonnets which contain those allusions occur in the order indicated, and this order is the strict geographical succession proceeding from the source of the Duddon to the mouth."—(Mr Rix.)

XXXII.

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
Held; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink and forget their nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands *
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.

* Compare Michael Drayton—

"But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bordering Lands,
Where *Duddon* driving down to the *Lancastrian* Sands,
This *Cumberland* cuts out," &c.

Poly-olbion. The thirtieth song.—Ed.

And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee:
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;[1]*
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

[1] 1820.

. . . . and shall not cease to glide; 1827.
The text of 1832 returns to that of 1820.

---

* Compare *The Fountain*,

"'Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows." (Vol. II. p. 77.)

And Tennyson's *Brook*,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever." —ED.

'*We feel that we are greater than we know.*'

'And feel that I am happier than I know.'—Milton.*

The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.—W.W., 1820.

I am indebted to Professor Jebb for the following note:—

"'While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,

. . . .

. . . must vanish, . . .'

has been suggested by the well-known lines in the 'Επιτάφιον Βίωνος, by the pastoral poet Moschus of Syracuse (circ. 200 B.C.):—

'*αἶ, αἶ, ταὶ μαλάχαι μέν, ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται,*
ἠ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα, τότ' εὐθαλὲς οὖλον ἄνηθον,
ὕστερον αὖ ζώοντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
ἄμμες δ', οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὁππότε πρᾶτα θάνωμεν, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.'

—(Vv. 103-108.)

"You will see that Wordsworth has *translated* the Greek verse which I underline ('brave' representing *μεγάλοι*). The 'mallows,' 'parsley,' 'anise' of the Greek poet's garden—which are to live again—are represented by Wordsworth's stream which 'shall for ever glide.'

"One might *contrast* the lines in the 'Christian Year' about the autumn leaves:—

'How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second life have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,
Is all their fortune, and they ask no more.'"

—Ed.

POSTSCRIPT.

1820.

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be,† thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"The rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

---

* Paradise Lost, VIII., 282.—Ed.

† John Dyer. *The Ruins of Rome*, 4to, Lond., 1740.—Ed.

and ends thus—

"The setting sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that these poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground preoccupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these sonnets may remind Mr Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?*——There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to another;" and, I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil,† down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong,‡ and the

* Compare p. 213, "Why is the harp of Quantock silent."—Ed.

† See Georgics, II. 486.—Ed.

‡ Armstrong's "apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth" is in his *Art of Preserving Health* (Book II., l. 355-364)—

"I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruined cliffs.

simple ejaculation of Burns* (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"),

> "The Muse nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
> Adown some trotting burn's meander,
> AND NA' THINK LANG."

With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here vents the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn."—ED.

* From his Address, *To W. Simpson, Ochiltree*, st. 15.—ED.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

(See p. 13.)

As Wordsworth tells us in the Fenwick note to *Laodamia*, that "it cost him more trouble than almost anything of equal length he had ever written," and as there are many incomplete passages and suppressed readings amongst his MSS., the two following stanzas—intended at first to follow the second stanza in the poem as it now stands—may be given in a supplementary note.

"That rapture failing, the distracted Queen
Knelt, and embraced the Statue of the God:
'Mighty the boon I ask, but Earth has seen
Effects as awful from thy gracious nod;
All-ruling Jove, unbind the mortal chain,
Nor let the force of prayer be spent in vain!'

"Round the high-scaled Temple a soft breeze
Along the column sighed—all else was still—
Mute, vacant as the face of summer seas,
No sign accorded of a favouring will.
Dejected she withdraws—her palace-gate
Enters—and, traversing a room of state,

"O terror!" &c., &c.,

NOTE B.

(See p. 47).

The *Dedication* to *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1815, was published in Vol. IV., along with the poem itself, which belongs to the year 1807. But as I have lately had access to a MS. copy of this *Dedication*, which differs considerably from the final text, and was probably the first draft of the poem, it may be printed as a note in the Appendix to this Volume. In the MS. I refer to, it is called *Epistle Dedicatory*.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,

Oft in some bowers, with clustering roses gay,
Or happy by the blazing winter fire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul, in sad attire,
The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth,
To seek her knight went wandering o'er the earth

Ah, then, Belovèd, pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that Emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb, which in a line she led,
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught
Mid the green bower, and in our rustic Cell;
Till we by lamentable change were taught
That bliss with mortal man may not abide,
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied! *

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute:
But as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing spirit failed not to bestow
Its timely influence—promising fair fruit
Of pensive pleasure and serene content,
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell,

---

* Another version of this stanza follows:—
But like a wreath, composed of bud and bell,
Spring's flowery garland, in a whirlwind caught,
Or like the warblings of a sea-nymph's shell
When the distempered air with storms is fraught;
Those pleasures vanished from our rustic cell,
And we by lamentable change were taught
That bliss with mortal man may not abide,
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

. . . .

Then, too, this Song *of mine* once more could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

. . . .

This tragic story cheered us, for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose,
And of the high reward which conscience seeks
A bright encouraging example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes,
A tale which now, dear helpmate, I present
To thee and to the world with pure intent.*

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Belovèd Wife! such solace to impart,
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

NOTE C.

(See pp. 48-59.)

The various (tentative) versions of *Artegal and Elidure*—especially of some of the stanzas—are more numerous than in the case of any other poem I have seen in MS., and several of these may be given in the Appendix to this Volume.

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* Two variations of the last couplet follow in the MS.:—

And therefore not unfitted to impress
On happier hours a holier happiness.

Hence, not for those unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

STANZA I.

Where be the Temples which in Albion's Isle,
As stories tell, the Trojan Brutus reared?
The form and substance of each stately pile
Were gone, the very dust had disappeared;
Ere Julius reached the white-cliffed shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To utter dissolution, whence I ween
A general doubt prevails, if such have ever been.

Sunk are the Temples which, as stories tell,
In Britain's Isle the Trojan Brutus reared,
For his transplanted Gods therein to dwell?
Ere Julius landed on the white-cliffed shore,
The sacred structures were delivered o'er
To utter desolation, whence I ween
A general doubt prevails if such have ever been.

Where be the Temples which in Britain's Isle,
As legends tell, the Trojan Founder reared?
Gone like a dream of morning, or a pile
{Of glittering clouds that in the East appeared,}
{Of gorgeous clouds that in the west appeared.}
E'er Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution, and I ween
No vestige there was left that such had ever been.

STANZA II.

Yet in unvanquished Cambria lay concealed
'Mid Snowdon's forests, or by Vaga's springs,
A Book whose leaves to later times revealed
The {mighty / wondrous} course of these forgotten things,
How Brutus sailed, by oracles impelled,
And hideous giants quelled,
A Brood whom no civility could melt,
Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt.

Yet in the wilds of Cambria lay concealed
By *Snowdon's* forests or by *Vaga's* springs,
A Book whose leaves to later time revealed
The wondrous course of {those / long} forgotten things;
How Brutus came, &c.

A British record that had lain concealed
In old Armorica (whose sacred springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The wondrous course of those forgotten things;
How Brutus came, &c.

STANZA III.

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued
And rooted out the intolerable kind,
And this too long-polluted soil imbued
With { gentle / goodly } arts, and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
{ And for soft pleasures, bowers, / And pleasures { fragrant / leafy } bowers }
Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,
Friendship that will not break, and love that cannot roam.

STANZA IV.

O happy Britain! region all too fair
For fondly-favouring Nature to endure
. . . .
. . . .
Lurked many a poisonous weed;

STANZA VI.

Who has not wept the wrongs of aged Lear
By his ungrateful daughter turned adrift.
Hear him, ye elements!—they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift,
But One there is, a child of nature meek,
Who comes her sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a { happy / passing } rest.

STANZA VII.

{ Honoured, for ever honoured be the page, / Prized be the Book, and honoured the Page, }
When England's Darling found a basis laid
To those dread scenes which on the tragic stay
To trembling multitudes his art displayed;
And to { that chronicle / the same for this } be praise decreed

That there men first did read
Of Merlin's insight into future years,
And all the mighty feats of Arthur and his peers.

STANZA VIII.

What wonder, then, if 'mid the vast domain
Of that rich Volume, one particular Flower
Hath breathed its fragrance seemingly in vain
And bloomed unnoticed even to this late hour,
Ye gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden pure of poesy,
Small garden which I tend in all humility.

The following (suppressed) Stanza followed No. X.

The winds and waves have aided him to reach
That coast, the object of his heart's desire,
But, while the crownless sovereign trod the beach,
His eyeballs kindle with resentful ire,
As if incensed with all that he beholds,
Dark fields, and naked wolds,
And these few Followers, a helpless band
That to his fortunes cleave, and wait on his command.

STANZA XI.

{ "Bear with me, Friends," said Artegal ashamed, }
{ "Forgive this passion," Artegal exclaimed, }
And, as he spake, they dive into a wood,
And from its shady boughs protection claimed,
For light he fears, and open neighbourhood.
How changed from him who born to highest place
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat, by silver Thames's side.

STANZA XII.

Oft by imaginary terrors scared,
And sometimes into real dangers brought,
To Calaterium's forest he repaired,
And in its depth secure a refuge sought,
Thence to a few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends,
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the amount of his desires.

STANZA XIII.

With his attendants here at break of morn,
Wandering by stealth abroad he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky Boar hath fled in fear,
And, &c.

STANZA XV.

. . . .

Feebly returned by { wandering / trembling } Artegal,

. . . .

STANZA XVI.

{ Heir of Gorbonian ! Brother gladly met. }
{ Gorbonian's heir, my brother gladly met. }

STANZA XXIV.

And what if o'er this bright unbosoming
A cloud of time, and envious fortune past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By noontide darkness veiled and overcast?
The lakes that glittered like a sunbright shield,
        The sky, the gay green field,
All vanish in a moment, as if night
Were sister to the sun, and darkness born of light.

STANZA XXV.

But should the sun victorious glimmer forth,
Far brighter seems the wide world than before :
Such power is latent in my native worth,
To spread delight and joy from shore to shore :
For past misdeeds how grateful to atone,
        Re-seated on thy throne,
Give proof that long adversity, and pain,
And sorrow have confirmed thy inborn right to reign.

From STANZA XXVII. to end.

The story tells that Artegal away
Was by his brother privily conveyed
To a far distant city (at that day
Alclwyd named), whose fortress undismayed
By the hostility of mortals stood
        In sight of field and flood,
Obnoxious only on the lofty Rock
To the careering storm, and perilous lightning stroke.

When this impregnable retreat was gained,
In prudent furtherance of his just intent,
King Elidure a mortal illness feigned,
And to his mightiest Lords a summons sent
Softly, and one by one into the gloom,
(As suits a sick man's room),
The attendants introduced each potent peer,
There, singly and alone, his sovereign will to hear.

Said Elidure, Behold our rightful King,
The banished Artegal, before thee stands:
Kneel, and renew to him the offering
Of thy allegiance; justice this demands,
Immortal justice, speaking through my voice,
Accept him, and rejoice.
. . . . he will prove
Worthier than I have been of reverence and love.

If firm command and mild persuasion failed
To change the temper of an adverse mind,
With such by other engines he prevailed,
Threatening to fling their bodies to the wind
From the dread summit of the lonely block,
That castle-crested Rock,
Alclywyd then, but now Dunbarton named,
A memorable crag through spacious Albion famed.

Departing thence, to York their way they bent,
While the glad people flowers before them strewed,
And then King Elidure with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude
Upon his brother's head he placed the crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Triumph of justice, and affection pure,
Whence he the title gained of "pious Elidure."

The people answered with a loud acclaim,
Through admiration of the heroic deed.
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed
Of vice, henceforth unable to control
The motions of his soul.
{ And when he died, the worthy and the brave
Shed tears of fond regret upon his honoured grave.
Long did he reign: and, when he died, the tear
Of fond regret was shed upon his honoured bier. }

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved.
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin in deadly battle met),
With duty weighed, and faithful love did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And from this triumph of affection pure,
He won the lasting name of pious Elidure.

NOTE D.

(See p. 100.)

I am somewhat doubtful if the lines given in so many editions as "composed on leaving school," and which were first published in 1815, were originally written as they are printed in that and other editions. In a MS. book of the Poet's containing parts of *Laodamia*, *Artegal and Elidure*, *Black Comb*, the "Dedication" to *The White Doe*, &c., &c., the following version of this poem "composed on leaving school" is given:—

Dear native Regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, when the close of life draws dear,
And I must quit this earthly sphere,
If in that hour a tender tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus when the sun prepared for rest
Hath reached the precincts of the west,
Though no . . . can fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

NOTE E.

(See p. 107.)

In an unpublished letter from Miss Wordsworth to Henry Crabbe Robinson, dated December 21, 1822, a different version of this sonnet occurs:—

. . . . . . "I will transcribe a sonnet which he [her brother] felt himself called upon to write in justification of the Russians,

whom he felt he had injured by not giving them *their* share in the overthrow of Buonaparte, in conjunction with the elements. . . .

> "By self-deserted Moscow—by the blaze
> Of that dread sacrifice—by Russian blood
> Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood—
> The impassive elements no claim shall raise
> To rob our human nature of her praise—
> Enough was done, and suffered to insure
> Final deliverance, absolute and pure;
> Enough for faith, tracking the beaten ways
> Of Providence. But now did the Most High
> Exalt his still small voice, his wrath enshroud,
> And lay his justice bare to mortal eye;
> He who, of yore, by miracle spake aloud
> As openly that purpose here avowed,
> Which only madness ventures to defy."

NOTE E.*

(See pp. 196 and 292.)

The following Itinerary of the Continental Tour of 1820 was appended by Miss Wordsworth to the first volume of her Journal of that Tour. As formerly, I retain her spelling of the names of places.—Ed.

London.
Rochester.
Canterbury.
Dover, slept.
Calais.
Gravelines, 3 postes.
Dunkerque, 2½.
Furnes, 3¼.
Guistelles, 3½.
Bruges, 2¾, one night.
Ghent, by canal, one night.
Quadrecht, 1½.
Alost, 2.
Brussels, 3½, late arrival, stayed two nights.
Genappe, 2½.
Sanbreffe, 2½.
Namur, 2¾, late arrival.
Huy, 3½.
Liege, 5¼, two stages.
Batiste, 2¾.
Aix la Chapelle, 3.
Juliers, 3½.
Bergheim, 2¾.
Cologne, 3, after sunset. Two nights at Cologne.
Bonne, 3½.
Remagan, 2½.
Andernach, 3.
Coblentz, 2, late arrival, two nights
Boppart, 2½.
St Goar, 1¾.
Bingen, 2.
Nieder-Ingelheim, 1½.
Mayence, 1½.
Wisbaden, 1½.
Frankfort, 3½, late arrival.
Darmstadt, 1½.
Heppenheim, ¾.
Weinheim, 1.
Heidelberg, 1¾.
Bruchsal, 2½.

Carlsrhue, 1½, late arrival.
Etlingen, ¾.
Rastadt, 1.
Baden-Baden, ¾.
Buhl.
Offenberg, 2¼.
Gegenbach, 1½.
Haslach, 1.
Hornberg, about sunset arrived, and departed next day.
Schiltach, 1.
Villenghen, 1¼, after sunset.
Donneschingen, ¾, source of the Danube.
Blomberg, 1.
Schaffhausen. 1½.
Eglisan.
Zurich, one night.
Baden.
Leuzberg, slept.
Murgenthal.
Herzogenboschee, slept in carriages.
Berne, two nights.
Thoun.
Interlachen, by water.
Lauterbrunnen, in char-a-banc.
Grindelwald, travelled with three mules.
Meiringhen, Do.
Handek, and back to M., Do.
Meiringhen.
Sarnen.
Engelberg, in char-a-banc, but walked two leagues.
Santz, in char-a-banc.
Lucerne, by lake, three nights.
Kusnack.
Rigi Berg, the top, on foot, one night.
Goldau, on foot.
Sieven.
Schwytz.
Brunnen.
Fluelan, head of Uri.
Altorf.
Amstag.
Wasen.
Hopital.
Hospice on St Gothard.
Airola.
Faïdo.
Belinzona.
Locarno.
Luwina.
Ponte Tresa.
Lugano.
Porlezza.
Menaggio, one night.
Cadanabbia, two nights.
Belaggio.
Como, one night.
Milan, four nights.
Caddenabbia.
Colico.
Fort Fuentes.
Porlezza (Lake Lugano, by Menaggio).
Lugano.
Luvino (by Ponte Tresa).
Bavena (Lago Maggiore.)
Domo d'Ossola.
Simplon.
Brigg.
Tourtemagne (Tourtman).
Leuk.
Baths of Leuk.
Gemmi.
Baths of Leuk.
Siders.
Sion.
Martigny.
Chamony, by Col de Baume.
Trientz.
Martigny.
St Maurice.
Bex.
Villeneuve.
Vevay, on foot.
Lausanne.
Geneva.
Gex.
La Vattay.

Les Rousses.
Morez.
St Laurent.
Maisoneuve.
Champagnole.
Poligny.
Mont-Sous-Vedray.
Dole.
Auxonne.
Genlis.
Dijon.
Sainte-Seine.
Chanceaux.
Villeneuve les Couvres.
Montbard.
Aizy-sur Armançon.
Ancy-le-Franc.
Tonnère.
Flogny.
Sainte Florentin.
Esnon.
Joigny.
Ville-vallier.
Villeneuve-sur-Yonne.
Sens.
Pont-sur-Yonne.
Villeneuve-la-Guard.
Fossard.
Fontainbleau.
Chailly.
Ponthierry.
Essonne.
Fromenteau.
Ville-juif.
Paris.

N.B.—At Paris we left our carriage, which was sold some months afterwards for half its cost. Proceeded in the Diligence, after twenty-six days spent at Paris, by Chantilly and Amiens to Boulogne. Set off from Paris at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, and arrived at Boulogne at about 9 on Sunday night.

NOTE G.

(See p. 196.)

The following are extracts from Henry Crabbe Robinson's account of his "Swiss Tour with the Wordsworths." (See *Diary*, *Correspondence*, &c., Vol. II. pp. 167-191):—

I left London on the 1st of August, and reached Lyons on the 9th.

. . . .

On the 15th I went to Solothurn, and an acquaintance began out of which a catastrophe sprang. In the stage between Berne and Solothurn, which takes a circuit through an unpicturesque, flat country, were two very interesting young men, who I soon learned were residing with a Protestant clergyman at Geneva, and completing their education. The elder was an American, aged twenty-one, named Goddard. He had a sickly air, but was intelligent, and not ill-read in English poetry. The other was a fine handsome lad, aged sixteen, of the name of Trotter, son of the then, or late, Secretary to the Admiralty. He was of Scotch descent. They were both genteel and well-behaved young men, with the grace communicated by living in good company. We became at once acquainted,—I being then, as now, *young* in the facility of forming

acquaintance. We spent a very agreeable day and evening together, partly in a walk to a hermitage in the neighbourhood, and took leave of each other at night,—I being bound for Lucerne, they for Zürich. But in the morning I saw, to my surprise, my young friends with their knapsacks in their hands ready to accompany me. Goddard said, with a very amiable modesty, "If you will permit us, we wish to go with you. I am an admirer of Wordsworth's poems, and I should be delighted merely to see him. Of course I expect no more." I was gratified by this proposal, and we had a second day of enjoyment, and this through a very beautiful country. My expectations were not disappointed. I had heard of the Wordsworth party from travellers with whom we met. I found my friends at the Cheval Blanc. From them I had a most cordial reception, and I was in high spirits. Mrs Wordsworth wrote in her journal: "H. C. R. was drunk with pleasure, and made us drunk too." My companions also were kindly received.

. . . .

Wordsworth and I returned to dinner, and found my young friends already in great favour with the ladies. After dinner we walked through the town, which has no other remarkable feature than the body of water flowing through it, and the several covered wooden bridges. In the angles of the roof of these bridges there are paintings on historical and allegorical subjects. One series from the Bible, another from the Swiss war against Austria, a third called the Dance of Death. The last is improperly called, for Death does not force his partner to an involuntary waltz, as in the famous designs which go by Holbein's name, but appears in all the pictures an unwelcome visitor. There are feeling and truth in many of the conceptions, but the expression is too often ludicrous, and too often coarsely didactic.

. . . .

August 18*th*.—We sailed on the lake as far as Küsnacht, the two young men being still our companions; and between two and three we began to ascend the Rigi, an indispensable achievement in a Swiss tour. We engaged beds at the Staffel, and went on to see the sun set, but we were not fortunate in the weather. Once or twice there were gleams of light on some of the lakes, but there was little charm of colouring. After an early and comfortable supper we enjoyed the distant lightning; but it soon became very severe, and some of the rooms of the hotel were flooded with rain. Our rest was disturbed by a noisy party, who, unable to obtain beds for themselves, resolved that no one else should enjoy his. The whole night was spent by them in an incessant din of laughing, singing, and shouting. We were called up between three and four A.M., but had a very imperfect view from this "dread summit of the Queen of Mountains"—Regina montium. The most beautiful part of the scene was that which arose from the clouds below us. They rose in succession sometimes concealing the country, and then opening to our view dark lakes, and gleams of very brilliant green. They

sometimes descended as if into an abyss beneath us. We saw a few of the snow-mountains illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

My journal simply says: "After breakfast our young gentlemen left us." I afterwards wrote, "We separated at a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our 'Lady of the Snow,' and our late companions went to Arth. We hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva."

I will leave the order of time, and relate now all that appertains to this sad history. The young men gave us their address, and we promised to inform them when we should be at Geneva, on our return. But on that return we found that poor Goddard had perished in the lake of Zürich, on the third day after our leave-taking on the Rigi.

I heard the story from Trotter on the 23rd of September. They had put themselves in a crazy boat; and a storm arising, the boat overset. It righted itself, but to no purpose. Trotter swam to the shore, but Goddard was not seen again. Trotter was most hospitably received by a Mr Keller, near whose house the catastrophe took place. The body was cast ashore next day, and afterwards interred in the neighbouring churchyard of Küsnacht. An inscription was placed near the spot where the body was found, and a mural monument erected in the church. At the funeral a pathetic address was delivered by the Protestant clergyman, which I read in the Zürich paper. We were all deeply impressed by the event. Wordsworth, I knew, was not fond of drawing the subjects of his poems from occurrences in themselves interesting, and therefore, though I urged him to write on this tragic incident, I little expected he would. There is, however, a beautiful elegiac poem by him on this subject. [To the later editions there is prefixed a prose introduction. This I wrote. Mr Wordsworth wrote to me for information, and I drew up the account in the first person.]

. . . .

To go back to the 19th of August, after parting from our young companions we proceeded down the valley in which is the chapel dedicated to our Lady of the Snow, the subject of Wordsworth's nineteenth poem. The preceding eighteen have to do with objects which had been seen before I joined the party. The elegiac stanzas are placed near the end of the collection, I know not for what reason. The stanzas on the chapel express poetically the thoughts which a prosaic mind like mine might receive from the numerous votive offerings hung on the walls. There are pictures representing accidents, —such as drowning, falling from a horse, and the Mother and the Child are in the clouds,—it being understood that the escape proceeded from her aid. Some crutches with painted inscriptions bear witness to the miracles wrought on the lame.

. . . .

We passed the same day through Goldau, a desolate spot, once a populous village, overwhelmed by the slip from the Rossberg.

On the 20th at Schwyz, which Wordsworth calls the "heart" of Switzerland, as Berne is the "head." Passing through Brunnen, we reached Altorf on the 21st, the spot which suggested Wordsworth's twentieth effusion. My prose remark on the people shows the sad difference between observation and fancy. I wrote: "These patriotic recollections are delightful when genuine, but the physiognomy of the people does not speak in favour of their ancestors. The natives of the district have a feeble and melancholy character. The women are afflicted by goître. The children beg, as in other Catholic cantons. The little children, with cross-bows in their hands, sing unintelligible songs. Probably Wilhelm Tell serves, like Henri Quatre, as a name to beg by."

. . . .

We next crossed the St Gotthard. Wordsworth thinks this pass more beautiful than the more celebrated [a blank here]. We slept successively at Amsteg on the 22nd, Hospenthal on the 23rd, and Airolo on the 24th. On the way we were overtaken by a pedestrian, a young Swiss, who had studied at Heidelberg, and was going to Rome. He had his flute, and played the Ranz des Vaches. Wordsworth begged me to ask him to do this, which I did on condition that he wrote a sonnet on it. It is XXII. of the collection. The young man was intelligent, and expressed pleasure in our company. We were sorry when he took French leave. We were English, and I have no doubt he feared the expense of having such costly companions. He gave a sad account of the German Universities, and said that Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, had many apologists among the students.

We then proceeded on our half-walk and half-drive, and slept on the 25th at Bellinzona, the first decidedly Italian town.

. . . .

On the 27th we had a row to Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, a walk to Ponte Tresa, and then a row to Lugano, where we went to an excellent hotel, kept by a man of the name of Rossi.

. . . .

On the 28th we took an early walk up the mountain San Salvador, which produced No. XXIV. of Wordsworth's Memorial Poems. Though the weather was by no means favourable, we enjoyed a much finer view than from the Rigi. The mountains in the neighbourhood are beautiful, but the charm of the prospect lies in a glimpse of distant mountains. We saw a most elegant pyramid, literally in the sky, partly black, and partly shining like silver. It was the Simplon, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were seen in parts. Clouds concealed the bases, and too soon also the summits. This splendid vision lasted but a few minutes. The plains of Piedmont were hardly visible. owing to the black clouds which covered this part of the horizon. We could, however, see in the midst of a dark surface a narrow ribbon of white, which we were told was the Po. We were told the direction in which Milan lay, but could not see the cathedral.

The same day we went on to Menaggio, on the Lake Como. This, in Wordsworth's estimation, is the most beautiful of the lakes. On the 29th and 30th we slept at Cadenabbia.

. . . .

I wrote in my journal: "This day has been spent on the lake, and so much exquisite pleasure I never had on water. The tour, or rather excursion, we have been making surpasses in scenery all that I have ever made; and Wordsworth asserts the same. I write now from an inn where we have been served with all the promptitude of an English hotel, and with a neatness equal to that of Holland. But the pleasure can hardly be recorded. It consists in the contemplation of scenes absolutely indescribable by words, and in sensations for which no words have been even invented. We were lucky in meeting two honest fellows of watermen, who have been attentive and not extortionate. I will not enumerate the points of view and villas we visited. We saw nothing the guide-books do not speak of."

On the 31st we slept at Como, and next day went to Milan.

. . . .

At the Ambrosian Library we inspected the famous copy of Virgil which belonged to Petrarch. It has in the poet's own handwriting a note, stating when and where he first saw Laura. Wordsworth was deeply interested in this entry, and would certainly have requested a copy, if he had not been satisfied that he should find it in print. The *custos* told us that when Buonaparte came here first, and the book was shown him, he seized it, exclaiming, "This is mine." He had it bound, and his own *N.* marked on it. It came back when the other plunder was restored. Another curiosity was a large book by Leonardo da Vinci, full of mechanical studies. Wordsworth was much struck with the fact that a man who had produced works of so great beauty and sublimity, had prepared himself by intense and laborious study of scientific and mathematical details. It was not till late that he ventured on beauty as exhibited in the human form.

. . . .

But the great attraction of this neighbourhood is the celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci in the refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia. After sustaining every injury from Italian monks, French soldiers, wet, and the appropriation of the building to secular purposes, this picture is now protected by the public sense of its excellence from further injury. And more remains of the original than from Goethe's dissertation I expected to see. The face of our Saviour appears to have suffered less than any other part. And the countenance has in it exquisite feeling; it is all sweetness and dignity.

. . . .

Some of the Apostles have a somewhat caricature expression, which has been far better preserved in the several copies existing, as well as in the engraving of Raphael Morgen. There is a sort of mawkish

sentimentality in the copies of St John, which always offended me. There is less of it in the original. That and St Andrew are the best preserved next to the face of Christ.

On the 5th of September the Wordsworths went back to the lake of Como, in order to gratify Miss Wordsworth, who wished to see every spot which her brother saw in his first journey,—a journey made when he was young.

. . . .

We rejoined the Wordsworths at Baveno on the 8th. Then we crossed the Simplon, resting successively on the 9th at Domo d'Ossola, 10th Simplon, 11th Turtman, and the 12th and 13th at the baths of Leuk. From this place we walked up the Gemmi, by far the most wonderful of all the passes of Switzerland I had ever, or have now ever, crossed. The most striking part is a mountain wall 1600 feet in perpendicular height, and having up it a zigzag path broad enough to enable a horse to ascend. The road is hardly visible from below. A parapet in the more dangerous parts renders it safe. Here my journal mentions our seeing men employed in picking up bees in a torpid state from the cold. The bees had swarmed four days before. It does not mention what I well recollect, and Wordsworth has made the subject of a sonnet, the continued barking of a dog *irritated by the echo of his own voice.* In human life this is perpetually occurring. It is said that a dog has been known to contract an illness by the continued labour of barking at his own echo. In the present instance the barking lasted while we were on the spot.

I say nothing of Chamouni, where we slept two nights, the 15th and 16th; nor of the roads to it, but that the Tête Noire, by which we returned, is still more interesting than the Col de Balme, by which we went. Again at Martigny on the 17th. I should not have omitted to mention that, to add to the sadness produced by the Valais, Wordsworth remarked that there the Alps themselves were in a state of decay—crumbling to pieces. His is the line :—

"The human soul craves something that endures."

On the 18th we were at Villeneuve, and on the 19th and 20th at Lausanne.

At Paris I renewed my old acquaintances, and saw the old sights.

On the 8th I left the Wordsworths, who were intending to prolong their stay. On the 9th I slept at Amiens; on the 10th was on the road; on the 11th reached Dover; and on the 12th of October slept in my own chambers.

"And so," my journal says, "I concluded my tour in excellent health and spirits, having travelled farther, and seen a greater number and a greater variety of sublime and beautiful objects, and in company better calculated to make me feel the worth of these objects, than any it has been my good fortune to enjoy."

NOTE H.

(See p. 305.)

The following Notes on the Duddon Sonnets I have received from Mr Rawnsley, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick. (See pp. 305-350.) —Ed.

SONNET I.

I was fortunate in seeking the "birthplace of a native stream" after a very heavy fall of rain, and with Mr Rix's notes as guide, soon found the deep cleft overarched by the two mountain ashes below the grotto where the stream divides. I followed the left hand branch, and I expect went much higher than he did to a basin from which in winter time a full stream must pass with force, to judge by the deep channel bed of white and bleached stones which the water has carved out of the peat moss for itself. There was the clear height, and from it was seen quite distinctly Brathay Vale, and a glimpse of Duddon Vale at Cockley Beck, and a peep of Windermere Lake below Lowwood, and the bare Yorkshire hills far away to the east-south-east.

I think one could easily, as one looked upon the peat moss with it fragments of birch trees laid bare by the stream, imagine that the poet had been, as he gazed, led to think of

> "Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
> Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair,"

as mentioned in Sonnet II.

But on the edge of the saucer-like hollow, into which the rillets that make the stream descend, are glacier banded rock outcrops, and on one of these is a rock perchè, to which instinctively I turned for a seat. The lines in Sonnet III.—

> "How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
> My seat,"

seemed to at once suggest themselves to me, and below me as I sat gleamed the "brilliant moss instinct with virtue rare," which the poet's eyes had rejoiced in so many years ago.

I descended, and as I went towards the road down from the three shire stones to Cockley Beck, I constantly found myself saying to myself the Sonnet IV.

The stream seemed now "a loosely scattered chain to make," now to "appear a glistering snake" silently "thridding with sinuous lapse the *rushes* through" (if we might call the bog myrtle bushes dwarf willows) "dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake."

I regained the main road and took a parting, "no negligent adieu" at the cradled nursling, and saw the cascade at the grotto wherefrom I had first began to track the "nursling" to its upland cradle, as white as snow in May. There, thought I, is the sight that suggested the line—

> "Starts from the dizzy steep the undaunted rill."

But if the poet had needed suggestion of such a picture, and he had been at my side in three other directions, he would have seen from the place where I was standing three "cataracts blowing their trumpets from the steep." And I could have been induced to follow three other streams up into the Fells towards the north for the birthplace of the cradled nursling.

As I descended towards Cockley Beck I constantly looked for the "rushes," the "dwarf willows," and the "ferny brake," spoken of in Sonnet IV., constantly looked for some other spot where I might take a "parting glance" of the stream, which would satisfy the requirements of the description in Sonnet IV., but found none.

The flight of steps Mr Rix speaks of seemed to be too easy a descent to warrant any confusion with a "dizzy steep" in a painter or a poet's mind, and on reading Sonnet IV. carefully, the "dizzy steep" whence "the undaunted rill"

"Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam"

starts for its leap, must needs be much higher up in the Fell side, for it laughingly

"Dares the adventurer who hath clom
So high a rival purpose to fulfil."

One thing is worth mention. Wordsworth is describing the Duddon as a Cumberland stream, *his native stream*, and he is accurate as ever. For one is struck as one descends from the three shire stones to Cockley Beck at the way in which all the feeders of the Duddon rise to the north on the Cumbrian Fells, and how comparatively waterless are the slopes of Grey Friars on the southern or Lancashire side of the pass.

Sonnet V.

One is in difficulties here. For, as Mr Rix says, "The cottage at Cockley is not, indeed, surrounded at the present time by 'sheltering pines'—that is a feature which applies better to another cottage half-a-mile lower down the stream." But my difficulty was not with the absence of pines. For Wordsworth would probably have in his mind most of the few cots and farms in the upper reaches of the Duddon Vale as he wrote his Sonnet V.; but unless the Duddon was in flood he would here, less than most other places, hear the *Duddon's* "CLEAR voice." "Sullen moss" he would have here. Half-a-mile south the "craggy mound" of the castle-like rock would rear out of mid valley impressively enough. The larches that now sway and whisper about Cockley Beck, or on the little mound to the east of it, would then only be tiny trees. The birches may have risen in "silver colonnade," but to-day a few ashes, a few poplars, a few alders are the only trees near. Still, for the most part, the term "unfruitful solitudes" characterises the spot, and as the traveller at Cockley Beck looks north and east, these solitudes become impressively solemn from the dark desolation of craggy fellside and utter treelessness.

Sonnet VI.

Mr Rix was struck with the abundant growth of wild flowers in the wilderness of this upper reach of the Duddon below Cockley Beck.

Wordsworth from his Sonnet VI. would seem to have been describing the Duddon in April, and though by some misnomer "the little speedwell's darling blue" has by him been called the "trembling eyebright," to-day in July 1884, though the time of the singing of birds who "warble to their paramours" is over and gone, one can see by Duddon side these "old remains of hawthorn bowers."

But I shall never forget the beauty or the size of the golden feathery spikes of sweet scented Gallium, Lady's bed straw, or the wonderful odour of the selfheal and the glory of the hare bells, as I saw them carpetting the meadows near Cockley Beck, this July day, 1884, and as I plucked the very faintly scented euphrasia or eyebright, I wondered much which were the spring flowers Wordsworth had in mind that by their breath invited no caress. Would it be the buttercup, the daisy, or which. He must have had some definite flower, scentless, but not less beautiful, in his eye as he wrote Sonnet VI.

Sonnet VII.

The "darkling wren" was flitting from bush to bush, tuneless but happy, as I walked towards the stepping stones spoken of in Sonnets IX., X., and the timid little sandpiper, with its plaintive note, shot back and forward from shallow to shallow.

Sonnet VIII. puzzles me for the use of the words *dark dell.* I could find nothing at all hereabout that could possibly be described so, until I looked back at the rain-black solitudes north of Cockley Beck, and imagined the poet using the word dark in the sense of mysterious, when I can imagine he would have been helped to this thought of hideous usages, and rites accursed, by the large Druid-like looking boulders, and the mounds of burial suggested by the moraine heaps in the neighbourhood. But I think the "*blue streamlet*" must have been suggested by the light blue grey colour of the slate pebbles over which Duddon slides so easily here. And it is worth while noting that it is slate, not granite, rocks that form the bed of the stream from first to last. Mr Rix speaks of loose blocks of granite, he should speak of slate rock in Sonnet VIII.

Sonnets IX., X.

There is a slight inaccuracy here, for there are *four* not three *principal* sets of stepping-stones in the Duddon Valley. Mr Rix himself refers to the fourth set between Donnerdale and Ulpha Bridge in his Notes to Sonnet XXII.

One cannot but believe that Wordsworth, as he wrote Sonnets IX., X., as Mr Rix suggests, had in his mind the third series of stepping-stones opposite Seathwaite, and under Wallabarrow Crag.

None of the others are fitly described as

"a zone chosen for ornament."

Is it not possible that the word "struggling," as applied to rill,—when viewed in connection with the words "without restraint," in line 8 of Sonnet IX.,--points with great definiteness to the localising of the Sonnet at these Seathwaite stones?

Certainly the stream as it has descended through the "deep chasm" of Sonnet XV. between the Pen and Wallabarrow, is well described as having grown after a struggle into a brook of loud and stately march at this point. There are no likelier spots for the children to have put

"Their budding courage to the proof"

than here, for there are several houses and farms on the way side, whose younger inmates would have come down to these stepping-stones, in order to get to the village school, that wonderful Walker kept with so much honour at Seathwaite in olden time.

Sonnet XI.

I cannot rest satisfied that the Faery Chasm of Sonnet XI. is to be looked for at Birks Brig. No sky-blue stone, above water or below, can be pointed out

"As a smooth stage on which the tiny elves
Could leave their foot-prints as they danced in secret revels."

But if the wanderer by Duddon Vale rejoins the road till it passes these same farm buildings further down the valley, will strike into the field, and, attracted by the roar of the stream, search for the locality set forth in Sonnet XII., he will find in mid-stream a huge blue-grey boulder that may have suggested Sonnet XI. to the poet.

Sonnet XIII.

It may be of interest to know how still the Newfield farm (in Wordsworth's time farm and inn combined) keeps up the well deserved description of the poet. It is still "a generous household." When the yeoman, who was the last innkeeper and farmer combined, was on his death-bed, he enjoined those to whom Newfield passed to remember that "though the license was to drop, and it was to become a private house, yet no stranger in the valley who requested a night's lodging was ever to be refused," and the generous household are proud to keep up the tradition of hospitality.

Sonnet XIV.

If one stands upon the Pen and looks up the Duddon Vale, the

"Field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine,"

will be seen, exactly described, upon the shoulder of the Fell that drops down from Heath Fell to the north-west. Is it possible that Wordsworth, as he gazed, was moved by

> "the flood
> Of yon pure waters, from their aëry height,
> . . . . the Torrent white,"

just beneath the little upland farm with its emerald plot of tillage, shining like jewels in the July sun,

> "Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite"?

Is it possible, I suggest, that Wordsworth was moved by this scene to write Sonnet XIX?

Sonnet XV.

I searched most carefully for some

> "Gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold,"

on Wallabarrow, but found none there sufficiently striking to suggest Sonnet XV. Standing at Newfield Farm and looking north to the Pen, where it rises beyond the ruined mill, there certainly is upon its southern face just such a niche, but the green ivy has displaced the "gloom."

Sonnet XVI.

The weathering of the volcanic ash of the Pen and the cliff of Wallabarrow opposite would naturally have suggested this sonnet. Evidence of ice marking and glacier action are not wanting in the neighbourhood.

Sonnet XXI.

If in Sonnet VI. Wordsworth would seem to have been describing the Duddon in April, the

> "Golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
> On gales that breathe too gently to recal
> Aught of the fading year's inclemency,"

tells us that he was a wanderer here in October also.

Sonnet XXIX.

There are few more touching scenes in the Duddon Valley than the little lonely hillside burial place of the early Friends, spoken of in Sonnet XXIX. All round the inside of the rude wall enclosure are still to be seen the stone seats used by the followers of Fox, who were forbidden to hold their meetings under any lower roof than the canopy of Heaven. The Scotch firs have grown into stately shade since the Quakers sat in silent meditation high up, lifted above the life of the valley and the noise of Duddon and the tributary stream just opposite. But though the Friends lie here in unvisited graves, the earth is neither blank nor forlorn. Laurels glisten above their rest, and the *Spiræa salicifolia*

waves its light wands of flower above their sleep, all evidences of care for the heroes of a cause that is not dead yet. But as Mr Rix tells us, the laurels are not trimmed and the broken gate is not rehung.

SONNET XXXI.

The last line of this sonnet is a good instance of Wordsworth's very close observation. The little churchyard has lately had an addition made to it. Anyone going into the new part of the churchyard will be less able to understand the accuracy of the last line.

SONNET XXXII.

This sonnet was probably written from some rare vantage ground or view as is obtained of the last reaches of the Duddon

"In radiant progress toward the deep,"

from the crest of a hill immediately above Broughton.

I am led to think thus from the fact that standing there the poet could speak as he speaks in Sonnet XXXIV—

"For backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;"

while the little Broughton Church with its dark yews close around it seen at his feet would naturally give birth to the thought that "the elements must vanish," and that as Duddon hurried to its pauseless sleep, so man to "the silent tomb must go."

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.